THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning **An Account With Cupid**—By John Fleming Wilson

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AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

ARCHIBALD SINNOTT held communication with the world through his servant, a combined valet-butler-secretary who always had an air as if he had just shaved himself and was on the lookout for a chance to murmur: "Thank you, sir." Archibald Sinnott was rich enough to afford him; rich enough to afford anything he wished; he was the high, the middle and the low justice in a trust that owned steamers, wharves, docks and mines in every quarter of the globe. He was as much—or as little—at home in Singapore or Bangkok or London or Minneapolis, Minnesota, as he was in San Francisco or New York; and each morning, wherever he might be, Richardson gently placed a pile of neatly slit envelopes before his master's breakfast plate; and each afternoon there issued from the city that Sinnott honored with his presence a smaller number of telegrams, letters and cables, signed Sinnott, per Richardson. On this present morning the magnate glanced at the pile of letters and said curtly: "Read 'em! Tell me if there is anything important."

"What I Want is for You to be Polite—for Five Minutes"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said the butler, deftly removing the mail. "Eggs, sir?"

Sinnott glared from under his puffy eyelids. "No!" he growled huskily. "Can't you think of anything besides eggs?"

Richardson's trained memory recalled other mornings on which this same conversation had taken place, bowed respectfully and sympathetically and departed through the open dining room toward the pantry. On the way he allowed a discreet glance to fall on the table next the wide doors. Ever since he and his master had been in the Hakodate hotel the same two women had sat here—a middle-aged, gentle-appearing lady and her daughter, a handsome and youthful girl who was evidently highly nervous at the prospect of spending an indefinite period in the northern Japanese metropolis.

As Richardson passed and his respectful eyes caught hers, Ruth Evans nodded and said in a clear, girlish voice: "Good morning, Richardson; any news today?"

"None, miss," the butler answered, politely pausing.

Ruth turned petulantly to her mother.

"I do think this is horrid! We'll never get away from this awful place!"

Mrs. Evans smiled faintly.

"It's the fortune of war, Ruthie."

"But we didn't have anything to do with their old war!" answered the daughter. "Simply because we happened to get here just when the Japanese and Russians got into a fuss, they punish us by taking all the steamers off the run and leaving us to grow old here. It isn't fair!"

"Be patient," Mrs. Evans advised softly. "You see that Mr. Sinnott takes it calmly even if he does, as they say, own so many ships of his own. If he can't get away, why, we might as well accept the situation."

Ruth fixed her fine eyes on the figure of the magnate and shivered childishly.

"What a horrid man to have all that money!" she murmured. "He—He looks like an overfed toad."

Involuntarily Mrs. Evans glanced across the room at the object of this comment. She saw exactly what her daughter saw—a large, obese man with blue veins all over his face, blue veins netted under the coarse skin of his hands, gray eyes half hidden by folds of flesh, a sleek head of grizzling hair, and enormous shoulders that seemed to weigh him down in his seat. Mrs. Evans sighed. If the man were not so evidently a boor one might—— It was out of the question, though. She could not ask him for advice how to get to San Francisco for Christmas, even if she and Ruth were down to their last two hundred dollars, without an acquaintance in Japan.

Richardson returned from the pantry bearing a tray with a large plate of sour herring, three pieces of toast and a pot of coffee. He silently set these articles before his master and retired a single step to await the verdict. It was given in silence. Mr. Sinnott stared, puffed, thrust a fork into the fish. Richardson promptly poured the coffee and hovered over the toast.

Presently Mr. Sinnott asked without glancing up: "How did the mail come?"

"With the British consul's, sir."

"Compliments to him, Richardson."

"Thank you, sir. I took the liberty, sir," was the reply, followed by another silence.

When his meal was finished Archibald rose, looked at his heavy watch, fumbled for his cigar case and matchbox, stared dully at his servant and departed massively. Richardson instantly motioned to a Japanese to clear the table and leisurely followed his employer with the rejected mail under one arm. He paused a moment at the Evans' table to whisper respectfully:

"I am sorry to say, ma'am, there is no news of any importance. I fear it may be quite a few days before a passenger steamer will arrive."

"A burning shame!" said Miss Evans with flashing eyes.

"Quite so," was the reply; "but I shall inform you when I have any news, miss."

Ruth's pout changed to a winning smile.

"And I suppose there'll never be any chance to send away a letter—will there, Richardson?"

The butler bowed.

"If you think it wouldn't be a liberty to inclose it with my own, miss!"

"You are a dear!" was the response. "I'll go right off and get it."

That afternoon Richardson, now a secretary and wearing a slightly more liberal air, stopped before the two ladies and said:

"I've just delivered the mail at the consul's. It will be sent down in a Government sack to Yokohama."

"I wish Mr. Sinnott was human!" was the unexpected response from Ruth.

"Ruthie!" her mother expostulated.

"I mean it!" she insisted. "With all his money and ships, he is a brute to leave two American women alone in this miserable place when he could easily have one of his steamers take us away. We'd pay him; and no real gentleman would treat us so. Isn't that true, Richardson?"

The secretary smiled faintly.

"Mr. Sinnott's ships are all engaged in the transport service, I believe, ma'am."

"I'll warrant he's coining money out of them too," was the pert response. "Of course he'd rather be walled up here than lose a penny. Pig! I hate him!"

Richardson's face became grave. "Mr. Sinnott is much misjudged, miss," he said in a respectful tone.

"I don't misjudge him," she returned warmly. "I said good morning to him only yesterday and he never even grunted. He might at least have cleared his throat as if he intended to speak. If he had the slightest notion of politeness he would have nodded or looked up or done something; but he didn't so much as wink!"

"Ruth!"

"Yes," continued her daughter—"wink! It would have shown he was human."

"I feel sure Mr. Sinnott wouldn't think of winking, miss," said Richardson with much concern.

"I wish he'd try it," said Ruth more calmly. "I'd teach him a lesson!"

Mrs. Evans' distress over her daughter's incivility was so evident that the secretary bowed consolingly, as much as to intimate that he made all possible allowances.

"You see, Richardson," said Mrs. Evans, "my daughter ought to be in San Francisco the day before Christmas. When we started on this trip we arranged to be back before that time. We booked our passage purposely so as not to be delayed. It was settled eleven years ago that Miss Evans should be in San Francisco this Christmas. It's a matter of an inheritance—a legacy."

Richardson bowed respectfully. Ruth's face grew rosy. "It isn't altogether the money," she began; "it's—— Oh, what's the use? Everybody is horrid. First, Uncle George has to make a funny will; and then the Japanese have to get to fighting and take away our steamer; and then this Sinnott creature has to be a pig when he might fix everything up so easily."

Richardson glanced at the girl and saw that her eyes were wet. Within his well-regulated mind rose a rebellious memory of other tears that he had seen. It was a tragedy in which he, Richardson, had played the part of a mere spectator, being but a butler in those days and without the manlier privileges that appertain to a secretaryship. At this moment—and every afternoon—he was a secretary and therefore entitled to act like a free man. He cleared his throat and said quietly:

"Why not speak to Mr. Sinnott, Miss Evans, if it is very important? He is very powerful—why not see him?"

Ruth turned her fine eyes on the decorous secretary and studied his mild look. For an instant she and Richardson held silent converse. Her lips moved and formed the words:

"I will!"

"Of course," he murmured, "I couldn't say ——"

"You are a dear!" she said aloud.

Later Mrs. Evans was tucked snugly in her bed for an afternoon nap. Ruth kissed her and remarked:

"I'm going out for a little stroll, mumsey. I'll be back in time to help you dress for dinner."

"Don't go too far," came the anxious warning. "You know the city isn't really safe with all these soldiers about."

"Trust me!" was the slangy response. "I shan't go far—only a little way."

Ruth was growing desperate over their plight. For a month they had been forced to live in the Hakodate hotel and wear their patience out hoping for a steamer to take them south. They had already missed two sailings from Yokohama for California, and if they did not get away within a week they would miss a third. Furthermore, their money was giving out and, as no private mail was forwarded from the address they had given in Nagasaki, they would soon be penniless in a foreign land. Mother and daughter had several times reckoned the sum still remaining and every time they had looked at each other silently in despair.

"Something must be done," Ruth thought to herself. "Mamma is worrying herself to death over this, and then if I don't get that old legacy I'll never be able to smile again. I know that Sinnott man is as horrid as he can be; but he's got influence and I'm desperate! I will make him listen to me."

She did not find the man she sought anywhere within the precincts of the hotel and without hesitation she turned down the broad street that led to the quay. It was filled with soldiers and laborers hurrying to and fro, and resounded with the rumble of heavy carts conveying stores from magazines to ships. Her quick eye discerned no figure like that of Archibald Sinnott. When she had scanned the bund in both directions and gazed at the huge rock above the town as if he might be there, she walked on a little distance and came upon him in an open space where men were unloading a native vessel that stared with hideous eyes over the scene.

When she was within a few steps of him she stopped. For the moment her courage failed; but she mentally shook herself and proceeded until she stood directly in front of the ogre. His unwinking eyes met hers, but he gave no sign that he recognized her as a fellow guest at the hotel. She stared back at him saucily. Mr. Sinnott bore this a moment and dropped his gaze. She noticed that his great veined hands settled more firmly on his knees.

"Why Not Speak to Mr. Sinnott? He is Very Powerful"

"There is nothing to be afraid of," she said calmly; "a man of your size need never be afraid of a lady, you know."

Archibald looked round as if to espy Richardson's helpful presence. Ruth laughed.

"He's not here," she said; "I looked to see first!"

A grunt was heard from Mr. Sinnott's upper chest. Ruth laughed again.

"Well, you are alive," she murmured. "I'm glad you are; a dead man wouldn't help a bit. It was a dead man who put us in the fix we're in."

The magnate squirmed uneasily.

"See Richardson," he mumbled.

The girl's eyes flamed dangerously.

"See Richardson!" she repeated with scorn. "Do you always refer ladies to your servant when they do you the honor to address you?"

"Secretary," Sinnott explained with a flushed face.

Ruth glanced round, saw a small empty box near by, grasped it, set it down within five feet of the magnate, seated herself thereon and resumed briskly: "Now we can talk better. Don't you feel complimented?"

Mr. Sinnott seemed horribly disturbed, once more viewed the horizon for an invisible Richardson, looked at his watch and was about to rise.

"Don't get up," she urged in her sweetest tones. "I'm sitting down now. You see, I thought you might be embarrassed at seeing me stand. Now we can talk. I am perfectly sure that it will be absolutely useless to say anything to you; but it will relieve my mind. Anyway, I haven't spoken to an American in ages. I think people from the same country ought to hang together—don't you?—so I thought I'd just tell you our fix, in spite of your bashfulness."

A grunt answered this.

"I'm glad you do," Ruth went on. "I believe in using every effort—don't you? I suppose that was the way you made the money you've got. It is certain you weren't born to it."

Sinnott spoke distinctly for the first time:

"How do you know that?"

"Because you're not polite," she replied.

They considered each other for a while until his heavy lips opened in a smile, showing his white teeth.

"I did work for it," he said, half growling; "and there's no money in being polite, as you call it."

"Well," she said airily, glancing down at the tips of her pretty boots, "just spend a little of your money for the next five minutes in being polite to me. I'm accustomed to it." She looked up and he saw that she was grave. "You might help my mother and me."

"Richardson," muttered the magnate, losing his smile.

"A servant!" she said with an evident attempt to repress her resentment. "I fancy you think we want some of your old money. I don't. What I want is for you to be polite—for five minutes."

Archibald growled again. She tipped her head on one side and examined him thoughtfully.

"I wonder how much your time is worth a minute!"

Another grunt. She calculated rapidly on her gloved fingers and then sought her purse.

"I think five dollars a minute would be a fair price," she announced, handing him five five-dollar goldpieces.

Sinnott stared at them as they lay in his enormous palm; then to her horror pocketed them and nodded that he agreed to the bargain. She managed to allow no trace of her bitter embarrassment to show.

"You have your hat on," she corrected him, looking at her watch. "I'm paying for politeness, you know."

He removed the offending cover without a sign of feeling.

"And you must answer me in words," she went on. "Queer sounds won't do. Now this is what you must listen to: Uncle George—mamma's brother, that is—left me twenty-five thousand dollars if I married a working man before I was twenty-one. Papa wasn't a working man. He was born with money. Papa was very polite and died just before the money gave out. I'm going to be twenty-one the day after Christmas. Now it's the middle of November and we can't go away from Hakodate because of this awful war; and all the steamers are off the run and, even if we could get a steamer to Yokohama, it would be a tight squeeze to get through to San Francisco and be married before my birthday. Do you see? You own lots and lots of steamers and you could easily make one of them take us to Yokohama or Nagasaki so we could catch a steamer home in time for me to win my money."

Sinnott stared at her without a word. Ruth stamped her foot. "Say something!" she insisted. "My five minutes aren't gone yet."

"My steamers are all chartered to the Japanese Government," he said huskily.

"Can't you ask one of them to take us?"

"No."

Ruth thought a moment.

"We need that money," she said slowly—"that is, mamma needs it. It's business, isn't it, to take part when you can't get all? I'll pay you five thousand dollars if you will see that we get home before Christmas. Then I can marry Fred Haskins."

Sinnott had never looked so gross and soulless, Ruth thought, as when he said gruffly:

"Impossible! Who is Fred Haskins?"

"The man I'm going to marry," she answered promptly.

"What does he do?"

"He's captain of a steamer. He works for a living!" she said with pride.

"For your twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"He knows nothing about it!" was her indignant reply. "The five minutes are up. Thank you so much!"

The great man replaced his hat on his head as she rose. When he stood up she was struck with the thought that he was very muscular and strong, in spite of his sluggishness. Something in her appraising glance stung through the man's tough skin. He stopped her as she moved away.

"Excuse me," he said with real diffidence; "take a little of my time. Is this Captain Fred—Haskins polite?"

"Very," she answered; "he's a gentleman."

"And you—er—love him?" he went on slowly.

Ruth blushed in spite of herself.

"Do you think I'd marry him if I didn't?" she parried.

"And the twenty-five thousand dollars," he persisted—"what will you do with that?"

"What would I do with it? I'd give it to my mother; she needs it. I did think I'd take part of it and buy shares in some big company so that Captain Haskins could have a better job; but that was a dream," she finished.

"So it appears," he admitted; "but do you often dream that way? Maybe he would take the money and run off with it and leave you!"

Ruth smiled faintly.

"Are all men like that? Are you all selfish? Doesn't any man think of anything but money?"

The question bore its own answer to Archibald Sinnott. As she departed and his eyes followed her free, swinging figure through the raffle of traffic he took off his hat with an involuntary impulse of respect. He sighed. Were all men—and all women—love-careless and money-careful? Before his mind's eye rose his own youth, when he had been strong and quick and agile and—young; when money had been less than other things! He glanced down at his heavy limbs incased in costly garments, at his shining boots, at his gold watch-chain, at the ring on his fat finger. He felt of his flabby chin and brushed one hand over his thin, sleek hair. Did all men get like that? Was this Fred—this master of some wretched steamer—like that? Did she—this really beautiful and vivacious girl—actually love this Fred? Sinnott frowned. His intense experience of this world answered: No! Before her eyes was twenty-five thousand dollars. A small sum to be the price of such maidenhood! And yet—mightn't there be something else in her mind besides that legacy? Fred—this working man? Love?

For the first time in years Archibald Sinnott felt that the question he had so long thought forever settled was reopening. He was profoundly curious to know whether there wasn't after all unselfish love, passion that did not recognize money, affection based on other things than bank accounts. He clenched his huge fist in a determination to stand by his own harsh experience—money, money! True, he himself had once despised it, until he found that every one else thought in terms of it, acted for it and by it, was ruled by it, dreamed it! This Miss Evans was like all the rest, except —— Sinnott's expression softened. Did he recall a far-away woman's face? It is possible. There is so often a woman's face in one's memories of youth!

He found the invaluable Richardson—a valet for the moment—busy over the details of his wardrobe. When his master entered the room he stood a respectful valet at attention, awaiting orders and murmuring words about colder weather and suggestions for warmer clothing.

Sinnott nodded curtly.

"Richardson," he said presently, "where is the Aberdeen?"

"A cable this morning, sir, announced her departure for Aden for a cargo consigned to Shanghai."

"H'm-m! And the Morro?"

"Chartered yesterday and coaling for Salina Cruz," was the reply.

"I must have a steamer—a fast one—call here within the next ten days ready for a trip to San Francisco, Richardson. See to it and I'll arrange for a cargo for her."

Dropping the clothes he held and his valetship, Richardson crossed the room to a large traveling desk, which he opened. Thence he handed his employer a copybook.

"There are today's schedules, sir," he said. "You will observe that you have but one unemployed vessel and she is in London awaiting a charter."

The magnate strode heavily back and forth, his head thrust forward slightly—a manner he had when deciding a question. Suddenly he stopped his pacing and said briefly:

"Get me a steamer of some sort! She must be here and ready for cargo in ten days."

The next morning Richardson paused by the Evans' table to say: "I trust I may have some news for you shortly, ma'am." He slipped past, merely shaking his head respectfully to Ruth's efforts to elicit further particulars.

Privately the valet-butler-secretary placed what he knew of his employer in all three capacities into a single thought, which was that Archibald Sinnott had agreed to do something for the ladies and would make the something pay him for his trouble, as he always did. "He'll make money on the freight," Richardson said to himself, "and save himself ever having to be bothered with them again. He'll charge them their last cent for passage too."

Even Richardson was not aware that the taciturn, uncivil, relentless magnate was moved by a strange curiosity to know whether the frank, sharptongued Ruth Evans was really actuated by the motive that moved the world he knew so bitterly well. Some of his partners and acquaintances spent millions on scientific research. Sinnott was willing for once to spend a little on the exploration of a young and attractive woman's heart.

II

WHEN Richardson announced to his employer that there was no vessel to be had on short notice, Sinnott glared angrily at him.

"None in Nagasaki?"

The secretary laid down a blue cable slip.

Sinnott brushed it away.

"In Yokohama?"

A second cablegram followed the first to the floor.

"Hongkong?"

Richardson picked up the rejected messages and carefully put them with those he held in his hand.

"None at all, sir. I even cabled our London office, sir, to see whether they mightn't find some steamer open for charter and now on this coast. There is none, sir."

"Buy one!" commanded Sinnott.

It was a fine, crisp Sunday morning when Richardson sadly assumed his secretaryship and announced to his employer that the purchase of a steamer was out of the question. Sinnott exploded.

"Either have a steamer of some sort by tomorrow night or I'll ——"

Archibald had never been explicit when he threatened; but no one knew better than his servant that when he acted he acted promptly, accurately and without mercy. So Richardson put the checkbook in his pocket and fared forth to a comprador's with a gleam in his eye that not one of his most intimate acquaintances would have recognized as emanating from the usually mild orb of the perfect butler.

At ten o'clock that night he faced Sinnott with a large bundle of documents under his arm.

"Well?" the magnate growled.

"I have bought the steamer Eliza Brown," Richardson murmured solemnly.

Sinnott leaped from his chair.

"The Eliza Brown!" he gasped. "She was a whaling ship back in 1700 B. C."

"A. D. 1789," came the grave correction. "She was built in that year, sir. Some time ago she was refitted by a Japanese company for use in pelagic sealing. She was equipped with auxiliary engines in 1889. I paid thirty thousand dollars for her."

Sinnott strode heavily round his secretary, gazing at him the while as if he were a prize butler, or a valet with special points, or a secretary who had taken the blue ribbon at an exhibition. Richardson stood this scrutiny impassively, his experience as a servant aiding him in carrying off the attitude of a placid, imperturbable and competent secretary blessed with a perfectly clear consciousness of duty well performed. Presently his employer came to a halt, his puffy-lidded eyes an exact eight inches from the secretarial nose:

"You paid thirty thousand dollars for an old whaler built in 1789 and equipped with auxiliary engines one hundred years later, did you?"

"Your instructions were explicit that I should procure you some sort of a steamer," Richardson returned with an air of grave satisfaction at having acquitted himself so well.

"Do you call the Eliza Brown a steamer of any kind at all? Do you call a wooden hulk with tin engines piled under the cabin floor a steamship? Do you expect me to go to San Francisco in the Eliza Brown in the middle of a North Pacific winter? Do you suppose that I can get a crew to ship on that ancient contraption, much less a captain in his senses to take command of her? Thirty thousand—Richardson!"

During this outburst Richardson had gradually changed his expression from that of a man thoroughly sure he deserved infinite praise through various gradations of pained surprise, astonishment, perplexity, disillusion and wretchedness to a look of complete vacancy.

"I wasn't informed, sir, what you wished the ship for," he said.

"Let me see those papers!"

Pacing up and down the room, which trembled to his tread, Archibald Sinnott studied the life history of the old whaler, emitting many grunts, ejaculations of disgust and comments of the most acrimonious kind on his devoted secretary's sagacity. These last merely deepened the supernatural gravity of the secretary. At last his employer put the papers aside and fixed his gray eyes on him:

"Do You Call the Eliza Brown a Steamer of Any Kind at All?"

"That vessel—her name has been a byword since I was a boy—is now a three-masted vessel of only four hundred tons' register. You are a fool of the largest possible unregistered tonnage. Fill that wreck's hold up with coal. Buy provisions for three months. Prepare three cabins aft for myself and my guests."

"Yes, sir," said the apparently dazed Richardson.

"Guests! Do you hear? Let me see what you can do. I'll attend to getting a crew and so on. We shall sail next Saturday."

In the privacy of his own room Richardson solemnly winked at his own reflection, coughed gently, and after this slight relaxation proceeded with augmented dignity about his duties.

Sinnott, far from suspecting his impeccable-mannered servant of any levity, damned him roundly for an ass, and then turned his invectives on himself for having yielded to an absurd impulse that was likely to involve him in an expenditure of time and money far beyond any possible return. He had always prided himself on his quick decisions and his bulldog tenacity of execution though. He simply must take the Eliza Brown to San Francisco, foolish as it was, and land Mrs. Evans and her daughter there in time for the latter to accept or reject her uncle's legacy and its conditions.

"I ought to know the sex pretty well by this time," he muttered to himself. "Well, I'm spending several thousand dollars to discover that one more young woman loves money."

For the first time—and it speaks volumes for Ruth's inborn womanliness that it was the first time—it occurred to the magnate that she might desire to marry himself. He quickly decided that she did not, thereby paying her a high compliment.

He cautiously determined, however, not to display his own charms too powerfully.

In the morning Archibald ate a double breakfast, and not only grunted when he passed the Evans' table but stiffly bowed. Then he hastened away to the Eliza Brown, which swung to her weed-grown cable as if unaware that she was ever to feel the winds of the high seas again. With him he dragged the uncomplaining Richardson. When they were once more on the quarter deck he panted a moment from his unaccustomed exertion before remarking:

"I'll have to command her myself. I wouldn't trust anybody living to get her across in less than a year."

Richardson stared at him, open-mouthed, quite forgetful of his training in stolidity. Sinnott caught that bewildered gaze and snapped: "I used to command ships myself. I made my start that way. I didn't always have a butler. We shall make the voyage to San Francisco in twenty-two days."

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. Very good, sir."

Sinnott folded his blue-veined hands across his portly abdomen and looked at his servant with the first sparkle of humor Richardson had ever detected in those heavy-lidded eyes. "Do I look like a working man, Richardson?"

"Not at all, sir. Quite the gentleman! No one would know it, sir."

"H'm-m," he said musingly in a manner that gave his servant food for much silent meditation.

While the ladies were at luncheon Archibald for the first time stopped by their table.

"I have a steamer sailing Saturday from here for San Francisco. My man Richardson informs me"—here he glanced at Ruth as if to make her know he considered nothing that did not come through the official channel—"that it is necessary for you to be in San Francisco before Christmas and that the steamer you were to have taken is off the run. I'll be glad to have you travel with me. We shall arrive in time."

Ruth looked at him with beautiful shining eyes.

"You are nice," she said gratefully.

Mrs. Evans was serious.

"It's most kind and good of you," she told him. "It relieves my mind, Mr.—er—Sinnott. I'll have our tickets changed right away. You know, Ruth, they promised at the office to change our tickets for any steamer, and we'll have them changed for your steamer, Mr. Sinnott. Where is the office of the ship?"

"My guests," was the curt answer.

"We couldn't think of that," Mrs. Evans said quickly. "We already have our tickets, you know. I'll merely exchange them."

"You see," Ruth explained, "as our getting back is a matter of business

(Continued on Page 54)

VERDICT: SUICIDE

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE old Republican party, as such, committed suicide! It was not killed by a policy, crushed by an issue, or an accumulation of them; nor was it brought to its end by the Democracy. Instead, it retired to a highly protected, trust-controlled, exclusive room, stuffed the cracks about the doors and windows with sheets of paper on which were written many broken promises, left a note to whom it might concern saying it was misunderstood—and turned on the gas.

The odor of the gas became noticeable last June, at the time of the national convention; but no particular investigation was made until the morning after the election in November. Then the door was forced and the corpse was discovered in a poor state of preservation.

A good many Americans mourned their loss sedately, and the funeral arrangements were left to the official undertakers—Senators Root, of New York; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Crane, of Massachusetts; and William Barnes, Junior, assisted by some others. After considering what disposition should be made of the remains, it was finally decided to attempt to revive the body—to apply the political pulmotor in the faint hope that some semblance of life might be restored, to the highly desirable end that the official undertakers and their followers might not be left without visible evidences of political support.

Wherefore the official undertakers are now working desperately over the body, and have in contemplation the drastic application of the revivifying influences of a Republican national convention, to be called next fall or winter, wherein the final trial at galvanization shall be made. So far as the plans for this heroic measure are completed, they consist in meeting in solemn conclave; passing resolutions that the individual states of the Union may do as they see fit in the matter of selecting delegates to future conventions—a great boon, inasmuch as the individual states will do just that in any event; reforming the scandal of Southern representation; and proposing a real, scientific tariff commission, together with some other details.

In short, the official undertakers purpose to attempt to bring the party back to life by the application of the very methods that would have kept the party alive and in good health had they been adopted years ago.

The tariff killed the Republican party—the tariff and its correlated evils, and the arrogance and obtuseness of a group of men who attained their powers of leadership through tariff maneuverings and tariff forces. This brought about a situation that was intensified by the dictation and exactions of machines and machinists that exalted the organization above the needs of the people, and developed the boss system until the Republican party came to be, not a great, popular, political power but a great, boss-ridden, boss-managed, boss-controlled affair.

Old-Line Leaders Quaff the Hemlock

THE people are supposed to be the party. We are supposed to have popular government. The claim is always made that popular government cannot be maintained unless there is organization, and that is true enough; but the Republican leaders went far beyond that and elaborated a system whereby the organization became the party and the people merely the adjuncts, to vote as the organization determined.

The Republican party became an individualistic party instead of remaining a popular party. It became the tool of persons instead of the servant of the people. It was selfishly dominated by men who had none but their own ends in view. It became capitalistic, a class instead of a mass, a political factotum; and it died.

A page could be filled with a list of causes contributing to what has happened to the Republican party; but that is not necessary, for it would be found that each item on the list would have some connection, either directly or indirectly, with the tariff. All the causes hark back to the same source. Four years ago, when Mr. Taft was riding from the Capitol to the White House after he had been sworn in as President of the United States, a very wise man said: "There goes Taft, elated, happy, placed in power by a great majority of his fellow citizens. Poor Taft! Roosevelt has gone, and has left him the tariff—and the tariff will break his back!"

The tariff did break Mr. Taft's back; but that was not particularly his fault. It was the fault of Mr. Taft's party leaders; and the party had its back broken at the same time—the only difference being that the pressure was being applied to the party before Mr. Taft was put into the point where the destroying force was greatest. Mr. Roosevelt had been sagacious. He inherited the Dingley tariff from his predecessor, Mr. McKinley; and he carefully placed all tariff questions on the shelf and let them remain there during his seven years in office. But the malign tariff influences worked steadily toward the wreck of the Republican party during Mr. Roosevelt's Administration and he did not stop them; the wreck was made complete after Mr. Taft came in.

All the trouble the Republican party has had began with the tariff. That was the basis of the disintegration. The ramifications are innumerable. Minor causes contributed here and major causes contributed there; but every cause had a common parent with every other cause—the tariff. The tariff made the system possible. The system made the bosses possible. The bosses made the party impossible—and the people did the rest. Without going into the merits or demerits of high protection, which undoubtedly has done a great deal toward building up American industry, it need only be said that it was not the use of protection that brought the Republican party to its straits, but the abuse of it. And I do not mean especially the economic abuse of it, but the political abuse of it. A tariff is an economic necessity for the United States. We must have a certain degree of protection for purposes of revenue. And pure economics had nothing to do with the result. A tariff for economic purposes is one thing, and a tariff for political purposes is another. The Republican leaders made political tariffs, reaped political rewards and came to a political end. The tariff made their political prosperity possible, just as the tariff made their political taking-off inevitable.

The tariff is the scapegoat, the fence, the pander, the Fagin. Honest enough in theory, it was made to do all sorts of dirty political work; was used for all sorts of political machination; was the go-between, the wardman, the collector, for the men who were higher up. On it they built their system. Through it they maintained their organization. With it they developed into the group that really was the Republican party, though election returns showed the majority of the people were voting for that party, not yet alive to their own impotence. By its aid they branched out in every direction, gained and kept control of the essential machinery, carried political affairs as they saw fit, and became, in turn, so blinded by their own power and so arrogant because of their success that they lost perspective.

There was no need for the death of the Republican party. It had a great history. It had done great things. It was killed, not because of its own demerits but because of the demerits of the men who had pushed themselves into the control of it. The bosses sacrificed it for their own ends.

It was political suicide—nothing less! Four years ago, and even before that, there were many men in this country who sensed the oncoming disaster. There were many men who knew there was a revolt under way—not against the Republican party, but against the men and the methods of the men in control of that party. The revolutionists were as much Republicans in the broad sense as they ever were; but, in the particular sense of desiring to throw off the rule of the leaders who were using their party for their own ends, they were Insurgents. The leaders were often told of this condition throughout the country, but they would neither see it nor heed it.

The world has never observed greater examples of political obtuseness or lack of political sense than were shown by the men who had control of the Republican party. They were too arrogant to listen; too swollen with power to heed; too successful in their schemes to notice. They allowed a protest to become a revolution. They kept along in their old ways until a demand for readjustment expanded into a cry for extermination. They persevered in their old methods; refused to recognize new conditions; and, it must be said for them, stoically drank their hemlock when it was handed to them. It was rule or ruin—and they were forced to take the ruin end of it.

The Republican party had its beginning in the late fifties and its first national success at the polls when Lincoln was elected in 1860. After the Civil War it continued to maintain itself in power, largely because of its war advantage, until 1884, when Grover Cleveland defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency by a very narrow margin and owing in a great measure to political factionalism in the state of New York. Harrison was elected in 1888 and defeated in 1892, when Cleveland was returned. There had been tariff agitation during those years, but the tariff did not get to its commanding place in our politics until the second Cleveland Administration. The Mills Bill had been a failure; the McKinley Bill was replaced by the Wilson Bill; and the second Administration of Cleveland, from 1893 to 1897, was marked by a profound tariff agitation, wherein the advantages of high protection were emphasized by the distressing business conditions that existed, attributed in a very large measure to the Wilson Tariff. Protection was a Republican policy. Though Mr. Bryan emphasized free silver in his 1896 campaign against McKinley, and that was a dominating issue, the tariff was not far in the background; in that campaign, and in the Congresses that followed, the leaders first began to see in large terms the advantages that might accrue—the political advantages—in the expert manipulation of the tariff for political purposes. Right there began, in fact, the expansion of the tariff influence and the tariff availability in maintaining party supremacy. And the leaders, seeing this, used it to their own advantage, but were shrewd enough to emphasize the economic advantages they were able to point out that accrued to the people; for the advent of McKinley in the White House was followed by a great revival in the general business and prosperity of the country—a fact the leaders did not hesitate to attribute to the success of the Republican party and the triumph of its principles.

McKinley was swept into office by a great majority in 1896; and as soon as he was inaugurated—in 1897—the Republican Congress took up the work of fixing the tariff. There had been tariff manipulations before, of course; but the full value of them had not been realized by the Republican leaders until it was time to make the Dingley Tariff. The manufacturing interests of the country and the financial interests, and other great special interests, were well aware of what assistance to them the right kind of tariff would be; and they had helped along the election of McKinley by enormous contributions and by the solemn protest that the salvation of the country depended on the maintenance of the gold standard.

The Double-Edged Sword of Big Business

THE Congressional leaders were not in the dark on this phase of it, either. They saw that by working with the special interests they could secure support, financial aid, maintain themselves in power and extend their domination. The proposition was simple and it worked out exceedingly well. The special interests showed the political leaders how it could be done. There was nothing complicated about it. It was kindergarten in its artlessness.

This was it: Give the special interests high protection. This would enable them to avoid foreign competition, because the tariff on competitive articles would prohibit the foreign manufacturer from coming to this country with his goods. Then the special interests, having stifled foreign competition, could combine into trusts in this country and stifle competition here—and all would be well.

That was the sum and substance of it: Kill competition both abroad and at home. The tariff would do the killing for the foreigners, and the lax trust laws of this country would allow the combinations here to do the slaughtering on this side.

Naturally the laborers were worthy of their hire. If the leaders in the Congress did this for the special interests, the special interests must reciprocate with substantial evidences of support in a financial and political way. They did reciprocate. The understanding was perfect. Senator Dolliver, who was a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the House that framed the Dingley Bill, said on the floor of the Senate that the rates in the Dingley Bill were in some cases made even higher than the demands of the protected interests required. They gave good measure—these leaders who were then in the way of forming the organization that at first prospered and then wrecked the Republican party.

The subleaders of the Republican party throughout the nation took their cues from the leaders in Congress; and the leaders in Congress soon had an organization that rivaled anything this country has ever known for compactness and efficiency. There was a perfect understanding between the special interests and the leaders. The Dingley Tariff was completed and passed, and signed by President McKinley. Immediately the work of making the big combinations and trusts, made possible by the tariff, began. This time, too, saw the expansion of financial groups into the tremendous money organizations of the present day; the making of billion-dollar corporations for the manufacture of highly protected articles, such as steel; and the various other industrial and financial developments that had for their encouragement both the laws of Congress and the lack of legislation against them.

Nelson W. Aldrich was the Republican leader of the Senate; and Nelson W. Aldrich was and is more fully informed on tariff matters than any other American who ever had to do with that subject in a legislative way. Indeed, when Joseph Chamberlain was preparing his tariff-revision plan for England—which meant, of course, the imposition of a tariff and not a reduction of one—he consulted freely with Mr. Aldrich, because he recognized Aldrich as one of the great tariff experts of the world.

Associated with Aldrich as leaders—or rather as lieutenants—were Platt, of Connecticut, the counselor; Spooner, of Wisconsin, the advocate; Allison, of Iowa, the compromiser and pacifier; McMillan, of Michigan, the business man; and Quay, of Pennsylvania, Platt, of New York, and Hanna, of Ohio, as political experts.

This combination was irresistible—especially as there was an amenable Republican majority in the Senate and the prospect unfolded before these senators was pleasing in a superlative degree. The House of Representatives was equally well organized. Henderson was speaker—not particularly strong; and with him were associated Cannon, Hemenway, Tawney, Dalzell, Payne, and various other powerful men. It was a smooth-running combination. It dominated the Senate and it dominated the House, and the two parts of it were in perfect accord.

The game worked out to a scientific nicety. The Dingley Tariff was constructed. The special interests were taken care of; and they, in turn, took care of the organization. I do not mean to imply that any member of this combination or any subordinate took any personal aid or received any personal money. That part of it is outside this discussion. What happened politically was this: In return for the favors extended and for the privileges allowed, and for the Congressional benefactions of various kinds as well as for the Congressional policy of hands off, the special interests did their share toward helping maintain—financially and politically—the organization within the Republican party that had been so generous to them. There was a complete understanding.

The Dingley Tariff prevailed for twelve years—from 1897 to 1909—and the Republicans remained in power in the House and in the Senate. There had been changes, caused by death and defeat, in the personnel of the leading organizations; but Aldrich stayed, and Cannon succeeded Henderson and himself became a power second only to Aldrich. The tariff was so beneficial to combinations that they increased in number and in arrogance. In addition to manufacturing trusts there came great financial combinations of other kinds—of railroads, and of banks, and of all sorts of things—with the one desire and the one aim of centralizing the money control of the country and minimizing competition. Also, the organization in the Congress, which had its sub-organizations in the states captained by men who worked in entire harmony with the Congressional leaders, centralized the political control of the party. It became a party owned and handled by a few men instead of a party run by the people. It was individualized.

Fourteen Years of Tariff History

THE Spanish War came in 1898 and the patriotic spirit of the country was aroused. Hanna had perfected his great political machine, working with the Congressional organization and through the Post-office Department and the Federal officeholders; and McKinley was renominated in 1900 without opposition and easily elected. The discipline of the party was absolute. The Republican members of Congress in both houses did what they were told. Aldrich ruled in the Senate and Cannon in the House. Out in the states, none but trusty men were on guard. The special interests, secure in Congressional support, reached out in every direction—and prices began to go up.

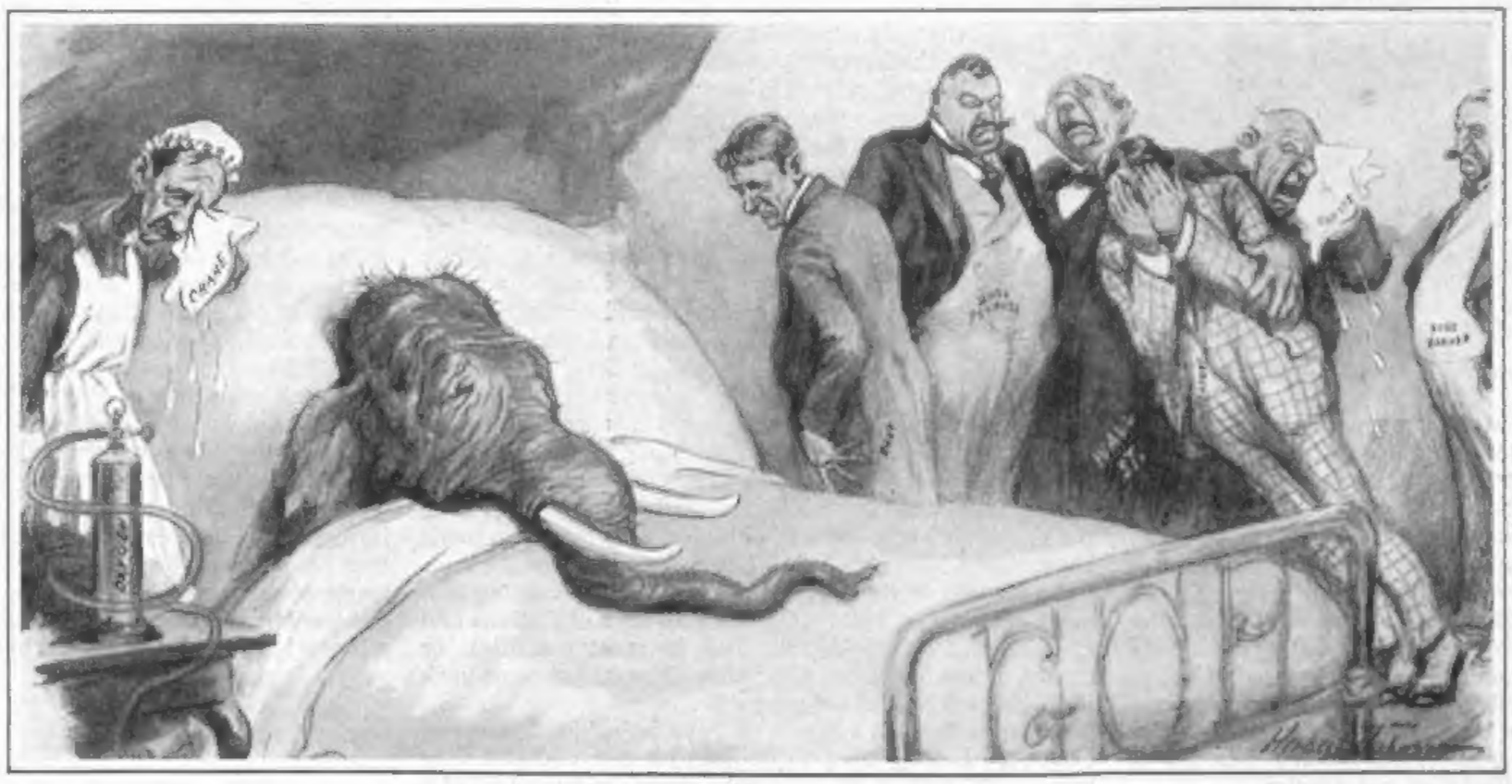
McKinley was assassinated. Roosevelt became president and remained as president for seven years, or until 1909. The machine worked perfectly while Mr. Roosevelt was in the White House. He made some outcry against the trusts and combinations; but all the time the Congressional machine and the subsidiary machines in the states were in control. As I have said, Mr. Roosevelt did not bother with the tariff. It was a tariff that worked excellently to the aggrandizement of the Republican party, and he had other and more pressing matters to consider.

The trust question—made a question by the beneficences of the Dingley Bill and the manipulations thereunder—became important. The people felt oppressed. There was much discontent. But the Republicans maintained their arrogant organization. They still held their followers to their discipline. And the special interests continued to aid and comfort.

President Roosevelt's agitations against certain trusts gave the people a dim understanding of what was happening to them. Further enlightenment came from the crusades of La Follette and others. There arose a sort of indeterminate protest, principally against the abuses fostered by the Dingley Tariff and the increased cost of living; and when Mr. Roosevelt nominated Mr. Taft in 1908 the Republican leaders thought it prudent to advocate in their platform a revision of the tariff. They had no particular intention of lowering the tariff, but they thought to forestall criticism by saying they would revise it.

Taft was elected and called an extra session of the Congress to carry out the tariff pledges of the platform. Aldrich was in control in the Senate and Cannon in the House. All pretense of submission to the demands in principles of the party had been thrown off. Aldrich ruled as despotically as Cannon; and Cannon, though making a daily text of the truism that the majority must rule, substituted his machine for the majority in the actual practice of ruling. No person can doubt the integrity of Mr. Taft or his sincerity of purpose, but he was not strong enough to cope with the forces that, though against him and for their own selfish ends, deluded him into thinking they were concerned in nothing but the success of the Republican party and the coincident success of the Taft Administration.

Every student of political affairs in this country knew, at the beginning of Mr. Taft's Administration, that disaster must follow if the Congress did not try, at least through the medium of an honest revision of the tariff, to relieve the people of some of their burdens and to help remedy conditions that were intolerable. By this time it was well and widely understood that the tariff made possible the great trusts and combinations, and that the stifling of competition in all lines of manufacture and distribution was largely responsible for the harder problems of obtaining sustenance that confronted the people.



The country was full of disorganized discontent. The Progressive movement was gaining ground. The people were clamoring for relief. They had ceased to regard the Republican party as sacrosanct because it had a great past, and demanded to know definitely of the future. Despite this widespread unrest—despite the reports that came to the leaders, flown by their own arrogance, encouraged by the special interests, the work of tariff revision was undertaken, and the result was the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, which still kept the special interests intrenched. They made their dishonest tariff, ignoring their own promises for adequate downward revision; they deluded Mr. Taft into signing this measure and put him on the stump to defend it.

The discontent throughout the country became clamorous. It was clamorous while the work of preparing the tariff was on; but Mr. Aldrich and his lieutenants did not heed it—nor did Mr. Cannon and his assistants. They had succeeded before. They waved men away who came in with information of the temper of the country. They would not listen to senators or representatives who knew the feeling of the people. They had the organization and they intended to do what they desired—and they did. They were getting ready for their political suicide then, but they did not know it at the time.

In 1910 the people had a chance in the Congressional elections to make a demonstration. Previous to that time Cannon had been deprived of some of his power in the House by a combination of far-seeing Republicans and Democrats, who made political capital for themselves in the move; but even this exposition of the real feeling of the country made little impression. The people showed their disapproval by electing a Democratic House of Representatives. They made it unmistakably plain that Mr. Taft was not held in high political regard and that he would be defeated if he was renominated. Aldrich had seen the coming storm and had announced his retirement. His work was done. He had put over the Payne-Aldrich Tariff and he had no further chance. Still, the leaders and their organizations throughout the country, heedless of what was happening round them, by resorting to every sort of political device—by the use of pocket-borough delegates and a thoroughly organization national committee—renominated Mr. Taft. What happened to him need not be detailed here.

The Handwriting on the Wall

THE Republican National Convention of 1912 marked the end of the old Republican party as such. It was the last stand of the Bourbons, who went down to defeat after their questionable victory. It was in brazen defiance of the existing sentiment in the country, and it was the inevitable outcome of the dealings and double-dealings that started, on an organized scale, with the making of the Dingley Tariff; for at that point both the great prosperity and the decline of the Republican party began. It was the inevitable outcome of its domination by the few instead of its conduct by the many.

Power blinds and authority dulls the perceptions. Success breeds arrogance and arrogance limits the understanding. Class control is necessarily based on disregard of mass desire. Because men can do a thing is the general reason why they do do it, and long-continued knowledge of ability to perform usually merges into the obsession that because they can they must. Might always was right with these Bourbons of the Republican party; and ears that should have heard the clamor of the people for redress were deafened by the applause of the special interests, who really were the masters of the situation.

The Republican party killed itself. There was no need for it to die. It started right. It had a good record. But when the tariff possibilities opened before its leaders they placed their own aggrandizement above the good of the public, and were led into excesses of control that could end in no other way. The tariff, as manipulated and maintained by these men, made the trusts possible; and the trusts are at the bottom of the great discontent in this country. The demand for readjustment was universal. It was insistent. These men could not hear it. Accustomed to old methods; living in the past; actuated by no higher motives than their own perpetuation and the perpetuation of their own organizations; censorious of any movement for rule by the people, and calling reform socialism or anarchy; disregarding the signs of the times; maintaining as long as possible the old plan of representation; using patronage and pap and power to get results that should have been attained by the free expression of the people; playing skillfully on the rally-to-the-old-flag sentimentality of the privates in the ranks—they were blind to every demonstration, deaf to every complaint, heedless of every protest; and they have themselves to thank for the catastrophe.

The tariff had its tentacles on every portion of the Republican party—not because it was a protective tariff, but because the protective feature of it was used for political purposes. Every evil that came to that party—from its triumphant return to power in 1896 to its disaster in 1912—can be traced to tariff manipulation. The tariff was responsible for the trusts. The trusts are responsible for the great economic and political discontent in this country. All the other political developments in the way of protest can be traced back to this initial cause. Through tariff uses and abuses the Republican party was taken from the hands of the people and put into the hands of a few men. It lost its identity as a popular organization and became what it was when it died—the servant and tool of the bosses.

(Concluded on Page 45)

The Man Who Beat Dan Dolan

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Little—Little Wretch! Out of My Way, Sir!"

THE box-office man at Slammerstein's Varieties was roused. Bored for ten years by the same old Broadway types—the unceasing "Gimme two down front on the aisle, can you?"—by the people who knew the manager or wrote theatrical stuff for the papers, or had an order from the week's headliner, or no reason at all for free seats except their desire; sick of the reek of strong French perfume and stronger cigarettes—of the draft that blew in with each swing of the glass doors from Forty-second Street—there was no rounder so blasé, so purged of beliefs in anything, as that box-office man whose dull eye was now alight! For the theater was full and the last standee allowed by the fire-department regulations was inside. The lobby boiled with baffled men and women.

Through the glass doors he saw McGonnigle and Sachs, the big policemen, herding the mob on the sidewalk. Motormen on the crosstown cars clanged angrily at the people pressing on toward Slammerstein's, and the people hurried never an inch. Taxicabs backed round into Forty-first and Forty-third Streets. Some of their passengers jumped out and strove for the glass doors with those in the street.

They bought seats for the night performance, Tuesday matinée, or the first show they could get. Why did this throng push and scowl, step upon and poke each other, in their madness to get into the smokiness and heat of Slammerstein's, with a sparkling April day, streets laundered by a morning's rain, and the hundred outdoor pleasures of New York to choose from instead? To see what a modest management had advertised as "The biggest feature ever booked for vaudeville—Dan Dolan, champion heavyweight pugilist of the world, engaged at the largest salary ever paid—four thousand dollars a week!"

In the crowd inside and out were bankers—some with their wives; writers; artists; merchants; prizefighters; millionaires—possibly not the very busiest, but a plenteous array; "resting" actors and actresses; suffragettes; brokers—pawn and Wall Street; detectives; musicians; pickpockets; and Slammerstein's Monday regulars. It was nearly the same gathering that assembled for any great civic event, with a scant few less of the plainest plain people—for they were at work—and a few more "tin ears" and heavy, round-jowled faces.

Dan Dolan had retired as an undefeated champion. He reappeared at the request of his country, met and defeated a British upstart who had dared to bill himself as champion. Dan Dolan had not wanted to leave his peaceful alfalfa acres or his prune grove in California; but he had, because he was too manly, too public-spirited, to disregard the call of duty. Several full pages of a rather involved statement to this effect had been in the preceding Sunday newspapers, with pictures of Dolan chopping wood on the farm; plowing; making gifts from his prune trees to his neighbor's children; accompanying his aged parents to church; boxing with George, his tame bear.

The orchestra occupants flapped programs, settled hats, complained of the location of their seats, crackled matches—Slammerstein's being a smoking house—and regarded an arc of faces visible in the balcony above. Higher still, in the unseen gallery, voices rumbled, rising, falling, as a river quarreling through its rocks. The overture commenced. Feet racketed over the thinly carpeted aisles; seats were noisily let down by harassed ushers.

Johnny Trippit, "marvelous acrobatic dancing comedian," put his left eye to the peephole and was thrilled. He could overlook the indignity of being carded as number one if this kept up all week. It was a larger house than he had ever played to on the "big small time." If he pleased at Slammerstein's, his initial booking on the "big time"—comprising the finest theaters in the largest cities—he need not go back to the lesser circuits. He brought new steps and tricks, and he was paying a royalty of thirty-five dollars a week to the writer of his comedy material. A booking commission and a thirty-five-dollar drain were too much from a seventy-five-dollar salary; but it was an investment. The salary would rise as soon as he was a hit. While repeating his lines over he meditated upon the wonderful fact that he should be making his bow on the same bill with Dan Dolan.

Five years before Johnny Trippit had hesitated on the edge of what was considered full-grown manhood—sixteen years—in his native Butte, deciding that a job as unskilled mechanic in a mine powerhouse was a crooked road to great fortune. He was a short, sturdy, red-haired lad, whose muscles, yielding to the touch, had the strength of a steel trap when he made them taut. He intended to become a professional boxer. Old Sid, one of the mine blacksmiths, was teaching him more every night, heartening him with tales of Fistiana and the size of a winner's end. But he must not drink, or smoke, or lose his sleep. Old Sid would not have come back to his forge if he had not grown lax.

"You're slower'n a hearse on your peds, kid!" mourned Old Sid. Johnny tried to quicken his feet and still they lagged. "You're a middleweight above, wid the legs of a welter. But the weight'll come. I never see your equal at the age!" said Old Sid.

Johnny met, as an amateur, boys older and heavier than himself. The light ones were afraid of him. Dan Dolan came to Butte, and to the Yellow Jacket Mining Company plant to visit its superintendent, a California friend. He heard of the young prodigy; and such was his large-hearted kindness that he put on the gloves with young John Trippit, with the loafing nightshift, the assay office and mill staffs in a circle round them. Nor did he hurt the boy as he might have; and when he punched and ducked Johnny's blows he explained the reason for his own intelligibly, in a way to help a fellow ever so much.

"Improve your footwork or they'll all run away from you," he advised. "Take up step dancing and you'll get there."

He went away. Johnny bought an autographed photograph of him in evening dress, and another for Old Sid. He always carried his. Today he could say:

"Don't you remember me—from Butte—the Yellow Jacket Mine? I did take up dancing and it looked better than fighting, because you can dance when you're old. But I still box—for fun. How are you?"

The theater was filled with the strains of a medley of Southern airs. Johnny thrust his hands into a pair of wooden shoes to match those on his feet, glanced down at his white silk shirt and black satin knickerbockers, and clattered forth, dancing his acrobatic buck on his hands, his feet aloft, clacking in time. He had planned opening strong to gain immediate attention. The dance ended—to silence, instead of applause. But they had never seen anything like that before! His agent had been enthusiastic over it, and when you charm an agent—— He was dancing with his feet now, turning difficult twisters between steps, interspersing these efforts with gay quips. The people were reading their programs, turning round to regard arrivals; and those in the boxes, which ran all round the orchestra floor, were chatting as if the stage was empty.

All the glad thrill ran from him. What was it? Some other act, of the breed called "choosers" in vaudeville, had stolen his specialties? But they hadn't. He had just broken the act in during the previous week in Lynn. Delivering the bright lines of his patter, gleaning not even a smile from those cruel, indifferent rows, he suddenly knew his fate. No matter who had once said to him, 'You might as well be dead as open the show at Slammerstein's!" it was true!

"They're sittin' there darin' me to make 'em laugh," he thought. It was hopeless. They were too wise. They had seen everything; and such a house must be warmed before their grudging handclaps start. He could have thrown his wooden shoes at two women in the front row who were giggling over the funny page in an evening paper.

It was over. He stopped, from habit, in the entrance and looked out at them pitifully. Not one hand!

"My stuff is over their heads," he told the property man.

"Hard to get 'em goin' here, an' they won't care for anything this week but the big fellow."

"Who, Dolan?"

"Sure! If they applaud you, won't they have to wait longer for him?"

Johnny went to where he dressed with Jones the Great, the European juggler. Jones was angry. He said that his time had been cut to six minutes, his wife made to dress with Mademoiselle Marino and her Cockatoos, for whom Mrs. Jones held a profound contempt, as she should—Marino's whole act was a copy of Mayme Menges' Birds—and there was not a drop of hot water in the tap marked "hot," because hot baths were being taken in the tub of the world champion's room, he believed.

"This 'ere thing of 'aving a low boxer on the bill's a hinsult to hartists—wot the theater's for, not the likes of that big hanimal!" said Jones the Great. "'E's got 'is low companions runnin' all hover this 'ere stige, w'ile we'd 'ave our troubles if a friend tried to send a card hin! Cut to six minutes! I carn't give no hact in six. 'E's the cause of it."

"Yes, I'm That Beastly Lowbrow! And What's the Difference?"

"My agent gimme to understand I'd be on at least third; but I stood for bein' the goat an' openin'. The result is I'm dished for the week!" said Johnny angrily. "An' through him!"

"They booked 'im on two d'ys' notice—the w'y they allus do 'ere. D'you 'ear they put Alice Paulson out of the 'eadliner's room for 'im?"

"An' she with a contract callin' for twelve hundred, star room, an' a carpet from it to the stage! Does she know yet?"

"The missus 'eard a terrific row out in the orfice. Slammerstein and 'er was at it. She's going to work; but, my heye, she must be 'opping!"

"A legit of Alice Paulson's class ought to be able to make a stand. Where is she on the bill?"

"Just before 'im—number height."

A spirited rapping sounded and the cry:

"Stevie! Oh, Stevie!"

"It's the missus. You're all done but your coat. I'll let 'er in," said the juggler.

Mrs. Jones was in the purple tights and white fur-trimmed hussar jacket she wore in her husband's act. She was excited.

"Wotever's wrong, love?" asked the Great Jones.

"I could bear the Cockatoos, though took entire from my best friend; but to be leaving my room and 'ave a boxer s'y 'Ah, there, you purple kiddo!' I will not endure! No lydy would. 'Kiddo!' Stevie - you've got to go and mike 'im beg pardon, for I will not bear it! I 'adn't even looked at that fresh bounder!"

"That's goin' pretty far," said Johnny. "He's—he is a bounder! But all fighters ain't, Mis' Jones. Young Curley takes his mother an' sisters all over with him; an' you ought to hear Mike Twin Sullivan play the violin!"

Neither of the Joneses answered, so he left them. He was confused by the overturning of ideas fixed by five years' residence: Dolan flippantly addressing Mrs. Jones' gray hairs—she was a brunette merely for the stage—and Dolan's presence making his act a failure; his forgetting to put the autographed picture on his side of the dressing room—the tack was in the tray of his tin makeup box. A heavy figure obscured the light from the stage door. He started and mechanically exclaimed:

"Don't you remember me? You boxed with me out at the Yellow Jacket, in Butte—in O-seven, you know?"

"No; I don't remember," said Dan Dolan after he had honestly tried to. But all the Montana places had produced a boxer that year! He said, to be polite: "What's the name again?"

Johnny did not hear however. He was in his dressing room, ripping the autographed picture in two.

"He does remember—the same as me!" he said, and strode out again, his gray derby hat on the back of his head and his red hair fluffing loose in front. He had been too angry to wet it into shiny smoothness.

"Him an' his four thousand a week!" he thought. Why had he not dared to protest against opening the show? He would go to the office and demand a better place; but, with the bill topheavy because of the fifty minutes allowed to Dan Dolan, they would be glad of an excuse to cancel him by claiming he had been a frost at his first show. On the stage Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Lane, in The Plumber and the Soubrette, were not calling a single laugh, whereas usually, when Gardner Lane got mixed in the three sheets of flypaper, spectators choked from mirth. Johnny looked at fat Mrs. Gardner, perspiration making ravines through her makeup as she worked up the comedy. No plaudits! The audience wanted Dan Dolan.

"Wish Blobbs had trimmed him!" breathed Johnny.

His muscles moved jerkily. He was a vaudeville artist now; but what ineffable satisfaction if he could only gather the animosity he felt into his right fist and punch that interloper once! He turned from the stage, entering the greenroom, which was a-buzz with people. And they were smoking, with the theater's fireman standing just inside the door, his worshiping face toward Dan Dolan. Smoking! The performer who transgressed by puffing a cigarette from his dressing-room window was fined and rebuked.

Some of the men present looked at Johnny, as if wondering what he wanted. Perhaps they considered the greenroom, common to all playing there, as Dolan's private reception hall. He sat down, scrutinizing Dolan intently. The champion of the world was in clothes of a brown mixture, with tan shoes on his extensive feet. He was thirty, of a Swedish fairness—a type slow to show the result of excesses—but the puffiness under his light blue eyes and the creases in his skin tattled of aging indulgences. Johnny felt satisfaction in thinking that Dolan would not remain champion unless he embraced a life of rigorous denyings. But he was champion now, sitting in flattered importance among his worshipers! There was the writer to whom Johnny was paying thirty-five dollars a week royalty. He had met the champion's private car at Cleveland the previous day, and all the way to Jersey City tirelessly rehearsed Dolan "and company" in the lines of their act.

"Lemme know what I owe you, Bill, and I'll make out a check," called Dolan.

"No, you won't! That was a pleasure, old boy," answered the writer.

Refusing money—the man who had warned Johnny that if the thirty-five dollars was an hour late he'd take the material away from him! There was Hannis, a booking agent who had shut his door in Johnny's pained face the previous autumn, with a harsh "Nothing for you today!" And he was working toward the champion's great hand, lying hamlike on a knee, and affectionately asking:

"How's the boy?"

"Then You Shall be My Knight. I Won't Forget!"

"All right. Meet Diamond Dan O'Rourke—he sells Rumm's; and you'd better order a few cases of quarts or he'll quit talking to you," said Dolan.

A large, three-chinned man rose, chuckling. The whole company chuckled at Dolan's wit.

"Shake hands with Paddy an' Clarence O'Rourke, my twin kids," said Diamond Dan kindly. "Hey! Git up! Or are you deef?"

Two round-faced, snubnosed boys, whose heads strangely went up to a peak on top, sat each on an arm of a red plush chair, their goggling eyes banqueting upon the champion.

"They've been in a trance since they seen Dan. But you ought to see 'em box!" said their parent. He addressed Johnny, adding: "Ain't Dan the pop'lar guy?"

"I think he's a big slob!" said Johnny, amazing and rather frightening himself.

Would they all set on him? But Diamond Dan gave him a scornful snort and a wide back. Well, they knew there was one person in New York who was not mad over Dan Dolan! A woman reporter had the champion's ear. Did he feel any nervousness over this stage appearance? He replied with gay ease to her questions. Over her head Diamond Dan remarked:

"Oh, say, Dan, my sister Mamie's named the baby for you!"

"I'll send him a gold cup," said the champion. "But they'll have to make him a fighter."

The goggle-eyed twins suddenly laughed, then resumed their idolatrous manner.

Johnny counted nine fight writers and four cartoonists. There was Dolan's manager, with a couple of trainers. Diamond Dan made a jest about a wine supper that had occurred on the train, and Johnny began to comprehend Dolan's puffiness and his creases. Two newspaper men were leaving and they stopped beside Johnny. He heard that Dolan had been celebrating continually—had not half trained for Gunner Blobbs, whose uncertain physical shape was Dolan's salvation.

"It was just a case of who fell down first."

"Sure! But I don't feel like pulling any of that at present. He's thirty pounds too heavy and his wind's bad. Wouldn't he be a soft mark right now?"

"They all go the same route. Got a match?"

"Yet he's gettin' four thousand," thought Johnny. Four thousand! Salary was figured on drawing capacity. Dolan had accomplished something; so the crowds came. Johnny slammed the greenroom door as he departed. A waltz was being played, and Ed and Ida Walling, in hoop manipulation, had the stage. He joined those Four Singing Widows—really not widowed at all—who were awaiting their turn and marveling at the house.

"I'd rather play the Park Zoo than here though," said the blondest widow. "We can't use our classical stuff."

"Be thankful you ain't got a hoofin' act like me!" advised Johnny.

Another widow remarked that people told you the treatment to expect at Slammerstein's, and you got it. The idea of sending them up two flights to dress! She supposed it was all due to that prizefighter. Was he good-looking? What was the color of his eyes? The blondest one declared he'd better not try to talk to her as he had to poor Mrs. Jones! The other widows tittered. The Great Jones and Mrs. Jones joined them just as Dolan and his *entourage* of friends and general drudges came from the greenroom.

"That's him!" said Johnny.

"Then I've a word for 'is hear!" cried Mrs. Jones. "'E—but that eyn't the one called me a kiddo!"

"Indeed I didn't, madam!" said Dan Dolan, meeting her look with a winning smile.

"My wud! Such a mistike!" she exclaimed, simpering.

"Heasy seen 'e's not that sort," said the Great Jones. "Welcome to vod'ville, Mr. Dolan. M'y you be 'appy amongst hus! We're like one big fam'ly."

"Delighted to meet you both," said the champion; "and if you see the chap who you thought was me, ma'am, point him out—and I'll hand him one!"

"Sounds like it was Kid Bullet. Kid ain't got no sense!" said a trainer standing near to Diamond Dan, who winked and nodded facetiously.

Johnny was disappointed. Having ceased to venerate Dolan, it would be more soothing to discover him wholly unworthy. The widows were charmed with his gracious demeanor.

"He's got dandy eyes—blue!" said the blondest.

"You know I read that Dolan's not his real name at all! His people were quite rich; but after the San Francisco fire he had to do something quick, so he got to be a champion," said the smallest.

"Quite the gentleman!" observed Mrs. Jones.

The widows were accorded a very fair reception, and the Great Jones "went" well, taking two bows—enough for any juggler. A playlet pleased, and so did Mademoiselle Marino's Cockatoos. The Gardner Lanes and Johnny Trippit were to be the only sufferers—and the Lanes were too well known to be hurt. At times during the afternoon Johnny remembered that it was spring outside. He could walk down Broadway and get ideas from the windows for new suits. But he could not urge himself to leave the theater. Perhaps the champion would fall down by forgetting his lines. Johnny gloomed in and out of entrances. He saw grumbling stagehands unrolling a length of red carpet. That was for Alice Paulson, whose contract provided for the amazing indulgence of a carpet from stage to dressing room.

"Legits gimme a pain!" said an aggrieved stagehand. "She don't let anybody stand in the entrances; they roll a carpet down to the automobile for her, an' we got to do the work. Let her carry her own people if she's got such extras! I'm reportin' it to the union."

"Too classy for vaudeville, I s'pose," said Johnny.

"But don't mind coppin' the change! They didn't pay her no twelve hundred in light opera—though she sings pretty nice."

"How does she get that money?"

"Just when she's bein' quietest, she'll startle them. An' that keeps the pay up. I got it straight that she hired that dago prince to chase her round the country, swearin' he'd marry her or kill her! She kept givin' the papers junk

about only a real American for her! Startle, an' you're made in this game!"

Johnny thought of his hand-and-foot buck. How could he make that better—more startling? He sniffed, taking a lingering breath of an enervating Oriental perfume.

"I smell her comin'," said the stagehand. "Oh, they're a mean mob—those legits. Has her maid do her tippin'. Prob'ly she thinks us fellers are all dead from the ears up."

Johnny had yet to see a "legit" except from the front. Gossip outlined vaudeville's great for him; but the stars of the legitimate stage, taking a flier of a few weeks in the two-a-day, were merely names. A "legit" was supposedly intolerant of vaudeville conditions, a stingy tipper and a hearty kicker. They usually came when their own plays and comedies failed, with an air of doing vaudeville a favor, collected their money without a "Thank you," and became "legits" again.

The scent grew stronger. He liked it, deciding to get some for himself. Alice Paulson was a tall woman of imperious bearing and fine, regular features, who was handsome in her grease paint at a distance of four feet, and therefore must be beautiful off the stage. She looked past and through Johnny, who convulsively covered his left coat lapel with his hand. He was hiding the ruby-set watchfob that friends had referred to as "rich." The day he bought it he read with astonishment that a gentleman wore very little jewelry.

But if it was swell jewelry? Anyway, he wore his, like everyone did, in vaudeville. He slowly sneaked the fob from his buttonhole, dropping it into his breast pocket.

Alice Paulson paused by him; and, having made his first tribute to her, he looked boldly into her brown eyes, surprising there a twinkle that before his gaze dulled to absolute blankness. He hoped she had not seen the fob—maybe it was more tasteful to wear it elsewhere. She displayed no jewelry, nor was there lace or trimming on the Nile-green satin of a gown that infolded her so tightly that she moved with the shortest steps. Her Titian hair was drawn over her ears, without curls or waves, and only a spray of pale gold-and-green flowers adorned the braids wadded at the back of her neck.

"That's a whale of a house for Monday!" he said respectfully, but she silently contemplated space.

Wonderful, unapproachable "legit"! Why should she speak to him? With her money you would not need to speak at all! If he might but be on third, fourth, fifth—where she could see the hand-and-foot buck! She would surely recognize an artist.

The Cockatoos came off, she went on; and that morning, before he had seen her, was an eon ago. Her first song was of a sort beyond his ken. It was not lively, or the sort of opening number to "get" them. Yet they applauded, and she bent her noble head ever so slightly—she need not beg their clappings! Her voice went up in trills and roulades and climaxes; she gave them never a smile—she was a goddess taking homage! He hid his ring with the American flag setting. She might notice!

His fingers struck the end of a letter from Gipsy St. Clair, who was in burlesque and playing the Western Wheel. Poor Gipsy, with her funny little nose and her habit of laughing at everybody round the stage! A woman should be more reserved. It was about time to forget Gipsy. Alice Paulson commenced Ben Bolt. She sang it tenderly, softly. In the middle of the opening verse a queer sound was heard—loudly, Huh-hah! Huh-hah! Huh-hah!

The gallery broke into laughter. The singer's nostrils widened with anger; her shoulders twitched.

"It's Dolan skippin' the rope to help his wind. They can hear him breathin' out on Broadway!" said the stagehand. "Gee! She'll be sore!"

The song was effectively killed. She cut it in two, starting a brilliant operatic selection. Again the disconcerting Huh-hah! Huh-hah! Huh-hah!

Her high notes were smothered in a surge of laughter. She glanced toward the backdrop, concluded the song and swept from the stage, stonily taking one bow at the stage manager's repeated: "Go on! Go on, Miss Paulson!"

Johnny savored the heavy perfume as she passed him.

"That'll be stopped!" she told her maid.

Johnny was trembling. He went to his room, tore the autographed picture into small pieces, added Gipsy St. Clair's letter to the pile, and said desperately to the Great Jones' juggling costume, hanging limp upon the wall:

"If he keeps up his skippin' I'll knock a few teeth out of his check-rack—if he was nine champions put together! He ain't goin' to crab her turn!"

He rushed out. A steady roar told him that Dan Dolan's act had begun. Friends, trainers, performers and stage employees were massed in the wings. There was no sound at all from the stage. Had stage fright gripped Dolan? No; he was standing in the exact center, comically signaling that he could not speak until the roar abated. They yelled:

"Show us the punch that stopped Blobbs, Dan!"

It was a gymnasium set. The champion, as Learnington Wendell, an amateur boxer, had called to ask Professor Stringem, the boxing instructor, to give an exhibition for charity at a society bazar. As proof of his own social standing L. Wendell was in evening dress. He was not awkward, rendering his lines distinctly, and prompting Kid Bullet, his sparring partner, who played the professor. The latter requested his gentlemanly visitor to go through a few feats of strength. Mr. Wendell was under-dressed in black silk tights and his ten-thousand-dollar diamond championship belt. He changed with professional speed,

"Point Him Out—and I'll Hand Him One!"

and together he and the nervous Bullet—in pale blue tights—went through a healthful schedule, such as pulling weights, bending exercises and tossing cannonballs.

Then Dolan's manager emerged, announcing that Dan Dolan, champion heavyweight of the world, realizing the public's desire to see him in the arena and the impracticability of seating more than some trifling thousands at his matches, would at every performance meet all comers—bar none—in a four-round bout under Queensberry rules, with Mr. Charles Black, the well-known referee—a stout, bald gentleman stepped forward, bobbing carelessly—"as third man in the ring, insuring absolute fairness," proceeded the manager. "Any man that Dan Dolan fails to knock out before the end of four rounds will receive two hundred dollars. Failing candidates, Mr. Dolan will spar an exhibition with his partner, Mr. Kid Bullet." Bullet suddenly nodded. "The timekeeper will be Mr. William Slammerstein."

William Slammerstein did not bow. It was his theatre.

The general drudges bustled forth, setting and roping a ring of conventional size. For Dolan they brought a barrowload of pails, stools, towels, sponges, large and small bottles, which interested the audience. The opposite corner was austerely outfitted with a pair of boxing gloves, a pail, stool and towel. Stagehands placed some steps at one end of the orchestra inclosure.

Johnny Trippit wedged himself into a space whence he could glower upon the champion who, with his long arms hanging down, legs stretched supine, sat on his stool, confident, smiling, but breathing loudly because of his surplus fat.

"There's not a bit of brutishness in his eyes. And they are blue!" said a widow, whom Johnny marked as a fool.

Manager, handlers, timekeeper and referee disposed themselves gracefully. The audience was silent, then abruptly rumbled, for a tall, thick youth in dark clothes and a sweater was going up the steps. Kid Bullet withdrew. The manager interrogated the stranger, announcing:

"Henry Logan. Weight, one hundred and ninety."

The tall youth was taken away by a volunteer second, returning arrayed in red woolen tights.

Johnny appraised Henry Logan with a throb of longing. "I'd give all I've got to see him trim Dolan!" he muttered.

The knowing stagehand laughed, saying:

"He's only a plant! Think a champ's takin' chances on some boilermaker huntin' a quick rep gettin' to him?"

He explained that similar "plants," conveniently seated, would be at every show. The champion would be easy with each until the end of the fourth round. There was no danger of one of them winning over him. They had better not!

"That one worked with Dolan for his fight with Flynn," said the stagehand. "I heard his manager tellin' a chap he did."

"Then the whole thing's a bunk!" exclaimed Johnny, astonished. He had never learned much of the intricacies of ring matters.

Three seconds before the gong rang Time! for the end of the bout, Dan Dolan sent Henry Logan reeling backward into the ropes with a left hook to the jaw—the blow that had made non-champions of many; and the house bellowed and whistled and clapped. Dolan bowed, his stomach a-jump under the raucous breaths that his extra weight sent forth. He was fat; he was soft; but——

"He just played with that poor gink. Pretty work, all right," said the stagehand gleefully.

Johnny mumbled, evading the movement of men from the stage. Dan Dolan was still responding to the clamor. At last Johnny wanted the clean April air in his lungs—something besides the mustiness of grease-painted faces and the effluvia of sweating bodies. The performers were all waiting for Dolan to come off—the Great Jones and Mrs. Jones grinning, the widows smiling and eager. Mademoiselle Marino wished to say that she was naming a young cockatoo Dolan. The Gardner Lanes also! Johnny sighed. How—how could he improve that hand-and-foot buck? Why had he not stayed a boxer and become a "prof" and a champion? Old Sid had claimed he would be sorry! He might dance the years away while being pushed into undesirable spots on bills that no one else would accept! "I could make an Oriental settin', with some snakes; but that's been done an' buck dancin' don't fit it."

Through his black despair a rich voice filtered, saying:

"As a favor to Mr. Slammerstein I gave up the headliner's room; but I will positively cancel if my act is interrupted by that creature again!"

The stage manager was asking if he might not present Mr. Dolan, who should be instructed to skip his rope less audibly.

"I do not care to make acquaintances among prize-fighters," said Alice Paulson grandly.

Johnny's gloom lightened. She scorned Dolan! He went into Forty-second Street, thence down Broadway. In the old days in Butte he had hoped to walk Broadway sometime, and in the profession they said the sun was always shining there. But not for him! He had no pleasure in his light gray suit, gray-topped shoes, gray derby, yellow chamois gloves and pale yellow tie, so effective with his red hair and gray eyes. The ruby-set fob was still in his breast pocket.

Rain was imminent; the skies were darkening, so that the electric signs on buildings abruptly winked into brilliance, though it was only a little past five. People hurried for the surface cars, the women fearful for spring gowns and hats. He walked on. Let it rain! Like a volcano's fiery breath against the night he saw the truth of the ominous warning:

"You've got to startle them!"

Each show was like the Monday matinée, but Johnny worked as if for his best friends. A booking agent not

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ON THE UPGRADE

THE CONCENTRATION ROUTE

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

At Nineteen I Was an Assistant Bookkeeper

AS SOON as I finished school in a small Illinois town I went up to Chicago to start real life as a young fellow should. I had been led to believe that Chicago was a sort of huge merry-go-round. Out on West Monroe Street I rented a room, and then I began the go-round part of it; I did not find anything merry.

I had no particular line of work in mind, but I had a strong antipathy against factories. For twenty years my father had been working in the factories of my home town and seldom made over two dollars a day. I had no intention of following in his footsteps; so at first I confined my efforts to La Salle Street and the wholesale district. Of course I possessed no qualifications whatever, and after a couple of weeks a suspicion to this effect began to worry itself through the fissures of my cranium.

After that I abandoned the thought of getting into a bank or big mercantile house, and I read all the "help wanted" advertisements without discrimination. As week after week passed without any of my applications proving successful I secretly hoped that pneumonia or typhoid might get me and finish me up in comfort.

To this end I got my feet wet deliberately and drank gallons of Lake Michigan water. It was no go—I could not get sick no matter how hard I tried.

However, one day, after two months of job hunting—one month being wholly unfinanced—I was reduced almost to nervous prostration by having a position literally thrown at me. My landlady had gone out in sheer desperation and landed it for me.

Briefly, this job was in the office of a big lumber company out on Elston Avenue, and my pay was ten dollars a week. I was eighteen years old the day I went to work.

Don't imagine I am going to tell you a tiresome office story. I have a livewire narrative to relate; so I'll quicken up the action right here at the start. I like stories that go—and mine certainly went, once it really started.

Getting Out of the Lumber Business

AT NINETEEN I was an assistant bookkeeper in this same lumber office; at twenty, a clerk in the estimating room; at twenty-one, a subordinate in the shipping-clerks' department; at twenty-two, ditto.

At the age of twenty-two years and one month I arrived at a profound conclusion, which I expressed to Charlie Julep—who sat on the next high stool to the left—in the following words:

"The lumber business is rotten!"

Charlie was so impressed with this bit of wisdom that he forgot how many board feet he had been figuring. At the moment he was taking quantities from some plans and calculating the items.

"The rottenest yet!" he assented.

Then we both went to figuring again—the same everlasting board feet—but after a while I fell into a reverie and spent ten minutes looking out of the window on a scene that was not inspiring. Elston Avenue means lumber, coal, gashouses and laborers' huts. Finally I leaned over and nudged Charlie Julep.

"Let's shake it!" I whispered.

"Shake what?" inquired Charlie.

"The lumber business, Elston Avenue and Chicago!" I explained. "Let's get out of this thankless grind and go somewhere—to California, for example. We're as high as we'll ever get here. We've struck the limit, Charlie, at sixty-five dollars a month! Why, out West it's dead easy for a fellow of our age to pull down a hundred or more! Stub Quincy of my town is out in Frisco now—in a steamship office at thirty plunks every week; and Andy Swarthouse is up in Seattle as assistant to the manager of a street-car concern. Any good man can get a job out West, Andy says. Let's pull up stakes for Frisco, Charlie. What do you say?"

I saw a wild light of approval in Charlie Julep's eyes. "I'll just go you, Lank!" he said. Lank was an Elston Avenue nickname, which I had come to take philosophically.

In a couple of weeks we shook the sawdust off our clothes and quit the lumber business for good—so we assured ourselves. Never again would we be haunted by the nightmare of board feet—Number One Common, D Select, and so on. Neither of us was trammeled by family ties and each had saved up a hundred dollars or more. We traveled westward in the second-class smoking car of an overland train—not the overland limited—and promised each other big doings.

"It's bully to be out of the lumber business!" Charlie observed at intervals; and I always got back at him:

"The rottenest business in the world!"

In order that you may understand what I am driving at I want to say right here that these events occurred twenty years ago, and that today I am sales manager for a big lumber company. It is six years since I got back into the lumber game. You see, therefore, I have a gap of fourteen years to fill.

Fourteen years makes a big chunk for a man to lose absolutely out of his life, yet I threw it away through a simple lack of concentration on a purpose that ought to have been obvious. Had I centered my ambitions on lumber in the beginning, as I did so long afterward, I am sure I could have been a sales manager at thirty. I had it in me, as I have since demonstrated. Instead, I scattered my energies—— But go back with me to the day Charlie Julep and I reached San Francisco.

That night we hunted up Stub Quincy and found him in a rooming house on Eddy Street; we were surprised at his dismal surroundings and not reassured by his clammy welcome. I introduced Charlie and we sat down for a smoke.

"Just at present," observed Stub as he lit the cigar I had brought him, "things are pretty rotten out here on the Coast."

So they were. We discovered that Stub had lost his job in the steamship office and was thinking of pulling up stakes for Chicago as soon as he could borrow the money. He gave this up when we told him there was nothing doing there.

For three weeks I canvassed the city for work—Stub and Charlie doing the same. I landed first, as a roustabout office man in a wholesale grocery house at forty dollars a month. I was back where I had started four years before. At the end of six months I struck my boss for a ten-dollar raise. He said he would think about it; and on payday he sent me a polite note—firing me! I had not been worth even the forty.

However, it was a good riddance, I said, for I had not liked groceries any better than lumber. Meanwhile Stub Quincy had found a most disagreeable job with a wholesale feed concern. Charlie Julep had worked first in a shoe store, which he found very dull, and then in a contractor's office; this latter place he could not stand for on account of the everlasting figures again. He was quickly fired, anyway; so now, hard pressed by his appetite, Charlie had been forced temporarily to take a job as laborer in a mucilage factory. It was this latter job that caused us to nickname him Stick.

A precious trio we were—Stub, Stick and Lank! We were not toughs, but infantile in our conception of the world and of the forces that mold men's careers! Yet, after all, we were doing what a considerable percentage of the boys of the nation do right along—making an aimless start without any goal.

One night we got together up on Eddy Street over our pipes and Stick gave being to the following second-hand sentiment:

"San Francisco sure is rotten!" Nobody gainsaid this, and Stick went on: "I'll tell you what we'll do, fellows, and all in favor of it answer in the affirmative: Let's shake the old town!"

There were three affirmatives. Then Stick suggested Seattle. However, not one of us had more than a week's wages in his pocket and I was out of a job! This last fact gave rise to an idea on my part.

"Fellows," said I, "I'll go up to Seattle in advance and do some scouting if you two will grubstake me. We've been stung on San Francisco, and we'd better not bite too hard again. If I find things good up there you can come along as soon as you get money enough ahead, or as soon as I can earn a few weeks' wages and get cash to you."

Looking Over the Promised Land

I WENT to Seattle by the water route, and when I reached Puget Sound I spent the first two days hunting up Andy Swarthouse, whose address I had lost. I met him by accident—holding down a job as gripman on the Madison Street cable line. He only laughed when I reminded him that he had written some of the fellows at home about his wonderfully swell job as assistant to the street-car company's manager.

Andy could not help me himself, but he gave me a note to a friend of his, who gave me a note to a chap named MacGowan, whom I found scaling logs up toward Ballard.

"Can you cook?" was the first question this man threw at me.

"It's a little out of my line," I confessed.

"Then I don't know what I can do for you, young fellow," said he as he picked up his log rule again. "They want a cookee up at the camp."

I went away sad at heart—not because I wanted the cookee's job, but because MacGowan imagined I would take anything so humble! I was up in the Northwest after big things—and I had forsworn everything connected with lumber anyway.

Back in Seattle I scouted for a job with tolerable cheerfulness so long as I got my money-order each week from Stub and Stick in Frisco. Five dollars was the sum agreed on; but after the third week they cut it to three. At the end of the fifth week of idleness I received a caustic letter from Stick. It was something like this—I am trusting to memory:

Dear Lank: I don't see how we can go on grubstaking you forever! What kind of game are you trying to put over?

"It's the Best Business Going! You Ought to Have Stuck!"

That was a sharp trick you worked to finance your trip to Seattle, but it doesn't necessarily mean an annuity for life.

Stub has been fired from the feed concern and now I've got him on my hands as well as you. I'll not stand for it either! It was you who got me to come out to this rotten Coast, and I'd like to take a wallop at your blamed jaw!

I'm still holding down my job at the mucilage studio—fine business, I don't guess! I want the money I've sent you, and I want it quick! Yours truly,

CHARLES JULEP.

Alas for true friendship! Stick and Stub passed out of my life because of a few miserable dollars, which I repaid some time later. I never saw Stub again, and it was many years before I set eyes once more on Charlie Julep. When I did happen upon him he was blowing soap-bubbles in a toy demonstration at a Chicago department store! For doing this he received the princely sum of nine dollars a week.

Meanwhile I had been blowing a lot of bubbles myself. While I was still looking for a job in Seattle I occupied a bare room in a Pike Street lodging house, and here it was I met a man who called himself Horatio Sutherland, who claimed to be a merchant from New York looking for a good location on the Sound. He was inquisitive and I told him my history.

"I'll give you the chance of your life," said he. "Pending the selection of a site for my new Western Department Store I mean to go among the good towns on the Sound and hold mammoth slaughter sales. I shall rent a vacant store for a week at each place, stock up with cheap but honorable merchandise, and then make a big noise. The stuff will go just like fireworks—I've done it before! What I need most is a partner to help me—oh, I know you haven't any money, but that needn't make any difference. I'd rather have a good working partner without capital than a lazy man with all kinds of cash. If you work hard the business will be a brilliant success, and I'll give you a third of the profits."

Half-Owner of The Emperor

WE OPENED in Fairhaven and came up the Sound by quick jumps. We did a lurid business too! Before long I began to suspect the stuff we were selling was not what the firm of Sutherland & Eastman claimed for it. My name is not really Eastman—I do not care to tell you what it is. I should not relate this narrative were my right name to be used.

After we had cleaned up Snohomish, Anacortes, Port Townsend, and a number of other towns, things got rather warm and I balked. I had not received any of the profits anyhow.

"This isn't a square business!" I told Sutherland. "I know well enough it isn't. I may be green at merchandise, but I've got ordinary sense. You wouldn't dare to stay longer than a week in a town—that silk of yours, for example, wouldn't hang together longer than that! Besides, why don't you pay all these bills that are following us? I'm going to quit this partnership, but I want wages for the time I've been at it."

That night it was Sutherland who quit—not I. He disappeared with all the proceeds and left me—without a dollar—to shoulder the debts. I found out that I was a partner in earnest, and as such liable for the whole indebtedness of the firm.

I was sued in four or five towns for rent and board, and judgments were entered against me. Meanwhile I was locked up on a charge of intent to defraud. In my distress I wrote to the only friend I had in Seattle, Andy Swarthouse—and he proved a good friend too. He came up to see me, and then induced a young lawyer to defend me for the sake of the advertising he'd get. I was acquitted; and I returned to the city plastered with judgments—worthless, of course.

Andy helped me get a job as street-car conductor and I ran on various lines in Seattle for two years. By close living I paid off the judgments, amounting to several hundred dollars; and then I met a prospector who wanted me to grubstake him to the extent of a hundred dollars so that he might explore a certain section of the Cascade Mountains for gold. He was sure he was on the trail of a big find—if only he could keep it secret.

I did not like running a street car; neither did Andy. Together we dug up the hundred, and for months we lived in the clouds. Then we dug up another hundred—things were coming our way! The gold was there, all right! The trouble was that it stayed there! We filed on it, but the expert we sent out to make a report said the claims would not pay for the working.

Andy was so mad over this that he could scarcely see. He ran his grip-car into a fire-engine and killed one of the horses—and that finished Andy Swarthouse's street-car history.

Meanwhile a piece of good fortune overtook me: I was appointed night receiver in the barn at a salary of a hundred dollars a month; but a year later the company found out I was interested in two or three mining ventures and I lost my job.

"You haven't stolen any money up to date, so far as we know," the superintendent told me; "but we don't consider you a safe man to have the handling of cash."

I had put all my savings into prospecting, so I had nothing to fall back upon. My associates in the mining schemes had sunk my money and their own along with it. Sore and discouraged, I resolved to quit mining for good—and I did quit it.

It was near the holidays and I was able to get a clerkship in a Front Street department store. I must have done fairly well, for when the Christmas rush was over I was retained, while many others were let out. By concentrating on a purpose I have no doubt I could have gone up in this store, learned the business—and perhaps started out in time for myself; but I did not like it! The daily grind and the confinement were most displeasing, and by the end of a year I was sure that merchandising was even worse than the lumber business.

During this year I had earned about six hundred dollars and saved two hundred. About that time I met a young fellow who worked in a bank, but was dissatisfied with his job. He was quite a sailor in an amateur way and owned a schooner-rigged yacht. This he proposed trading in toward a small steam craft; and if he could find a partner with some cash he meant to enter the Puget Sound freight-carrying traffic. Of course he would start small, but he was sure the field was a good one and that a bigger boat could be put on within a year.

This proposition hit me hard. I reasoned that sailing round the Sound would be more fun than clerking in a store. At last I seemed to be on the trail of a business with red blood in it. I dreamed of becoming the head of a great steamboat line—I was strong on dreams in those days.

We acquired a little old tub called Polly and renamed it The Emperor. I wish I had time to tell you about its adventures, but I must confine myself to a single exploit. One night, after we had owned The Emperor six months, it suddenly poked its nose under water, kicked out its hind legs in farewell, and quit this troublesome world to repose in the deepest hole in the Sound.

My partner and I clung to some wreckage and were picked up at daylight and carried to Vancouver. Our insurance scarcely paid the mortgage on the boat, and the owners of the lost freight made us sweat. There were half a dozen crates of chickens, some garden truck, a few trunks and a live calf. It was a year later before we cleaned up this loss.

There had been possibilities in that embryo steamboat business. Properly financed and managed, it might have developed, with concentration, into a worthy undertaking; but, like everything else I had gone into, it was done in a bungling, inexpert way; in fact, I was sick of it long before our tub foundered. The fun had gone out of it.

After a long idleness I found a job as clerk in a hotel. For a time I contemplated getting into the hotel business as a proprietor, but I decided to look for something more attractive. In a sudden fit of vacillation I quit Seattle and returned to Chicago after an absence of seven years.

I must compress the next seven years into a few paragraphs. I worked in various offices and stores; I married; I dreamed. I sank into a humdrum existence. One office job that promised well took me to Pullman, on the outskirts of Chicago, and I moved my family there. I did not like it, however; so I found another job in the city and back we came. Then I went on the road for a baking-powder company at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

I Travel Around the Mulberry Bush

MY ROUTE took me into Northern Wisconsin, and one day on a train I ran across one of the men with whom I had worked on Elston Avenue. He had stuck to the lumber game and gone up steadily. He had been buyer, sales agent, traffic manager, and so on; and now he was a high executive, drawing a salary of a thousand dollars a month. He had just come from a large lumber operation owned by his company.

"It's the best business going!" he told me with enthusiasm. "Too bad, Lank, that you quit it! You ought to have stuck!"

During the remainder of my trip I thought over the difference between his position and mine. And I had quit the lumber field because I believed it the rottenest business in the world—because I did not see any future in figuring board feet!

I was thirty-six years old—about the age when a lot of men begin to wish they had concentrated on some particular business and made experts of themselves. As a man nears forty, specters commence to hover over him—unless he has focused his energies on some one channel and created a life market for his services.

I could see nothing ahead in baking powder; it did not seem a big enough thing to focus on. The more I thought about lumber, the more convinced I became that my original line had offered me better opportunities than anything I had gone into since. The follies of fourteen years filled me with remorse and anxiety. I had a wife and three children, and my savings were less than three hundred dollars.

When I reached Chicago again I went to the office of the lumber executive I had met on the train.

"Will you help me get back into the game?" I asked.

"I'm afraid you are almost too rusty," he returned; "your four years of experience are ancient history."

"I am willing to forget those four years," said I. "Let me start at the bottom again. With my present purpose and knowledge of the world I believe I can make the years count as I never dreamed of doing during those Elston Avenue days."

"If I were a young man starting in lumber again," said he, "I should begin in the deep woods, with the ax, chains and skidding-tongs. That's the place to get a primary knowledge of your product. If you want to go into a lumber camp I'll fix it for you."

This staggered me for a minute. How could I do it, with a family to care for? But presently I saw a sarcastic smile flitting over the lumberman's face and I made up my mind.

"I'll do it!" I said.

It looked almost impossible at first, and if my wife had not seen the situation just as I saw it myself I could not have done it. It was a crisis that called for sacrifices, and she was ready to make them.

We had friends living in a town fifty miles out of Chicago and they found us a small house, into which I moved my wife and children; every item of expense was cut to meet necessity. Then, with our meager savings to eke out my slender earnings as a lumberjack, I went into the tall timber of the North woods.

I was set at work first as a swamper—as humble a job as could be given me. I worked alongside men of the crudest sort, and even they made fun of me; but I was able to bear their gibes with equanimity—I had a purpose and I knew I should speedily outstrip my comrade laborers.

Then I was sent to a new camp to help build a tote road. Next I worked on the main log road and skidways, and during that winter I learned a good deal about pulling a

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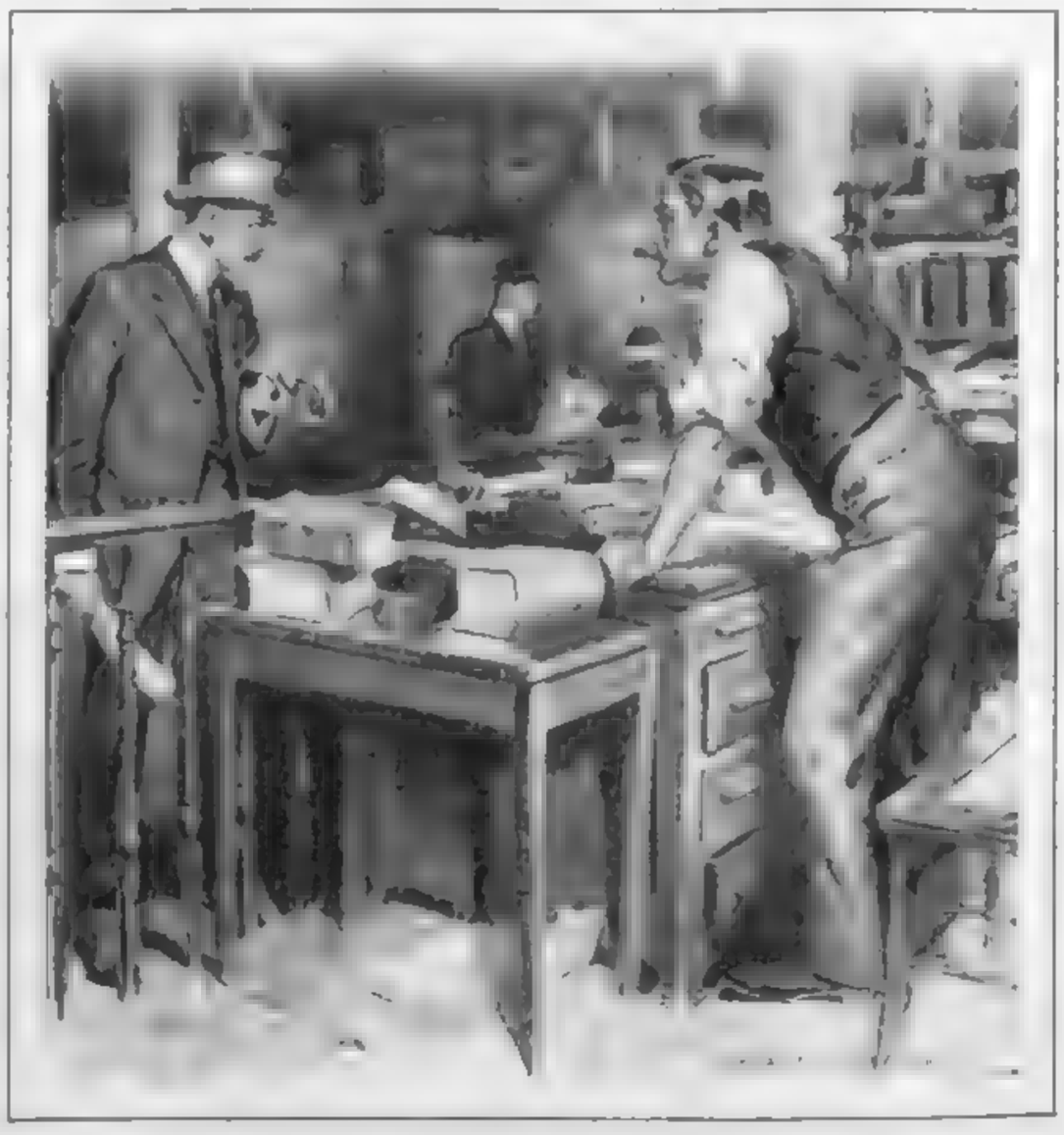

Today I Am Sales Manager for a Big Lumber Company

THE MAN IN HOBBLES

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Get Off'n My Land!" Roared Stockbridge

BILLIKEN, fat little god of Luck and Things as They Ought To Be, had temporarily retired from active service on the day that Jim Stockbridge came blinking and squawling into his sad world. His uninteresting advent occurred in surroundings equally uninteresting—a whitewashed room in a ramshackle farmhouse, which somehow impressed one as a sort of architectural crazy-quilt, surrounded by a hedge of unkempt cypress trees that waved their neglected limbs in every vagrant breeze, as if calling on little Jim's father to take a day off and trim them for the sake of decency and his own self-respect.

Originally the Stockbridge farmhouse had been a three-room, single-story shack, a parallelogram with two eight-foot partitions, dividing it into three compartments. There had been no ceiling when Stockbridge first built the house, and there was none now. Little Jim, lying beside the haggard drudge that had brought him into the world, piped feebly as a raindrop, sifting through a chink in the shake roof, splashed down on his pink face. Were one at all superstitious and conversant with the status quo of the Stockbridge family, that raindrop might readily enough have been diagnosed as a mild protest from Nature herself at this added intrusion upon her generosity—that she should thus be called upon to feed one more hungry little mouth, to clothe one more naked little body on the income from a barren hundred-acre farm.

With the passage of years and the periodical arrival of babies the Stockbridge home had necessarily expanded. With each alternate arrival another section had been added to the parallelogram, until at Jim's advent there were five added sections—Mrs. Stockbridge had borne twins twice—each section standing out distinctly from its predecessor like the rings on a cow's horns, each slightly less weather-beaten than the last.

You could tell by one glance at this unpainted, neglected habitation that Stockbridge was a failure; you could tell by the same glance that there hadn't been a new arrival in the Stockbridge family for nearly five years, for the rains of fully that many winters had rusted the nails that held the redwood siding to the house, and three perpendicular black streaks of rust and redwood stain on the last section all but blended with the perpendicular streaks of the sections that had gone before.

After having already borne nine children, it would seem but fair to pardon Mrs. Stockbridge for the lack of pride and motherly tenderness in the glance with which she surveyed Jim when the Mexican woman that Stockbridge had hired for this auspicious occasion lifted the baby up for her inspection. She could not disguise the fact that Jim was an unwelcome guest. He wasn't wanted, poor little fellow! She wished he hadn't come, for the Stockbridge family was already problem enough without him, and it did seem, after five years of freedom from child-bearing and baby-tending, that Nature had served both Jim and her rather a scurvy trick. She looked ahead and saw toil and privation and unhappiness for both.

Stockbridge was plowing the day Jim arrived. When he harnessed his team that morning he had known what he might expect when he unhitched for dinner; yet the prospect had not worried him at all. The reason is obvious. The burden did not fall upon Stockbridge, and for him the charms of parenthood had not become *passé*, although the newness of the situation had largely worn off. Hence when Jim's thirteen-year-old sister came out to call her father to dinner and informed him that it was a boy Stockbridge merely said "Uh-huh" and asked the girl what she had for dinner, for a good, single-handed feeder was Stockbridge at all times. He ate his mid-day meal hurriedly, took a cursory survey of his youngest son and its mother and went back to his plowing. He was wondering if he would have to retain the hired man for ten days or two weeks longer; finally he decided upon two weeks. He reflected that his wife wasn't as young as she used to be and that he could hardly expect her to be up and working in a less period, notwithstanding the fact that in the past she had always managed to be up in ten days to do the double wash for her family.

Stockbridge was the kind of husband one finds in rural communities, who gauges the excellence of his wife by her relative horse-power. He was genuinely proud of her strength and tenacity in the matter of manual labor; it was his boast that she could milk a string of twenty-five cows quicker than any mere man of his acquaintance in that township.

"Not a lazy bone in her body," was his favorite brag. "Wanter know what that last baby o' mine cost me? Ten dollars for a Mexican woman and twelve dollars to Dave Cowles' oldest boy for helping me with the chores while she was laid up. That's a woman for you! Up and going early and late—as full o' ginger and go as a runaway hoss."

He made this brag almost in its entirety to his prosperous neighbor, Jarvis Belden, on the afternoon of the day that Jim was born. Both were plowing, and at their respective headlands had met and paused for that exchange of neighborly felicitation which the arrival of the new baby seemed to warrant.

Belden hailed him first. "Hear you've got a fine boy up at your house, neighbor. How's Mrs. Stockbridge? Doing nicely, I hope. Struck me the last time I saw her she was looking pale and washed out."

"Don't you believe it," Stockbridge hastened to correct him. "That woman of mine was never sick a day in her life. She ain't like other women; fact is, she don't leave herself time to get sick. Most women now, with time on their hands, get to thinkin' they're sick; and, by George, the first thing you know they are sick! That wife o' mine'll be up and round two weeks before most women've started to think about gettin' up. Not a lazy bone in her body, you bet! Up an' goin' early an' late—as full o' ginger an' go as a runaway hoss."

Had an observant person been present at this interview, he might have fancied that Jarvis Belden's glance lingered a trifle lovingly upon the Stockbridge throat. In truth, he despised Stockbridge. For nearly a year he had not spoken to him, except to say: "Good day, Stockbridge." The man annoyed him, as all shiftless, thoughtless, arrogant, incompetent men must always annoy their mental, social and economic superiors. Only the plain humanity of the man had prompted him to address Stockbridge today. He had no children of his own, and it seemed to him that when God had endowed even a shiftless neighbor with a son common courtesy demanded some expression of congratulation and interest.

Stockbridge's reply angered him now. He knew Stockbridge and he knew Mrs. Stockbridge, and the man's inhuman pride in the dogged courage of the pallid slave he had promised to love and cherish unto death reacted on Belden's sympathy. A slap in the face could not have provoked him to more sudden and terrible rage. He was a blunt, outspoken man, and for a long time he had been itching to tell Stockbridge what he thought of him. It occurred to Belden that now was the time.

"Yes, sir," continued Stockbridge, all unaware of the impending visitation of Belden's wrath, "as full o' ginger an' go as a runaway hoss."

"I wish I could say the same for you, Stockbridge," replied Belden coldly. "If you worked your farm like a sensible man ought to, your wife wouldn't find it necessary to develop all that excess horse-power you're so fond of bragging about. Damn a man like you! You have the heart of a hog! Don't you ever give that poor woman a rest, or are you going to keep her in the collar until she drops in the furrow? It's a pity some real man doesn't maul the marrow out of such men as you."

Stockbridge tied his reins to the handle of his plow and advanced angrily to the line fence.

"You don't hear my wife complainin' none," he said harshly, "an' until she does I reckon nobody has any call to come interferin' in family matters. I don't aim to take any lip from any transplanted city duck tryin' to farm outen a book. You tend to your own business, Belden, an' leave me to 'tend to mine."

"Rats!" roared Jarvis Belden. "As a husband and a father you're a brute. As a farmer you're a joke. And if that girl of yours wasn't coming across the field toward you I'd climb over this fence and whale you right now."

"We'll wait till she goes away then," retorted Stockbridge belligerently. He was as angry now as Belden, for, insensate brute that he was, Belden's fearless rebuke had been too fraught with common justice for all of it to fail to sink in. He could not help comparing his own infertile fields with Belden's blooming acres, the gaunt yoke-animal he called his wife with the healthy, blooming, well-dressed woman who drove to town three times a week with Belden's slashing pole team in a rubber-tired buggy, and the comparison was disturbing. He sat down on the beam of his plow and cursed Belden thoroughly. The arrival of his daughter silenced him.

"Hello, sissy," said Jarvis Belden. "How's your mamma? They tell me you've got a little brother up at your house."

The slatternly child paid no attention to his kindly salutation. She was crying.

"Ma's took somethin' turrible," she informed her father. "And Nance"—Nancy was Stockbridge's eldest girl—"says you'd better go for the doctor."

"All right, daughter," her father replied. "I've got about half an acre to finish up, and as soon as I'm through I'll hitch the team to the spring wagon an' go to town."

The girl departed across the plowed field, still sobbing. Stockbridge lit his pipe complacently. To him there could be no danger to his wife who had borne him ten children. It was not possible that she would be inconsiderate enough to develop a weakness.

Jarvis Belden tied his team to the line fence, placed his hand on the top rail and leaped lightly over into his neighbor's field.

"Unhitch your team, Stockbridge," he said coolly, "and hustle for the doctor. That half acre can wait, and if it can't I'll plow it for you."

"Get off'n my land!" roared Stockbridge. He stood erect and swung a blow at Belden, a slow, muscle-bound blow which he took good care did not find a mark.

Belden laughed contemptuously. He stepped back a little.

"Well," he said, "you needn't mind unhitching. I'll go for the doctor. I'll hitch up my buggy team and have the doctor out here while you're thinking of getting started. However, I did so well on that early lettuce of mine that I can afford a stiff fine for assault and battery. My mother was a slave to a man who never spoke an unkind word to her in all their married life, and for her sake I'm going to give you a thrashing."

He did. When he had finished he had done a thorough job, for that was Jarvis Belden's way of doing things. He left Stockbridge clinging blindly to the line fence, unhitched his own team, and springing upon the back of one of the horses, while he led the other behind him, Jarvis Belden galloped home to his prim, whitewashed barn with its red roof and red doors, hitched his team of roadsters to the rubber-tired buggy and sped to town for the doctor.

And while he was gone little Jim's mother, who had never been tired before—not through all her eighteen years of carrying water from a distant well, of chopping wood, of cooking for harvest hands and a perennially hungry family, of milking, of skimming cream and churning it, of ironing, of washing, of carrying great buckets of food to pigs, of feeding chickens and cleaning chicken-houses, of bearing children and caring for them—she who never before had wearied of the struggle to live up to the proud boast of her lord and master that there wasn't a lazy bone in her body—sighed twice, deep tired sighs, and entered into a long-delayed rest. And she was only thirty-seven when she died!

Jarvis Belden picked little four-hour-old Jim up in his arms, folded him warmly in a blanket and drove home with him. The parental instinct was strong in Belden and his wife, and they grieved when Stockbridge, a month after the funeral, came to take Jim away. Apparently by tacit consent both Belden and Stockbridge elected to forget the incident in the plowed field, and with a few gruff words of thanks Jim's father carried him back to the architectural crazyquilt and the ministrations of his sixteen-year-old sister Nance.

Two years passed. Jim grew into a wondrously filthy but beautiful child. Nance, finding but one way out, fled with a sewing-machine agent, and Nellie, sixteen months her junior, placed her young shoulder to the Stockbridge domestic wheel. At eighteen she married one of the neighboring farmer lads and took Jim to live with her. Shortly thereafter Stockbridge married again, a "widder woman" reputed to have a few thousand dollars in bank and many lazy bones in her body. At any rate she declined to slave herself into the grave, and "picked" on Stockbridge until, to save his reason, which was tottering on its throne, he mortgaged the farm for five thousand dollars to build a decent home, keep Mrs. Stockbridge No. 2 in decent raiment, and provide her with a horse and buggy and a hired girl. Whereupon Jarvis Belden, who by this time was the father of a girl baby, swore Mrs. Stockbridge No. 2 was a fine woman, and Mrs. Belden called upon her and invited her to the Belden home for tea some afternoon.

Stockbridge forbade her going. She went nevertheless. When she returned, in a highly cheerful frame of mind, and demanded to know why Stockbridge's south forty, which adjoined a forty of Belden's, didn't yield one hundred dollars per acre profit yearly, and why he didn't keep books like Belden and buy new-fangled fertilizer, Stockbridge so far forgot himself as to slap her and tell her to shut up. Being a wise woman, she did, but from that moment she hated Stockbridge and in time she grew to hate his children, with the exception of Jim, who didn't live with her.

Of the ten children born to the first Mrs. Stockbridge, three had failed to survive the usual run of infantile diseases. Tom, the oldest boy, ran away from home the day his stepmother took possession, and three years later Ben and Amos, the surviving twins, followed Tom's lead. Joe, five years Jim's senior, was a surly lad who made things lively for Mrs. Stockbridge No. 2 until at fifteen years of age he was killed in a runaway and his stepmother was left in peace.

"Ah, Sweetheart," He Said Softly, "I've Come Back"

Jim was now ten years old; old enough to milk half a dozen cows, lead horses to water and occasionally do a little light plowing with a safe old team; so Stockbridge decided that Jim had better leave his sister and come home to live. Jim, pliant and obedient, came, and his sister, already beginning to tread the path which her mother had followed, was rather relieved than otherwise to have him off her hands. She had children of her own by this time, and Jim was still child enough to quarrel with them occasionally.

Jim's stepmother had decided beforehand that she wasn't going to like Jim, for the reason that he was his father's son. When Jim came to her in his little nightgown that first night at home, knelt beside her and said his prayers, then climbed shyly into her lap, kissed her and clung to her a moment with his lonely little heart beating against hers, she suddenly decided to love him—for the reason that he was his mother's son.

And this was true. Jim was his mother's boy. He had in him none of his father's nature, for there wasn't a lazy bone in his body. He was meek, obedient, uncomplaining, affectionate—and how he could work! Such a clever, thorough, painstaking and efficient worker was Jim that gradually his father, seeing what a glutton for labor Jim was, commenced to brag about Jim's horse-power as he had bragged about that of Jim's mother. Also Stockbridge *père* commenced to "sit back in the breeching." By the time Jim was twenty years old so thoroughly was Stockbridge ensconced in this pleasant position that he was hardly prepared for the shock of the advanced ideas which Jim commenced to develop about that time.

"I was talking with Mr. Belden," began Jim, "and he says there's no reason why our farm can't be made to pay as well as his. And I think he's right. He says, for instance, we've seeded that south forty, which is the best portion of our farm, to grain and potatoes so often that the land has become impoverished, and barnyard fertilizer isn't what's required to bring it up again. It needs a mineral fertilizer."

"Where you goin' to get mineral fertilizer?" demanded his father. "Cost you more'n the crop'd be worth."

"Well, it might the first year, but the succeeding years would pay for it. Suppose we seed that forty in horse beans this spring, and then when they're good and green and have attained their growth I'll plow 'em under ——"

"What for?" demanded the amazed Stockbridge. "Plow under forty acres o' good hog feed! Blamed if you ain't got some queer notions from that man Belden, Jim!"

"They're good fertilizer," explained Jim patiently. "They contain a very large percentage of nitrates. Plow 'em under and let 'em rot, and then in the spring ——"

"See here, Jim, no dude farmer can tell me how to run my farm; an' the best thing Belden can do is to 'tend to his own farm an' let mine alone, 'stead o' puttin' notions in your head. I was farmin' when Jarvis Belden was pushin' a pen in a city office, an' I cal'late I know my business. Belden's plumb lucky, that's all. I never did see a man as lucky as he is. He always manages to get his crop in just right—just before the rains or just after. The year he plants early tomatoes an' lettuce we don't have no frosts, an' the year we plant it we have frost, so there you are. There ain't no money in farmin' nohow, Jim, an' all a man can do is the best he knows how. It's all a gamble with the weather. If the season's right you get a crop an' if the season's wrong you don't. I think I'll quit farmin' on such a large scale an' go to raisin' hogs."

It occurred to Jim that his father had quit farming some years back, but he refrained from voicing the unfilial thought. Instead he yielded to his father, and that year the Stockbridges raised hogs. When the hogs were sold Jim discovered that the product of three-fourths of the farm had gone into the stomachs of a lot of razor-backed hogs, which, when sold, netted a sum sufficient to buy some new seed, pay the interest on the mortgage, pay the store bill for that year, and buy Jim about forty dollars' worth of indifferent clothing. Jim was discouraged. He took his troubles to his stepmother.

"Never you mind, Jim," she soothed him, "everything'll come out all right for you yet. A young, hard-working fellow like you is bound to succeed"; and she helped him to half an apple pie.

The years wore on. Jim's father puttered round the farm and gave orders and Jim carried them out—all save one. Of late he had commenced to keep company in a timid sort of way with Jarvis Belden's daughter Blossom, and Stockbridge, still nursing his hatred of the girl's father, forbade Jim to "set up" with the daughter of his enemy. Nevertheless, Jim persisted in "settin' up," being aided and abetted therein by his stepmother, who was fond of the Beldens.

As time wore on, however, and the hopelessness of his future on the farm under his father's arrogant and selfish domination commenced to dawn on Jim, he gradually ceased his attentions to Blossom Belden. He had no means to prosecute in a dignified manner his mild, bucolic courtship. Unlike the other young fellows on neighboring farms Jim had no rubber-tired buggy and high-stepping road animal to take Blossom driving, after the time-honored fashion of the country. The cheap and innocent amusements of his kind were denied him, for the reason that his labor netted him nothing. He was his father's slave, even as his mother had been. He longed for the freedom which other young men enjoyed, but when he would have taken a day off from his never-ending grind his father could always point out something that awaited his attention.

Jim was too busy to read, too busy to talk, too busy to think much beyond the confines of his daily toil. Usually he was too tired to do more than glance over the weekly paper or a farm journal for an hour after supper, when he became drowsy and went to bed. Sunday afternoons he liked to spend at the Belden home, and the delight of these weekly visits lay in the fact that Blossom was always unaffectedly glad to see him. Often she pressed him to remain for dinner—the Belden's called their evening meal "dinner"; but Jim could never quite make it. He had to leave at five o'clock to go home and do his chores. Cattle, horses and pigs came first; Jim and his happiness could wait.

Jim never really knew how much Blossom meant to him until the conviction was slowly forced upon him that he must give her up. He was not the man for her, and he knew it. He was sober, almost serious, a little morose at times. Blossom was fun-loving, affectionate, sunny-tempered always. Jim was poorly educated, as education is rated these days. Blossom was a graduate of the state normal school. Jim was stolid, unromantic. Blossom was a girl born to love and be loved, and Jim knew that he could never have the heart to ask her to become a farmer's wife—at least the kind of farmer he was. He would not be that unkind and selfish. Besides, he was a buffer in the way of other decent, capable, prosperous fellows who would make for Blossom the kind of husband she deserved, for already the gossip of their little world had commenced to link their names together. Jim considered the injustice of this, and with breaking heart resolved to be no party to a social and economic crime—only that wasn't what Jim called it.

In short, Jim Stockbridge was hobbled. His shiftless and indifferent father, with no thought of the barbarity of his action, had stolen his boy's youth, killed his ambition and restrained the trend of his progress. He had traded on

Jim's credulity: he had profited by his son's gentle, pliant, affectionate nature; he had lived in idleness and calm content on the meager results of Jim's tremendous energy, while during the years that this monstrous outrage was being consummated he had stubbornly refused to grant Jim the single compensation he requested—the opportunity to farm his father's barren acres as Jarvis Belden farmed his and made them pay. After all, Stockbridge saw no great injustice in this. He was treating his son as his father had treated him, forcing a practical application of one of the dim ramifications of the commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

But Jim was the product of a thinking age, and slowly the effect of his peonage commenced to show. He became restless, morose, ill-tempered. He grew old before his time. At twenty-six he looked thirty-five, and he had acquired the habit of silence—the dogged silence of the oppressed—from much brooding over the helplessness of his state. For to Jim's direct and simple method of reasoning he was helpless. He was fitted for no other vocation. He desired none other. And he was loyal to his rapacious father, while for his stepmother he had all of a good son's affection. He could not consider leaving them alone to battle for existence in the helplessness of their advancing years. Since he could not bend his pig-headed father's will he saw no alternative save submission to that will, and in submission Jim said goodby to his half-formed dreams of love and life with dainty Blossom Belden.

For three Sunday afternoons now Jim had not called at the Belden home. His stepmother noticed this, and when Jim had finished his mid-day meal on the fourth Sunday and retired to the front porch she followed him. Stockbridge stretched himself on a couch in the dining room, spread the paper over his face and fell asleep. The moment was propitious to the agile-witted stepmother and she resolved to get at the bottom of Jim's trouble.

"Jim," she said, "aren't you going to call on Blossom this afternoon?"

The man in hobbles raised his dull face and shook his head.

"Why?" she demanded.

"What's the use?" he answered indifferently.

"You're unhappy, Jim. Tell mother what's wrong."

"I'm tired," said Jim, "tired of being my father's man. And I am beginning to hate my father. I'm twenty-six years old. I'm a full-grown man with no asset but my brawn. I am not permitted to use my brain. I want to be something more than an animal. My father imposes on his son's loyalty, but he doesn't know it and I can't tell him. If I did he wouldn't understand."

"No," the stepmother interrupted, "I suppose he wouldn't; and if he did he's too selfish to care. I've been waiting a long time for your helpless position to dawn on you, Jim, and I'm glad you've spoken. I want you to leave the farm."

He looked at her with tragic eyes. "I can't," he said simply. "If I did what would become of you?"

He had asked what would become of her, and she was his stepmother! He was putting aside his own chances for love and happiness and a reward for his hard, unremitting toil, because he was too noble to leave her to suffer at the hands of his shiftless father, battling alone for a bare existence! She came close to him and drew his head down on her old breast and commenced to cry.

"Sho!" said Jim softly. "Sho, mother! You mustn't take on so."

"I've been a good mother to you, Jim dear, haven't I?"

For answer he kissed her.

"Then I won't see you sacrificed. You're as much my boy as if I had borne you myself, and I won't see you robbed of your youth and your hopes and your right to happiness. It isn't fair, Jim. You're entitled to the same chance other boys get, and I want you to take your chance, to make your own way, free from your father's restraint and his terrible selfishness. He's not an old man yet—only sixty-two. He's as hearty as most men at forty. Let him work. He's good for ten years of it yet. I tell you, Jim, you must leave us. You owe it to yourself, and we have no right to expect such a sacrifice as yours."

"But I like farming," he protested sadly. "I love this old farm, and I could make it pay if he'd only let me do things my way."

"Your way is Jarvis Belden's way," she reminded him, "and your father is too arrogant to acknowledge a superior. Go away, Jim, and let him run his farm to suit himself if he's so fond of having his way. You've been a good son; you can leave without regret. And you love Blossom Belden, don't you, Jim?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Does she love you, too, Jim?"

"I—I think so, mother. I don't know. I have never asked her. It didn't seem fair."

"Then," his stepmother replied, "you're not worth a woman like Blossom, if you're willing to sacrifice her. A man has a right to sacrifice himself if he wants to, but not the woman that loves him or the children she bears him. I have a hundred dollars in egg money that I've saved up unknown to your father. I'll give it to you if you'll go tonight."

"Tonight?" he echoed dully.

"Tonight."

With all the intuition of her sex the stepmother realized that tonight the undercurrent of bitterness was at flood in Jim's soul; that tonight she must help him to free himself from his shackles. She waited eagerly for his decision. He looked at her questioningly, as if seeking a further excuse for taking her at her word.

"I shall not suffer," she whispered, glancing apprehensively toward the dining-room door. "I have some money from the estate of my first husband. My brother invested it for me and it's been earning good interest all these years. I have never told your father how much it is. He has often tried to wheedle it out of me, but I never took his hints and he was never quite equal to demanding it outright. Let him take care of himself or sell the farm. That should not concern you. Will you go tonight?"

Jim stood up. "I've never stood my ground and demanded my rights," he said slowly, "but I will tonight. I can't keep on the way I have been going. I shall ask my father to turn the farm over to me, and sit plumb idle and let me support him and you and keep the excess for myself. If he agrees I'll stay. If he doesn't I'll go tonight."

When his chores were finished that night Jim had it out with his father. He made his plea firmly and respectfully; he explained to Stockbridge something of his plans.

"I'm twenty-six years old," he said bitterly, "and you treat me as if I were a boy. You've not been able to see, father, that I'm a man and must have a man's chance. I must have some return for my labor. I want to get married some day, and I can't do that when I never have a dollar."

"Thinkin' o' marryin' Belden's girl, eh?" said Stockbridge meditatively.

"You've guessed it," said Jim.

"An' you want me to turn the farm over to you, lock, stock an' barrel—shove me to one side an' run the farm under Belden's direction, eh? Well, I guess not! You do things my way, Jim, an' don't be a-buckin' an' a-kickin' an' a-workin' yourself up until you're dissatisfied with your lot in life. You leave Belden's ideas alone an' you'll get along well enough——"

"Is that answer final?"

"We-ell, not quite. I'm a-willin' to give you twenty-five dollars a month an' your keep an' a quarter—well, say a third—o' the profits every year—"

The worm had turned at last. Jim laughed and threw up his horny hands in sheer disgust. It was useless to endeavor to foist his point of view upon his father, whose primitive ambitions had never strayed beyond the acquisition of three hearty meals a day and a bed at night. He left his father staring after him and crossed the fields to the Belden home. Blossom was standing at the front gate when he arrived.

"I've been waiting for you, Jim," she said simply. "What's the matter?"

He took her slim hands in his, toilworn and calloused. "I'm going away," he said. "I've come to tell you goodby. I'd like to tell you other things, Blossom, but—I—I can't. It's no use, Blossom. I can't get along with my father any longer and I'm going away tonight."

He looked at her hungrily as she leaned across the gate toward him, and she felt his big fingers tremble.

"We've been such good friends, Jim," she murmured. "I'm sorry, but perhaps it's best that you should go. Father thinks so, and he has your interest at heart, Jim. You know how much he thinks of you."

She did not bid him stay! Then Blossom too realized the unequal fight he had been waging. The thought lent him courage. He smiled sheepishly.

"You've been waiting a long time to hear me say this, haven't you?" he asked. She nodded. She could not trust herself to do more.

"You think I'd better go?" he asked. Again she nodded.

They stood there a few minutes in the gathering dusk, and neither spoke. Jim still held the girl's hands, and presently she withdrew them.

"Where are you going?" she asked tremulously.

"I don't know. Some place where bone and muscle are in demand. I have nothing else for sale, Blossom. Tell your father and mother that I wanted to say goodby to them, but I—I couldn't. They've been kind to me all my life, and I—you don't know how much I appreciate kindness."

"I'll tell them, Jim. Don't you think you'd better go now?" She had noticed his deep distress, and her generous heart ached for him.

"I—I guess—so, Blossom. Perhaps I'll come back some day. I don't know. I'm starting out a little late to win, and I'm terribly handicapped. Twenty-six years old and never more than forty miles from home in my life! How little I know of the world, Blossom! What chance have I got?" He struck his great hands together. "Ah," he continued, "I'm hobbled. I can't do anything but farm; I don't want to do anything else; God meant me for a farmer; my father has made me a hobo."

"You'll write to me, Jim dear, won't you, and tell me how you're getting along?"

"No," he said doggedly, "I will not." He looked at her, and the agony of his restrained soul was all too apparent. "I'll write to my stepmother, but that's different. I tell you, Blossom, I'm hobbled, and until I've cast off my hobbles I can't write you or see you again."

"I understand just how you feel, Jim." Her hands closed over his beseechingly. "Perhaps—you'd better go now. Goodby, Jim dear, and good luck."

He reached one big arm over the gate and round her neck, tilting the quivering little flower face up to his.

"May I!" he whispered, and kissed her; and all in an instant her arms were round his neck and she was sobbing

Stockbridge Took a Cursory Survey of His Youngest Son and Went Back to His Plowing

(Continued on Page 61)

CLYTIE COMES BACK

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT WAS February, the before-dawn of the year, when vitality is at its lowest and the problems of existence seem as if they could never be solved; when even in the most loving households there are sagging times when there seems no real uplift obtainable and that Heaven-sent, saving angel, a sense of humor, sits humped together on the doorstep with folded wings, unable to enter.

Tonight, like the reverberation of a wheel after the impetus has been removed, the stress and habit of the long business day still clung to Joseph Langshaw in a certain tenseness of manner. He hardly spoke at the table to little, glowing, dark-eyed Mary, except to reprove her, though gently, for spilling the usual glass of water, and to enjoin the chubby George—not so gently—to use his handkerchief. He listened with evident effort to the history of the day as told him, with a languid attempt at her usual vivacity, by his wife, who nervously took note of him, the color coming momentarily into the too pale cheeks. Once or twice he shifted his eyes toward her without any answering gleam in them, and shifted them quickly away again.

The dinner, at which the cheap and unexciting carrot flanked a pallid stew, and the dessert was something thin which ought to have been thick, failed to bring him back in spirit. Afterward he strolled off by himself. Clytie could hear him aimlessly walking round up above, opening and shutting bureau drawers and pulling shades testingly up and down on their spring rollers. Once he called down, questioning her as to the whereabouts of a caster that nobody had seen since summer before last. When the interlude of kissing the children good-night in their tucked-in beds was over he came downstairs to the little library once more, dropped into a chair by the lamp, and taking up a book of George's that had once been his own, became apparently deeply immersed in it. His wife had been sitting by him for some time, her work dropped in her lap, her slight figure drooping, and her small dark-curled head resting languidly in her too thin arm, before he seemed to notice her, and closing the dilapidated red covers of the Cornet of Horse, laid it resolutely on the table beside him.

"How have you felt today?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty well. I'm just a little tired now, that's all. Of course after diphtheria —— And the children had to have so many things done for them. I didn't get much chance to rest this afternoon, though I meant to."

"Been sweeping any?"

"No. Oh, well, I just gave a touch to the nursery. The house gets in such a perfect state and Minna was so long in coming upstairs—but that was nothing." Her tone changed. "That dinner was so dreadful tonight you couldn't eat a thing. I'll see about it myself tomorrow. I've been so bothered, everything costs so much, and I don't like to ask you for any more money when I know we're running behind." Clytie's eyelashes began to wink; her red lip trembled. "You see I haven't been able to go out and buy things myself as I used to, and ——"

"Oh, I wouldn't let a little thing like that bother me," said her husband carelessly, rising and humming a tune as he walked over to the mantelpiece, taking up a vase that had stood there for only thirteen years and examining it critically. He hummed very badly, and, as Clytie knew, only when he was perturbed. She watched him now until he came over to her.

"See here, Clytie," he said abruptly, "this sort of thing has got to be stopped. Every one has been telling me how badly you're looking and that you ought to have a change. Even that old goat Rutter—Rutter!—was speaking of it coming out on the train tonight; said his wife thought perhaps I didn't notice it—the—fool! Of course I told him you were never better in your life. Thank Heaven I can manage my own family affairs without the help of the neighborhood!" His voice grew stormier. "But this sort of thing has got to be stopped, that's all there is about it. You wear yourself out for the house and the children. Let the children wait on themselves! Let the house go! Here I come home myself after a hard day's work and find that you've been sweeping, after what Doctor Coulter told you! You're not to touch a broom, do you hear? And as for the meals, you know perfectly well I don't care what I eat. Let Minna attend to them; that's what she's paid for. I tell you, if I once get after her she'll learn to cook in short order." He paused before giving vent to the man's shibboleth: "If I were to run my business like this I ——"

"Hark, there's Baby!" exclaimed Clytie anxiously, starting up.

"Sit down. I'll go up to her," said the husband resignedly. "She's got to quit this habit of waking up every evening."

He tramped firmly up the stairs, but presently came down again with the three-year-old child, a plump blanketed bundle, in his arms, her yellow hair straggling against his coatsleeve and her round blue eyes regally content.

"Her feet were cold," he announced in excuse, displaying those members to the doubtful warmth of the smoldering logs on the hearth. There was something in that round little form that still held a glint of Heaven in it to the father's heart. Unnecessary as it was for Baby to hold up an evening in this way, the touch of her mysteriously lightened care.

"When does Mr. Wilkinson go back to California?" asked Clytie suddenly, after a few moments of a peaceful silence.

"Next week."

"And how are the business plans coming out with that Mr. Henkel he introduced you to?"

"Oh, the plans are all right," said Langshaw grimly. "I am the one that's hanging fire. I was to have charge of the office end of it, but you see I can't furnish the man Henkel wants for the other part of the job. It must be some one who can put in a little capital—they're letting me in without any—some one who has a technical knowledge of the machine and is thoroughly familiar with the ground to be worked over. Sounds simple, but I'll be hanged if it is!"

They Laughed and Laughed for Sheer Foolish Happiness

"How about Mr. Ballard?"

"He can't raise the money."

"Mr. Francis?"

"He drinks. I've been searching my brain night and day. I've written letters to a few people, but they won't do any good. I can't take the time to look round. Henkel has been mighty nice about it—he doesn't know anybody here himself—but he can't wait for me much longer. He sails for Europe on the fifteenth, and he's got to get things settled before he goes; he's only giving me this chance because he's under obligation to Wilkinson. Dear old man! I fancy everybody's under some obligation to him! Green, from Philadelphia, will come on and take charge of things if I can't."

"Wouldn't it be possible for you to go in with him?"

Langshaw shook his head: "No; he has his own people."

"How much salary did they offer you?" asked Clytie timidly. "You didn't tell me."

"Five thousand."

There was an awed pause. Perhaps at no possible height of future prosperity could any sum look so large to the two concerned as that five thousand dollars.

The next moment Langshaw's tone changed to one of intense irritation as he bent over to prod the smoking logs: "Why under Heaven can we never get wood that burns? Don't order any more from Boggs. What on earth are you crying for?"

"I've tried so hard to get the right kind of wood. I s-s-sent word to Boggs twice about it—he sends that horrid, cross-eyed man to take the order. And I know you have too much on your mind! I know it all the time, and I only want to help you and I can't seem to! You have to work so hard in the office for—for—that horrid firm, and George ought to be taken to the dentist, and you need a pair of new shoes yourself this minute, and I—I love you—I love you s-s-so much ——"

Langshaw controlled himself with an effort so great that it jarred him all over. The angel of a sense of humor ascended to the roof and perched there in a dejected heap. "If you keep on like this you'll make yourself ill, Clytie," he said firmly, though he didn't deny her the comfort of his dear hand as she sobbed on his shoulder over the bundled form of Baby, whose eyes in the midst of turmoil had closed. "What you need is a change -and money or rest, and in some way or another, by George, you've got to have it!"

II

MRS. LANGSHAW had only been away a couple of times from her family in years gone by, short absences demanded by the illness of others, from which she had returned with all the swiftness of a homing bird. On various occasions since, the need of change had been urged for her, with always the same result—there was nowhere to go. Most of their intimate friends were in the place; relatives were inadequately situated as regards visitors; there was no money for resorts.

But when Langshaw came home the next night, somewhat earlier than usual, his brooding, tired, harassed eyes had a tender, superficial gleam in them; a smile curved the worn lines round his mouth as he announced:

"What do you think, children? Little Mother's got an invitation to go out to Los Angeles!"

"Where is Los Angeles?" asked Mary, climbing up on his knee, while the sturdy George, one rubber boot drawn off to expose a sodden stocking, paused arrested on the hearthrug.

"It's out in California, three thousand miles away; think of that!" answered the father. He went on quickly:

"It's all Wilkinson's doing, Clytie: dear old man! I was talking to him this morning about you, and the first thing I knew he was offering to take you out with him next week on his pass. He says it won't cost you a cent. He said his wife would be overjoyed to see any one from home, and the climate will fix you up as nothing else would. He just sat down and told me of some of the hard times he and his wife went through when they were young. Once she was sick, and he took her forty miles on muleback through the mountains. That cured her up. I tell you he's one of the finest old fellows you could find."

"But I don't know Mrs. Wilkinson," objected Clytie in dismay, her color coming and going ominously.

Langshaw waved his hand: "That's all settled. Wilkinson said himself that of course a woman would want an invitation from another woman, and he telegraphed details to his wife while I was there, for fear he might forget it later, he's so absent-minded. You'll get a night letter from her tomorrow morning. They live in a sort of palace, I judge, in Los Angeles, and they've any number of motors. He says his wife loves to have young people round her. Just the thing to do you worlds of good! Just imagine—you'll see the Rockies and the Grand Canyon! Wilkinson will be coming back in six weeks and he'll bring you with him then."

"Six weeks!" Clytie gasped. Her dark eyes grew larger; her small figure vibrated. "Joe Langshaw! I couldn't stay away for six weeks without you and the children—I couldn't! There's no use telling me to, I won't; I ——" She stopped weakly under the force of his gaze and buried her face in her hands.

"See here, Clytie, who's doing this?" said her husband masterfully. "You're going. I'm running this household

"I Want to Go With My Mother! I Want to Go With My Mother!"

now, and you're going to get well if I know it, dear. There, you cry for everything—that shows what a condition you're in. Will it do the children or me any good to have you stay home and die? Answer me that! Well, I should think not! You're going to come back so well and young and beautiful that I'll fall in love with you all over again. George, use your handkerchief or leave the room."

"You need a change more than I do," flashed Clytie, but perhaps his last words touched a faintly vibrating chord. In all brave and healthful natures there is a natural ardor of travel. Anticipation of the unusual waved, even if but for the moment, its wizard wand. The Rockies loomed largely in the conversation at dinner, while George and Mary clamored loudly to go too. Clytie's eyes followed her husband as if light dwelt in his presence. She couldn't have told that the idea of being sent away from him made her feel foolishly frightened, like a child being pushed off into the dark. But of course you would forget all that when you saw the Rockies.

That evening when they were alone they talked out everything exhaustively. Of course Langshaw's mother would come and stay with the children, whom she adored. Langshaw loved to boss his mother, and she loved to be bossed by him. He wrote the letter at once and ran out and posted it.

As for a week being a short time in which to make one's preparations for a trip to California, a person could get ready for an absence of years in a day. For himself a half hour would suffice. Was money needed for the replenishment of her wardrobe, even though she at least had her best gown and a walking suit? Money would be forthcoming for what was necessary. If she couldn't go to town he would purchase for her.

They pored over timetables, looking up not only the train on which she would go but the one on which she would return, settling that Langshaw would leave the office to come up and meet her. In the midst of all this earnest consultation there were intermediate moments in which little Mary twice woke up for a drink of water, and Baby had to be covered, the furnace raked down, and the sturdy George, coughing croupily, given cough medicine, the first dose of which, administered by Clytie's shaking hand, delayingly, went outside his throat instead of in it, and necessitated the protested ignominy of a large bath towel stuffed inside his nightgear. Yet still the two talked on, engrossed, as they made ready for the night; only really coming back to the present just as they were ready, at a quarter of twelve, to turn out the light, by discovering that Minna, due in the house by half-past ten, hadn't come in yet. That furious, nerve-racking anger consequent on sitting up for a delinquent maid took possession of the spirit.

"By George, if she does this while you're away I'll send her kiting; that's all there is about it!" breathed Langshaw between his teeth.

"But, Joe, you couldn't, with the children and everything."

"I wouldn't let a little thing like that faze me," said Langshaw grandly. He was at the moment the embodiment of man, the dominant power, before whose gleaming ax strong forests crash down upon the sward. Minna's step was heard on the porch below.

"How did that business with Mr. Henkel get on today?" asked Clytie in a small voice, the last thing.

"All right!" answered her husband, in a final tone of such emphasis that any but a very stupid woman—and little loving Clytie was never that—couldn't help knowing that it was all wrong, and she mustn't ask any more questions.

Langshaw felt that if he could only hold things together with Henkel until his wife got safely off he could force all the powers of his freed mind to a satisfactory settlement of the situation in the days remaining to him before the Philadelphia people would be called in. When Clytie got off he could see to everything.

III

THE next week was, to the reminiscent mind, a crowded period of deadly earnestness and heroic strivings to accomplish the simplest, the most inane things. Clytie herself visibly wilted under the strain. Every time Langshaw looked at her, her unnaturally large eyes and translucent pallor goaded him to fresh effort in her behalf.

The first hitch came in a letter from his mother, tearfully announcing that she felt that she ought not to leave his sister Ella, who was in one of her nervous states at present, though her dearest boy knew how much, how very much, she longed to be with him and the darling children. Had Clytie tried eating apples? They were said to be very strengthening. Langshaw dropped the letter before he got to the end.

"Poor mother!" he said with a little grimace; "she always thinks that if she really wants to do a thing it must be wrong."

"Oh, she always sacrifices you to that selfish Ella," said Clytie with sudden fierceness. After all Joe had done for his mother! "Well, of course I won't go now."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Langshaw firmly.

Cousin Helen, who had been a trained nurse and had made their house her headquarters whenever she came to town, was confidently called upon. In her keeping the children's health would be safeguarded. But Cousin Helen also Biblically prayed to be excused. She would love so much to help them out, but she was to receive at a tea on the following Monday, and the week after that she had engaged the dressmaker by the day. If Clytie could wait until March ——

That letter went in the wastebasket.

"Well, as far as I can see there's nothing but to get Mrs. Mulger," said Langshaw grimly.

"Oh, Joe dearest! But you never could stand her for six weeks! Of course the children adore Mulgy, and it would help her out, but —— Joe, please let me stay home! You would be perfectly miserable with Mrs. Mulger. If you knew how I didn't want to go! Joe, please!"

"If you cry you'll make yourself ill," he repeated the monotonous warning. "Mrs. Mulger isn't going to make any difference to me. I can tell you that."

Yet even he couldn't help wincing in secret at the prospect. Mrs. Mulger was a remarkably homely woman in reduced circumstances—of elephantine proportions and a fawnlike timidity in the presence of man. She jumped when Langshaw spoke to her at the table; she scuttled out of his way impedingly when she met him on the stairs; she required with every breath the assurance that she wasn't annoying him. She engendered in Langshaw unsuspected sympathies with Nero.

But it proved that Mrs. Mulger could come.

Mr. Wilkinson, white-bearded, with his kind blue eyes and comforting air of all's well, dined with them one hurried evening, but apart from that the days were filled with that incredible sense of rush and seriousness of preparation and with increasing small, wrenching expenditures.

Langshaw himself, taking precious time, shopped with his wife's illegible penciled lists, earnestly purchasing from white-goods counters—usually outside the masculine province—with the expert help of saleslades, who were comfortingly sure his wife would like the articles—he had a dim impression that she didn't like those violently ribboned things. He bought stockings for her little feet—dear, dearest little feet, that used to dance so lightly! Once he suddenly choked at the thought of them. He bought her a blue felt hat with a red bow; he matched samples; but on one point he stood firm—he couldn't be brought to changing things. He haled the unwilling George and Mary to the dentist, at Clytie's anguished behest, on his precious Saturday afternoon; he listened morning and evening to increasing details as to what was to be put in the wash during her absence, and how many silver spoons there were to count, and what the children ought not to eat, and what was to be done under those hypothetical conditions that never happen. Every night when he came home—he had taken to walking with a slow, padding, pantherlike step, as one who treads a jungle—he found the house full of loudly departing women, who had been helping Clytie with her wardrobe, and had each a moment of lowered, confidential speech with him to say how badly Clytie was looking and that he was getting her off just in time.

The children were underfoot everywhere. He had only one safety valve, in a letter which he wrote to a contractor who had mistakenly dumped a barrowload of manure on his front walk. That letter was a masterpiece of stinging satire, of Jovelike invective, and of delicately insulting epigram. It was never sent, because he found on rising the next morning that the manure had been removed, but it had already filled its appointed place in the scheme of the universe. Langshaw had relieved his soul.

The day came at last, yet with a paralyzing reality, when Clytie stood with little Mary clinging to her, in the open doorway of her house, ready for departure, the blue hat with the scarlet ribbon crowning the dark tendrils of her lovely hair. Though it was seven o'clock it was still light. She was to be spared the fatigue of the journey to town and through it to the big station. Kind Mr. Wilkinson had sent an automobile for her; her small trunk and her bag were already in it. Langshaw stood ready to help her in as soon as Mrs. Mulger should appear to take charge; the straw-colored Minna hovered smilingly in the background; neighbors on either side stood on their porches to wave her off cheerily. And at this ultimate moment there was an irritating failure to connect with the perfectly planned.

Mrs. Mulger sent word by a small boy that a visitor had arrived, and she hoped it wouldn't make any difference if she came the next morning instead of tonight.

"Not make any difference! Why, that's what we wanted—to have her here now," wailed Clytie, tearing up the letter wrathfully. "You ask people for your time and they come at theirs! I can't go if Mrs. Mulger isn't here!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said Langshaw with patient reassurance. "She'll be here in the morning all right, and Minna will look after the children till I get back from the station. Come, say goodby to little Mary."

"But George—where is George?"

Sure enough, where was George?

"George, George, where are you? George! Come at once and say goodby to your mother!"

"I can't go without seeing George," sobbed Clytie.

"George! George!"

Hurrying neighbors rushed to search for the missing boy; garden and street resounded with shouts for George.

"Where is George Langshaw? His mother is waiting to say goodby to him!"

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The Touch of Her Mysteriously Lightened Care

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

The People's Monopoly—By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ROTTEN mob aren't they?" commented President Milton Toddy, of the Bricktown Traction Company.

The two other presidents looked indifferently out of the broad window of the Business Men's Club at the properly contented passers-by.

"They all have nickels in their pockets, Milt," chuckled the completely puckered Henry Pinch, of the Union Gas.

"Some of them carry their lunch—confound them!—and travel only twice a day," complained Milt, who looked like an overgrown cherub.

Charley Grabbett, with gray whiskers and bald head that made a letter H of his face, stopped twiddling his foot.

"What about those bonds?" he inquired in a voice so dry that it cracked.

"Topic barred," remonstrated the infantile old Toddy.

"Those traction bonds are due for retirement in sixty days," insisted the severe Grabbett.

The cherub looked as distressed as if his milk bottle were being taken away from him. The after-luncheon half hour he preferred to devote to digestion.

"If investors won't take up our new issue I can't use a revolver on them, can I?" he defended himself.

Henry Pinch compressed his mouth until his nose and his chin almost bumped.

"If the traction company can't take up the old bonds it goes bankrupt; and, if it goes down, gas and electric are so entangled with it that we all tumble."

"Something told me not to come here for lunch," complained the round Toddy.

A duplicate of the late King Edward of England crossed the tufted red carpet to them and leaned his jeweled hands familiarly on two of the chairbacks. All three presidents immediately strove to look cheerful.

"Hello, thieves," jovially greeted the newcomer, whose smoothly trimmed Vandyke glistened like polished silver.

"Hush!" ordered Milton Toddy. "Some one may believe you, Dan."

"They're all on anyhow," laughed Dan Fox, who looked heavily odorous of wealth. "How's your new bond issue going, Milt?"

"Fine!" stated Milt enthusiastically; and the two other presidents seemed pleased. "You should take up some of those bonds, Dan."

The ex-boss of Bricktown laughed that comfortable laugh which knows no unpleasant impending possibility.

"I wouldn't take them up with a pair of tongs," he grinned, sitting down and producing his jeweled cigar case. "In the name of Moses and Aaron and the bulrushes, on what are you issuing bonds?"

"Recent and projected improvements and extensions," glibly pointed out the cherub; and the two other presidents concealed an earnest desire to help him argue.

"Ten thousand dollars, if you mean that little jerky line up to the crematory," laughed Dan. "Your new bond issue is for a million." He looked the presidents over and shook his head. "You wouldn't beat it while the beating was good," he reproved them. "I told you to get out of politics when I did and now you're so balled up you don't even dare go bankrupt."

The presidents winced.

"As long as you're solvent you're safe," coolly went on Dan; "but if you go broke—bing! Short hair and striped clothes for yours!"

"House committee!" Milt pretended to yell. "Lord, but you have a mean disposition, Dan."

"I have some of your previous bonds," Dan explained. "Boys, your three companies are capitalized for an aggregate of thirty million dollars, and you haven't an aggregate of seven millions tangible assets. What are you going to do when the works blow up?"

"Deacon" Jameson and Mayor Birchland crossed to the corner and their arrival seemed to start shrewd old Dan Fox on a new train of thought. With an increasingly amused smile he looked out at the useful throng of properly contented citizens.

"Rotten mob, aren't they?" observed Milton Toddy.

"Who? Oh, they!" And Dan focused his eyes on the street-car riders for a moment. "Here's something to paste on the head of your bed, Milt: That bunch has more money collectively than we have." And with a chuckle he rose and walked away.

The three presidents looked at one another solemnly a moment, but they had nothing to say. Each man felt it would be frivolous to speak unless he had a brilliant idea to offer.

Meanwhile the richly clad Dan Fox leaned familiarly on the chairbacks of the precise young mayor and the solemn-looking proprietor of the Casino, Jameson's celebrated gambling house.

"Hello, thieves," he pleasantly greeted. "Seen the flood, boys?"

"Where?" asked the literal mayor.

"Stock exchange," and Dan drew in a chair. "There's a new traction bond issue and nobody will take a drink.

State Senator Benjamin F. Murdock Met the Reporters With Beaming Cordiality

If something smart isn't done for our public-utility corporations they're going under."

The mayor looked justifiably dismayed.

"That would be extremely unfortunate," he deplored. "I would very much dislike to have such a thing occur during a term I hope to have remembered as a good, clean, business administration."

II

"YOU'RE as good as broke," said Jameson coldly.

"Why, confound you ——" began Milton Toddy, but Jameson cut him short.

"What's the use of bluffing!" he protested. "I asked you to come here because I think we can help you, and we want to get right at the bottom of things."

Charley Grabbett, of the Watt Electric Company, stroked both his vertical and his horizontal whiskers.

"You assume too much," he objected.

"That gives us a chance for an argument," returned Jameson; and quiet Mayor Birchland pleasantly passed the cigars. "Among you, you have out nearly fifteen millions of bonds, ten millions of which are payable in the next three years. The traction company alone has three millions which must be taken up in the next sixty days. You haven't the money."

"What has that to do with the Union Gas Company?" demanded Henry Pinch.

"I asked you not to bluff," said Jameson impatiently. "Your three companies have traded securities until you don't know where you stand. If the Bricktown Traction goes you all go."

Charley Grabbett looked round the luxuriously furnished private "office" of the Casino as if he were interested in the decorations.

"Suppose we admit it," he presently suggested; "what then?"

"That's more like it," approved Jameson. "Now let's look into the matter in detail. You've all of you watered your stock until it won't hold another drop. You've piled bond issues on each other to the limit. I don't ask you what you've done with the money, but it's gone."

"I didn't come here to be insulted!" flared Toddy, of the traction.

"Shut up and sit down, Milt!" advised Henry Pinch, settling his glasses on his beaklike nose and studying Jameson questioningly.

"We are talking for the good of the city, gentlemen," interposed the young mayor, whose clothing was so precise that it looked as if it were made of sheet-iron.

"They say you're making it pay you," retorted the cherub, who resented being told to shut up.

Birchland did not even frown.

"We are very successful and we please the public," he modestly admitted.

Henry Pinch took off his glasses and polished them violently.

"Let Jameson talk," he urged.

"Hello, Thieves," Jovially Greeted the Newcomer

"You can't place the new traction bonds," calmly went on Jameson, "and two months from today you're up against it."

President Toddy mopped his brow.

"All right," he gave in; "what then?"

"Fail to retire these bonds and you go bankrupt. Then come an investigation and indictments."

"Oh, what's the answer?" disgustedly demanded Milton Toddy. The cherub was in the habit of giving orders to hundreds of people and he despised the personal atmosphere of this conversation.

"There's only one solution to your difficulty," explained Jameson. "You can none of you raise money singly, but if you consolidate you can."

The three presidents looked at one another with thoughtful brows; then at Jameson and the mayor.

"How?" inquired the cold Grabbett.

"Organize for fifty millions and bond yourself for twenty-five."

The patience of Toddy would stand no more.

"You talk like a fool," he stated.

"Have a drink, Toddy," offered Jameson suavely. "Those figures sound big to you, because you've just been trying to unload three million dollars' worth of bonds and you can't find a single sucker. You've been playing small; now play big. Collectively you've watered your stock from seven millions to thirty millions. I propose that you add twenty millions more and make a big splash."

There was silence for a minute or so.

"What do you want?" asked Grabbett, who had not been excited throughout the interview.

"We intend to place your entire issue of stock and bonds," Jameson kindly informed him.

"On what basis?" It was President Toddy who asked this.

"Twenty per cent."

"Good Lord!" gasped Toddy. "Why, you want nearly as much as the total capitalization of the Bricktown Traction Company!"

"Yes," admitted Jameson easily; "we never pike."

Milton Toddy, who was famous with himself for sarcasm, resorted to it naturally in this extremity.

"Suppose I just give you the company now and be done with it," he offered.

"Wouldn't have it," Jameson told him.

The mayor cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," said he; "the failures of our public-utilities corporations and the attendant scandals would be almost a deathblow to the prosperity of Bricktown. The course proposed is for the good of the city."

Mr. Toddy's sufficient answer was a snort.

Jameson rose.

"I think that's all just now," he said. "We'll leave you alone if you'd like a preliminary talk."

"Just one thing," requested Henry Pinch as the mayor started to follow Jameson. "Where will you find a market for these securities?"

"I've told you where we'll find a market for one-fifth of them," grinned Jameson.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Grabbett, of the electric company, after the promoters had gone.

Henry Pinch twirled his glasses by their string.

"It's a stroke of genius," he declared.

"But twenty per cent!" exclaimed Toddy. "It's a hold-up!"

"It's the only way out," insisted Pinch. He was older than the two other men and had dragged his gas company through a longer course of vicissitude.

Toddy rose and walked the floor.

"Jameson and the mayor are too clever," he warned. "They're sapping the city."

Grabbett stroked the vertical bars thoughtfully.

"They've given us something," he reminded them. "They've cleaned up what was a mighty tough town."

"They've systematized it—that's all." And Toddy planted himself between the two others with his arm behind his back. "They've stopped all the cheap graft, but have concentrated the big graft; and they take it all for themselves, where it used to be distributed pretty well. They gobble up everything they touch. They swallowed the saloon business, the contracting business and half a dozen other lines; now they're after us."

Again there was a silence.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Pinch.

"Consolidate," returned Toddy. "But we'll do it all ourselves."

III

STATE SENATOR Benjamin F. Murdock met the reporters in the lobby with beaming cordiality.

"No," he genially declared; "I have no particular errand in Bricktown, except that I am making a general study of municipal conditions."

The seven reporters crowded closer and the tall one with the funny hat leaned over and stared into the senator's eyes.

"With what end in view?" he wanted to know.

The victim, who was a senator without whiskers, smiled at him blandly.

"There is an unrest throughout the country," he explained, choosing his words more carefully than if he were facing a trial for murder. "There is bound, sooner or later, to come an entire change in our form of municipal government; and when that time comes I wish to be prepared to meet it intelligently."

The reporter who looked like a doctor jostled the Journal's cub out of the way.

"What, in your opinion, is to be the nature of the change?" he inquired with a gravity that commanded respect everywhere.

The senator answered him explicitly.

"For the better," he smiled.

The fat little reporter in the yellow raincoat stepped on the senator's toe. "Will it do away with graft?" he asked.

"Let's See How Legitimate We Can Make Your Proposition Look"

"Undoubtedly!" And the senator strove to look convinced. Six of the reporters laughed and the cub for the Journal saw his chance.

"What do you think of Bricktown?" he piped.

The senator cheered up. This was a safe, sane and sensible topic upon which one could always expand, bearing certain rules in mind.

"Bricktown is one of the most beautiful cities in the state," he said. "I am astounded at your many miles of new asphalt paving, your unusually numerous new public buildings, the cleanness of your streets, the absence of disorderliness and the happiness of your people'"

The reporter who looked like a prizefighter wedged his head in between the one with the spectacles and the one with the new suit.

"What do you think of our tax rate?" he asked with a grin.

The senator separated himself from the fat little reporter in the yellow raincoat far enough to produce his watch.

"I must beg you to excuse me, gentlemen," he said, and headed for the elevator, where a boy was still waiting with his gripe.

The senator merely paused in his room until the hall was clear; then he walked down to 327, where Charley Grabbett had been unobtrusively waiting three hours, and Henry Pinch two, and Milton Toddy one!

"I'll have to prove an alibi for every thirty seconds," stated the senator, groping his way through the smoke to the bed and throwing off his coat. "What's the case?"

"Charter," explained the president of the traction company. "We plan to consolidate."

"Traction, gas and electric, eh?" mused the senator.

"The Bricktown Consolidated Public Service Company," Charley Grabbett informed him.

"How much?"

"Fifty millions," replied Toddy.

The senator whistled.

"You're going it strong for your tangible assets," he warned them. "There's a new secretary of state, you know."

"That's why we sent for you," confessed Henry Pinch.

"Let's go into the thing and see how legitimate we can make your proposition look," suggested the energetic senator, slamming open the desk.

Ten minutes later he was in the lobby, telling an attenuated lady reporter with one scrawny feather in her hat how partial he was to beautiful Bricktown.

IV

BRICKTOWN, daily taking more pride in itself, woke with delight one morning to find that it was to have more improvements than any city of its size in the state! All its public utilities were to be grouped under one gigantic corporation; and for how much do you suppose that company was incorporated? Fifty million dollars!

People who had never possessed more than fifty-seven dollars in their lives rolled that huge morsel under their tongues in profound satisfaction and went about all day feeling rich. Naturally there would be clean, new street cars and plenty of them, new tracks wherever anybody happened to want to go and bunches of transfers for the asking; there would be perfumed gas and pink electric lights; and, if you didn't feel like paying these latter bills on the first of the month you could tell them to wait a while. Fifty million dollars would buy a tremendous lot of improvements!

The presidents of the three previous corporations, having secured their state charter, were almost as well pleased as the people. Give Jameson twenty per cent! Ha-ha! Of course the Simon-pure investigators had looked at their proposition with a microscope, but the Consolidated had bona-fide offers from A-Number-One underwriters and were choosing among them when the city council met!

■

ALDERMAN Cawthorne," recognized the chairman of the city council.

Alderman Cawthorne, who kept a splendid saloon in the Sixth Ward, rose and stood with his customary list to larboard.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, shifting his quid to the starboard cheek.

The four anti-Birchland aldermen glared at him vindictively, prepared to fight to the last ditch anything he might "start." They had no hope of defeating anything Cawthorne or Lawler might propose, and they had no hope of being let in for a bite of the pie if they voted "right"; so they were bound to make a patriotic showing to their party!

"Bill to declare the city charters of the Bricktown Traction Company, the Watt Electric Company and the Union Gas Company null and void, coupled with a motion to render the bill immediately effective," went on Mr. Cawthorne, glaring back his defiance.

The thin-nosed one of that quartet immediately rose.

"Move we table it!" he shouted.

"Out of order!" rapped the chairman.

"Why is it out of order?" demanded the broad-nosed one.

"Order!" rapped the chairman. "Mr. Cawthorne will explain the bill!"

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English Actors and the American Stage—By William A. Brady

FOR some time past the mere mention of English actors has caused a thrill almost amounting to panic—to run up and down that very small section of the Great White Way called the Rialto. At first the American actor regarded the talk about the invasion of our stage by the English actor as a bugaboo encouraged by the managers to depress prices. A long time ago Louis Aldrich, with prophetic eye, foresaw the threatened storming of our theaters from the other side and sought to avert it; and later Wilton Lackaye started a movement to restrict if not prevent the importation of English actors. But no man can prevail against economic law. Changing conditions made the American stage a fine market for the Englishman's work and the invasion became inevitable. It is now a fact—a serious but not a threatening fact. The English actor has invaded us and still is invading us, and in increasing numbers. And he is here to stay. It is impossible to cast our plays without him; but the American actor need not worry—his bread and butter are in no danger.

The first complete organization of foreign actors I ever brought to America was the Bunty Pulls the Strings company. I had imported many actors and actresses individually, such as leading men and women, but never a company in its entirety.

As the success of Bunty precipitated an avalanche of English, Scotch and Irish actors, it is interesting to know how the play was secured. When we got Bunty, Graham Moffat, the author, and his wife, sister and brother were playing the London music halls in a little one-act play at forty pounds a week for the four. Previously they had been playing Glasgow; and Cyril Maude, who, with his company, was playing that city at the same time, dropped into the music hall to see the sketch Moffat was playing. When the performance was over Maude asked Moffat whether he had a short play that they could do in London as a curtain raiser to one of Maude's regular pieces.

"This one is booked up," said Moffat, "but I have another—When the Bells Ring Tonight."

"Bring it to London," said Maude, "and I will put you on in front of Pomander Walk."

After Moffat had been in London a while he said to Maude: "I have a three-act play called 'Bunty Pulls the Strings.' I'd like to produce it."

"Good!" said Maude. "I'll let you have the theater for nothing and you can give an invitation performance two weeks from next Tuesday."

Meantime Lee Shubert and I arrived in London. We had not been there long when Shubert met an agent named Nathan. This man said:

"There's a Scotch play going to be produced by a company of Scotch vaudeville performers at the Playhouse next Tuesday afternoon."

"Let me see the author," said Shubert.

Moffat was brought up and told the story of the play, and at its conclusion Shubert said: "Give me an option until Wednesday morning. I will have somebody see the play. If we take it we will pay you fifty pounds for the option and fifty more to take over the American rights."

"Good!" said Moffat, and signed an agreement to that effect.

Something turned up to take Shubert to Paris and he asked me to witness the play on Tuesday. Seats were sent me and at the appointed time I dropped into the theater. There was only a handful of people there when the play began, but the curtain had not fallen on the first act before I was back under the stage in a room where the players were dressing.

"Which is Mr. Moffat?" said I.

PHOTO BY WHITE, N. Y.

Bunty Was a Veritable Oasis in the Desert!

"I am," said Moffat, stepping out of the crowd.

"I'm Mr. Brady, of New York," said I.

"Mr. Shubert said you would be here this afternoon," said he.

"We will take the play," said I.

"What! At the end of the first act!" said he.

"Yes," said I. "Here is your check for fifty pounds." And he gave me his receipt.

By the time the curtain rang down on the second act things were doing.

Word had been sent out that something big was being pulled off at the Playhouse. Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Beerbohm Tree and Arthur Bourchier came to the theater post-haste; and by the middle of the third act the house was full of celebrities. When the play was ended they all hurried back on the stage to see the author. Suddenly Cyril Maude came rushing in.

"My dear Moffat," he exclaimed, "I must have the American rights for this play!"

"I'm sorry," said Moffat, "but there was a man down here during the first act, and he got them."

In Shubert's option it was agreed that the royalty was to be five per cent, and that the original company was to come over to America at a stated price; but the next day after the performance the London papers simply fell all over themselves in exploiting the play. No play had ever got such notices before. Moffat became famous in less than twenty-four hours. And immediately the thing that entered the minds of all concerned in the play was:

"We must break this American contract! Five per cent!" they cried. "We can get twenty per cent!"

So they used every scheme and every practice to force Moffat to break the agreement. It is folly to try to beat a man at his own game, but to try it in his own bailiwick is madness. I knew this, yet I went directly to Moffat and said:

"Put down the price of this company in detail." He did so and it amounted to a hundred pounds. Then I said: "We want you in America on October fifteenth, according to our option."

"But I have offered to go to the Haymarket. I must play London first."

I protested, but the play was first done at the Haymarket.

Graham Moffat had small cause to regret his trip to the States. In addition to salaries we paid him one hundred pounds a week to rehearse the company and made other concessions. Bunty yielded him a fortune. On account of it our sheeplike managers offered him fabulous prices for anything he might write. On his Scrape o' the Pen, which failed both here and abroad, they paid him twenty per cent of the gross—something unheard of in America. For his one-act play, The Concealed Bed, he was paid fifteen hundred dollars a week, and the expenses of the piece were only two hundred dollars a week. The Moffat boom started a demand for local types—salaries literally soared; our alert cousins on the other side took advantage of the situation and New York got a dose of all kinds of British actors.

Most of the actors who come over here are provincial—not from London. With few exceptions, none of the members of the casts presenting Milestones in America and none of the four Bunty companies are from the British metropolis; and only one member of The Drone company was in the original cast.

The London actor rarely comes to America; and when he does come he hurries right back as soon as his engagement is finished. It is a mistake to suppose that the American manager outbids his London confrère for the important actor. Things over there are much as they are here. People like Allan Aynesworth, Gerald Du Maurier, Guy Standing, Aubrey Smith, Seymour Hicks, George Graves, Joe Coyne, Arthur Bourchier, Fred Kerr, Irene Vanbrugh and Alexandra Carlyle get just as much money in London as they can get anywhere in the world; but there, as in America, there is no middle grade. The cheap actor gets only enough to live on. To illustrate: in the Ready Money company I organized over there, with English actors, one man gets eighty pounds a week, another fifty-five; and there is no salary between that and fifteen pounds.

With special artists it is different. Harry Lauder, for example, gets about two hundred pounds a week over there, but demands forty-five hundred dollars for the States; Wilkie Bard, whose pay is a thousand dollars a week

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We Were Just Ripe for Melodrama—and Lo! The Whip!

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

X

AND so I won my manhood's spurs. My status on the waterfront and with the oyster pirates became immediately excellent. I was looked upon as a good fellow as well as no coward. And somehow, from the day I achieved that concept, sitting on the wharf, I have never cared much for money. No one has ever considered me a miser since, though my carelessness with money is a source of anxiety and worry to some who know me.

So completely did I break with my parsimonious past that I sent word home to my mother to call in the boys of the neighborhood and give them all my collections. I never even cared to learn what boys got what collections. I was a man now, and I made a clean sweep of everything that bound me to my boyhood.

My reputation grew. When the story went round the waterfront of how French Frank had tried to run me down with his schooner, and of how I had stood on the deck of the Razzle Dazzle, a cocked double-barreled shotgun in my hands, steering with my feet and holding her to her course, and compelled him to put up his wheel and keep away, the waterfront decided that there was something to me despite my youth. And I continued to show what was in me. There were the times I brought the Razzle Dazzle in with a bigger load of oysters than any other two-man craft; there was the time when we raided far down in Lower Bay and mine was the only craft back at daylight to the anchorage off Asparagus Island; there was the Thursday night we raced for market and I brought the Razzle Dazzle in, without a rudder, first of the fleet, and skimmed the cream of the Friday-morning trade; and there was the time I brought her in from Upper Bay under a jib, when Scotty burned my mainsail—yes; it was Scotty of the Idler adventure. Irish had followed Spider on board the Razzle Dazzle; and Scotty, turning up, had taken Irish's place.

The things I did on the water, however, only partly counted. What completed everything and won for me the title of Prince of the Oyster Beds was that I was a good fellow ashore with my money, buying drinks like a man. I little dreamed that the time would come when the Oakland waterfront, which had shocked me at first, would be shocked and annoyed by the deviltry of the things I did. But always the life was tied up with drinking. The saloons are poor men's clubs. Saloons are congregating places. We engaged to meet one another in saloons. We celebrated our good fortune or wept our grief in saloons. We got acquainted in saloons.

Can I ever forget the afternoon I met Old Scratch, Nelson's father? It was in the Last Chance. Johnny Heinhold introduced us. That Old Scratch was Nelson's father was noteworthy enough; but there was more to it than that. He was owner and master of the scow schooner Annie Mine, and some day I might ship as a sailor with him. Still more, he was romance. He was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired, rawboned Viking, big-bodied and strong-muscled despite his age. And he had sailed the seas in ships of all nations in the old savage sailing days.

I had heard many weird tales about him and worshiped him from a distance. It took the saloon to bring us together. Even so, our acquaintance might have been no more than a handgrip and a word—he was a laconic old fellow—had it not been for the drinking.

"Have a drink!" I said, with promptitude, after the pause that I had learned good form in drinking dictates. Of course, while we drank our beer, which I had paid for, it was incumbent on him to listen to me and to talk to me. And Johnny, like a true host, made the tactful remarks that enabled us to find mutual topics of conversation. And of course, having drunk my beer, Captain Nelson must now buy beer in turn. This led to more talking and Johnny drifted out of the conversation to wait on other customers.

The more beer Captain Nelson and I drank the better we got acquainted. In me he found an appreciative listener who, by virtue of book-reading, knew much about the sealife he had lived. So he drifted back to his wild young days and spun many a rare yarn for me while we downed beer, treat by treat, all through a blessed summer afternoon. And it was only John Barleycorn that made possible that long afternoon with the old seadog.

It was Johnny Heinhold who secretly warned me across the bar that I was getting pickled and advised me to take small beers; but as long as Captain Nelson drank large beers my pride forbade anything else than large beers. And not until the skipper ordered his first small beer did I order one for myself. Oh, when we came to a lingering, fond farewell, I was drunk; but I had the satisfaction of seeing Old Scratch as drunk as I. Modesty scarcely let me dare believe that the old buccaneer was even drunker.

And afterward, from Spider, and Pat, and Clam, and Johnny Heinhold, and others, came the tips that Old Scratch liked me and had nothing but good words for the fine lad I was; which was the more remarkable because he was known as a savage, cantankerous old cuss who never liked anybody—his very nickname, Scratch, arose from a berserker trick of his, when fighting, of tearing off his opponent's face! And that I had won his friendship, all thanks were due to John Barleycorn. I have given the incident merely as an example of the multitudinous lures and draws and services by which John Barleycorn wins his followers.

He Had Sailed the Seas in Ships of All Nations

XI

AND still there arose in me no desire for alcohol—no chemical demand. In years of heavy drinking, drinking did not beget the desire. Drinking was the way of the life I led—the way of the men with whom I lived. While away on my cruises on the bay I took no drink along; and while out on the bay the thought of the desirableness of a drink never crossed my mind. It was not until I tied the Razzle Dazzle up to the wharf and got ashore in the congregating places of men, where drink flowed, that the buying of drinks for other men and the accepting of drinks devolved upon me as a social duty and a manhood rite.

Then, too, there were the times, lying at the city wharf or across the estuary on the sandspit, when the queen and her sister, and her brother Pat, and Mrs. Hadley came aboard. It was my boat. I was host, and I could only dispense hospitality in the terms of their understanding of it. So I would rush Spider, or Irish, or Scotty, or whoever was my crew, with the can for beer and the demijohn for red wine. And again, lying at the wharf, disposing of my oysters, there were dusky twilights when big policemen and plain-clothes men stole on board; and because we lived in the shadow of the police we opened oysters and fed them to them with squirts of pepper sauce, and rushed the growler or got stronger stuff in bottles.

Drink as I would I couldn't come to like John Barleycorn. I valued him extremely well for his associations, but not for the taste of him. All the time I was striving to be a man among men, and all the time I nursed secret and shameful desires for candy; but I would have died before I let anybody guess it. I used to indulge in lonely debauches on nights when I knew my crew was going to sleep ashore. I would go up to the Free Library, exchange my books, buy a quarter's worth of all sorts of candy that chewed and lasted, sneak aboard the Razzle Dazzle, lock myself in the cabin, go to bed, and lie there through long hours of bliss, reading and chewing candy. And those were the only times I felt that I got my real money's worth. Dollars and dollars across the bar could not buy the satisfaction that twenty-five cents did in a candy store.

As my drinking grew heavier I began to note more and more that it was in the drinking bouts the purple passages occurred. Drunks were always memorable. At such times things happened. Men like Joe Goose dated existence from drunk to drunk. The longshoremen all looked forward to their Saturday-night drunk. We of the oyster boats waited until we had disposed of our cargoes before we got really started, though a scattering of drinks and the meeting with a chance friend sometimes precipitated an accidental drunk.

In ways the accidental drunks were the best. Stranger and more exciting things happened at such times—as, for instance, the Sunday when Nelson and French Frank and Captain Spink stole a stolen salmon boat from Whisky Bob and Nicky the Greek. Changes had taken place in the personnel of the oyster boats. Nelson had got into a fight with Bill Kelley on the Annie and was carrying a bullethole through his left hand. Also, having quarreled with Clam and broken partnership, Nelson had sailed the Reindeer, his arm in a sling, with a crew of two deepwater sailors; and he had sailed so madly as to frighten them ashore. Such was the tale of his recklessness they spread that no one on the waterfront would go out with Nelson. So the Reindeer, crewless, lay across the estuary at the sandspit. Beside her lay the Razzle Dazzle with a burned mainsail, and Scotty and myself on board. Whisky Bob had fallen out with French Frank and gone on a raid up-river with Nicky the Greek.

The result of this raid was a brand-new Columbia River salmon boat, stolen from an Italian fisherman. We oyster pirates were all visited by the searching Italian; and we were convinced, from what we knew of their movements, that Whisky Bob and Nicky the Greek were the guilty persons. But where was the salmon boat? Hundreds of Greek and Italian fishermen, up the river and down the bay, had searched every slough and tulepatch for it. When the owner despairingly offered a reward of fifty dollars our interest increased, and the mystery deepened.

One Sunday morning old Captain Spink paid me a visit. The conversation was confidential. He had just been fishing in his skiff in the old Alameda ferry slip. As the tide went down he had noticed a rope tied to a pile under water and leading downward. In vain he had tried to heave up what was fast on the other end. Farther along, tied to another pile, was a similar rope, leading downward and unheavable. Without doubt it was the missing salmon boat. If we restored it to its rightful owner there was fifty dollars in it for us; but I had queer ethical notions about honor among thieves and declined to have anything to do with the affair.

French Frank, however, had quarreled with Whisky Bob, and Nelson was also an enemy. Poor Whisky Bob! Without viciousness, good-natured, generous, born weak, raised poorly, with an irresistible chemical demand for alcohol, still prosecuting his vocation of bay pirate, his body was picked up not long afterward beside a dock, where it had sunk, full of gunshot wounds. Within an hour after I had rejected Captain Spink's proposal I saw him sail down the estuary on board the Reindeer with Nelson. Also, French Frank went by on his schooner.

It was not long ere they sailed back up the estuary, curiously side by side. As they headed in for the sandspit the submerged salmon boat could be seen, gunwales awash, and held up from sinking by ropes fast to the schooner and the sloop. The tide was half out and they sailed squarely in on the sand, grounding in a row, with the salmon boat in the middle.

Immediately Hans, one of French Frank's sailors, was in a skiff and pulling rapidly for the north shore. The big demijohn in the sternsheets told his errand. They could not wait a moment to celebrate the fifty dollars they had so easily earned. It is the way of the devotees of John Barleycorn. When good fortune comes they drink. When they have no fortune they drink to the hope of good fortune. If fortune be ill they drink to forget it. If they meet a friend they drink. If they quarrel with a friend and lose him they drink. If their lovemaking be crowned with success they are so happy they needs must drink. If they are jilted they drink for the contrary reason. And if they have nothing to do at all, why, they take a drink, secure in the knowledge that when they have taken a sufficient number of drinks the maggots will start crawling in their brains, and they will have their hands full of things to do. When they are sober they want to drink; and when they are drunk they want to drink more.

Of course, as fellow comrades, Scotty and I were called in for the drinking. We helped to make a hole in that fifty dollars, not yet received. The afternoon, from just an ordinary, common summer Sunday afternoon, became a gorgeous purple afternoon. We all talked and sang and ranted and bragged, and ever French Frank and Nelson sent more drinks round. We lay in full sight of the Oakland

waterfront, and the noise of our revels attracted friends. Skiff after skiff crossed the estuary and hauled up on the sandspit, while Hans' work was cut out for him—ever to row back and forth for more supplies of booze.

Then Whisky Bob and Nicky the Greek arrived, sober, indignant—outraged in that their fellow pirates had raised their plant. French Frank, aided by John Barleycorn, orated hypocritically about virtue and honesty, and, despite his fifty years, got Whisky Bob out on the sand and proceeded to whip him. When Nicky the Greek jumped in with a short-handled shovel to Whisky Bob's assistance, short work was made of him by Hans. And, of course, when the bleeding remnants of Bob and Nicky were sent packing in their skiff the event must needs be celebrated in further carousal.

By this time, our visitors being numerous, we were a large crowd, compounded of many nationalities and diverse temperaments, all roused by John Barleycorn—all restraints cast off. Old quarrels revived; ancient hates flared up. Fight was in the air. And whenever a longshoreman remembered something against a scow-schooner sailor, or vice versa—or an oyster pirate remembered or was remembered—a fist shot out and another fight was on. And every fight was made up in more rounds of drinks, wherein the combatants, aided and abetted by the rest of us, embraced each other and pledged undying friendship.

And of all times Soup Kennedy selected this time to come and retrieve an old shirt of his, left aboard the Reindeer from the trip he sailed with Clam. He had espoused Clam's side of the quarrel with Nelson. Also, he had been drinking in the St. Louis House; so it was John Barleycorn who led him to the sandspit in quest of his old shirt. A few words started the fray. He locked with Nelson in the cockpit of the Reindeer and in the mix-up barely escaped being brained by an iron bar wielded by irate French Frank—irate because a two-handed man had attacked a one-handed man. If the Reindeer still floats the dent of the iron bar remains in the hardwood rail of her cockpit.

Nelson pulled his bandaged hand, bullet-perforated, out of its sling and, held by us, wept and roared his berserker belief that he could lick Soup Kennedy one-handed. And we let them loose on the sand. Once, when it looked as if Nelson were getting the worse of it, French Frank and John Barleycorn sprang unfairly into the fight. Scotty protested and reached for French Frank, who whirled upon him and fell on top of him in a pummeling clinch after a sprawl of twenty feet across the sand. In the course of separating these two, half a dozen fights started among the rest of us. These fights were finished one way or the other, or we separated them with drinks, while all the time Nelson and Soup Kennedy fought on. Occasionally we returned to them and gave advice, such as, when they lay exhausted in the sand, unable to strike a blow: "Throw sand in his eyes!" And they threw sand in each other's eyes, recuperated, and fought on to successive exhaustions.

And now, of all this that is squalid and ridiculous and bestial, try to think what it meant to me, a youth not yet sixteen, burning with the spirit of adventure, fancy-filled with tales of buccaneers and searovers, sacks of cities and conflicts of armed men, and imagination-maddened by

A Few Words Started the Fray

the stuff I had drunk. It was life raw and naked, wild and free—the only life of that sort which my birth in time and space permitted me to attain. And more than that—it carried a promise. It was the beginning. From the sandspit the way led out through the Golden Gate to the vastness of adventure of all the world, where battles would be fought not for old shirts and over stolen salmon boats but for high purposes and romantic ends.

And because I told Scotty what I thought of his letting an old man like French Frank get away with him, we, too, brawled and added to the festivity of the sandspit. And Scotty threw up his job as crew and departed in the night with a pair of blankets belonging to me. During the night, while the oyster pirates lay stupefied in their bunks, the schooner and the Reindeer floated on the high water and swung about to their anchors. The salmon boat, still filled with rocks and water, rested on the bottom.

In the early morning I heard wild cries from the Reindeer, and tumbled out in the chill gray to see a spectacle that made the waterfront laugh for days. The beautiful salmon boat lay on the hard sand, squashed flat as a pancake, while on it were perched French Frank's schooner and the Reindeer! Unfortunately two of the Reindeer's planks had been crushed in by the stout oak stem of the salmon boat. The rising tide had flowed through the hole and had just wakened Nelson by getting into his bunk with him. I lent a hand, and we pumped the Reindeer out and repaired the damage.

Then Nelson cooked breakfast, and while we ate we considered the situation. He was broke. So was I. The fifty-dollars reward would never be paid for that pitiful mess of splinters on the sand beneath us. He had a wounded hand and no crew. I had a burned mainsail and no crew. "What d'ye say—you and me?" Nelson queried. "I'll go you!" was my answer. And thus I became partners with Young Scratch Nelson, the wildest, maddest of them all. We borrowed the money for an outfit of grub from Johnny Heinhold, filled our water-barrels and sailed away that day for the oyster beds.

XII

NOR have I ever regretted those months of mad deviltry I put in with Nelson. He could sail, even if he did frighten every man that sailed with him. To steer to miss destruction by an inch or an instant was his joy. To do what everybody else did not dare attempt to do was his pride. Never to reef down was his mania; and in all the time I spent with him, blow high or low, the Reindeer was never reefed. Nor was she ever dry. We strained her open and sailed her open, and sailed her open continually. And we abandoned the Oakland waterfront and went wider afield for our adventures.

And all this glorious passage in my life was made possible for me by John Barleycorn. And this is my complaint against John Barleycorn: Here I was, thirsting for the wild life of adventure, and the only way for me to win it was through John Barleycorn's mediation. It was the way of the men who lived the life. Did I wish to live the life, I must live it the way they did. It was by virtue of drinking that I gained that partnership and comradeship with Nelson. Had I drunk only the beer he paid for, or had I declined to drink at all, I should never have been selected by him as a partner. He undoubtedly wanted a partner who would meet him on the social side as well as the work side of life.

I abandoned myself to the life, and developed the misconception that the secret of John Barleycorn lay in going on mad drunks, rising through the successive stages that only an iron constitution could endure to final stupefaction and swinish unconsciousness. I did not like the taste, so I drank for the sole purpose of getting drunk—of getting hopelessly, helplessly drunk. And I, who had saved and scraped, traded like a Shylock and made junkmen weep; I, who had stood aghast when French Frank, at a single stroke, spent eighty cents for whisky for eight men—I turned myself loose with a more lavish disregard of money than any of them.

Dollars and Dollars Across the Bar Could Not Buy the Satisfaction That Twenty-five Cents Did in a Candy Store

I remember going ashore one night with Nelson. In my pocket was one hundred and eighty dollars. It was my intention, first, to buy some clothes; after that some drinks. I needed the clothes. All I possessed were on me, and they were as follows: a pair of seaboots that providentially leaked the water out as fast as it ran in; a pair of fifty-cent overalls; a forty-cent cotton shirt, and a sou'wester. I had no hat, so I had to wear the sou'wester; and it will be noted that I have listed neither underclothes nor socks. I did not own any.

To reach the stores where clothes could be bought we had to pass a dozen saloons; so I bought the drinks first. I never got to the clothing stores. In the morning, broke, poisoned, but contented, I came back on board and we set sail. I possessed only the clothes I had gone ashore in, and not a cent remained of the one hundred and eighty dollars. It might well be deemed impossible by those who have never tried it that in twelve hours a lad can spend all of one hundred and eighty dollars for drinks. I know otherwise.

And I had no regrets. I was proud. I had shown them I could spend with the best of them. Among strong men I had proved myself strong. I had clinched again, as I had often clinched, my right to the title of Prince. Also, my attitude may be considered, in part, as a reaction from my childhood's meagerness and my childhood's excessive toil. Possibly my inchoate thought was: Better to reign among booze-fighters a prince than to toil twelve hours a day at a machine for ten cents an hour. There are no purple passages in machine toil. But if the spending of one hundred and eighty dollars in twelve hours is not a purple passage, then I'd like to know what is.

Oh, I skip much of the details of my trafficking with John Barleycorn during this period, and shall only mention events that will throw light on John Barleycorn's ways. There were three things that enabled me to pursue this heavy drinking: first, a magnificent constitution, far better than the average; second, the healthful, open-air life on the water; and, third, the fact that I drank irregularly. While out on the water we never carried any drink along.

The world was opening up to me. Already I knew several hundred miles of the waterways of it, and of the towns and cities and fishing hamlets on the shores. Came the whisper to range farther. I had not found all the world yet. There was more behind. But even this much of the world was too wide for Nelson. He wearied for his beloved Oakland waterfront; and when he elected to return to it we separated in all friendliness.

I now made the old town of Benicia, on the Carquinez Straits, my headquarters. In a cluster of fishermen's arks, moored in the tules on the waterfront, dwelt a congenial crowd of drinkers and vagabonds; and I joined them. I had longer spells ashore, between fooling with salmon fishing and making raids up and down bay and rivers as a deputy fish patrolman; and I drank more and learned more about drinking. I held my own with any one, drink for drink; and often drank more than my share to show the strength of my manhood. When, on a morning, my unconscious carcass was disentangled from the nets on the drying frames, whither I had stupidly, blindly crawled the night before; and when the waterfront talked it over with many a giggle and laugh—and another drink—I was proud indeed. It was an exploit.

And when I never drew a sober breath on one stretch for three solid weeks I was certain I had reached the top. Surely, in that direction, one could go no farther. It was time for me to move on. For always, drunk or sober, at the back of my consciousness something whispered that this carousing and bay-adventuring was not all of life. This whisper was my good fortune. I happened to be so made that I could hear it calling, always calling—out and away over the world. It was not canniness on my part. It was curiosity—desire to know; an unrest and a seeking for things wonderful that I seemed somehow to have

glimpsed or guessed. What was this life for, I demanded, if this were all? No; there was something more, away and beyond.

And in relation to my much later development as a drinker this whisper, this promise of the things at the back of life, must be noted; for it was destined to play a dire part in my later wrestlings with John Barleycorn.

What gave immediacy to my decision to move on was a trick John Barleycorn played me—a monstrous, incredible trick that showed abysses of intoxication thitherto undreamed. At one o'clock in the morning, after a prodigious drunk, I was tottering aboard a sloop at the end of the wharf, intending to go to sleep. The tides sweep through Carquinez Straits like a millrace, and the full ebb was on when I stumbled overboard. There was nobody on the wharf—nobody on the sloop. I was borne away by the current. I was not startled. I thought the misadventure delightful. I was a good swimmer, and in my inflamed condition the contact of the water with my skin soothed me like cool linen.

And then John Barleycorn played me his maniacal trick. Some maundering fancy of going out with the tide suddenly obsessed me. I had never been morbid. Thoughts of suicide had never entered my head. And now that they entered I thought it fine—a splendid culminating; a perfect rounding off of my short but exciting career. I, who had never known girl's love, or woman's love, or the love of children; who had never played in the wide joy-fields of art, or climbed the star-cool heights of philosophy, or seen with my eyes more than a pinpoint's surface of the gorgeous world—I decided that this was all, that I had seen all, lived all, been all that was worth while, and that now was the time to cease. This was the trick of John Barleycorn, laying me by the heels of my imagination and in a drug-dream dragging me to death.

Oh, he was convincing! I had really experienced all of life, and it did not amount to much. The swinish drunkenness in which I had lived for months—this was accompanied by the sense of degradation and the old feeling of conviction of sin—was the last and best; and I could see for myself what it was worth. There were all the broken-down old bums and loafers I had bought drinks for. That was what remained of life. Did I want to become like them? A thousand times no. And I wept tears of sweet sadness over my glorious youth going out with the tide.

And who has not seen the weeping drunk—the melancholic drunk? They are to be found in all the barrooms, if they can find no other listener, telling their sorrows to the barkeeper, who is paid to listen.

The water was delicious. It was a man's way to die. John Barleycorn changed the tune he played in my drink-maddened brain. Away with tears and regret. It was a hero's death, and by the hero's own hand and will. So I struck up my death-chant and was singing it lustily—when the gurgle and splash of the current-riffles in my ears reminded me of my more immediate situation.

Below the town of Benicia, where the Solano Wharf projects, the straits widen out into what bayfarers call the Bight of Turner's Shipyard. I was in the shore tide that swept under the Solano Wharf and on into the bight. I knew of old the power of the suck that developed when the tide swung round the end of Dead Man's Island and drove straight for the wharf. I did not want to go through those piles. It would not be nice, and I might lose an hour in the bight on my way out.

I undressed in the water and struck out with a strong, single overhand stroke, crossing the current at right angles. Nor did I cease until, by the wharflights, I knew I was safe to sweep by the end. Then I turned over and rested. The stroke had been a telling one and I was a little time in recovering my breath.

I was elated, for I had succeeded in avoiding the suck. I started to raise my death-chant again—a purely extemporized farrago of a drug-crazed youth. "Don't sing . . . yet!" whispered John Barleycorn. "The Solano runs all night. There are railroad men on the wharf. They will hear you and come out in a boat and rescue you—and you don't want to be rescued." I certainly did not. What? Be robbed of my hero's death? Never! And I lay on my back in the starlight, watching the familiar wharflights go by—red and green and white—and bidding sad, sentimental farewell to them, each and all.

When I was well clear in midchannel I sang again. Sometimes I swam a few strokes, but in the main I contented myself with floating and dreaming long, drunken dreams. Before daylight the chill of the water and the passage of the hours had sobered me sufficiently to make me wonder what portion of the straits I was in, and also if the turn of the tide would not catch me and take me back ere I had drifted out into San Pablo Bay.

Next I discovered that I was very weary and very cold and quite sober, and that I did not in the least want to be drowned. I could make out the Selby Smelter on the Contra Costa shore and the Mare Island Lighthouse. I started to swim for the Solano shore, but was too weak and chilled, and made so little headway, and at the cost of such painful effort, that I gave it up and contented myself with floating, now and then giving a stroke to keep my balance in the tide-rips which were increasing their commotion on the surface of the water. And I knew fear. I was sober now, and I did not want to die. I discovered scores of reasons for living. And the more reasons I discovered, the more liable it seemed that I was going to drown anyway.

Daylight, after I had been four hours in the water, found me in a parlous condition in the tide-rips off Mare Island Light, where the swift ebbs from Vallejo Straits and Carquinez Straits were fighting with each other, and where at that particular moment they were fighting the flood-tide setting up against them from San Pablo Bay. A stiff breeze had sprung up, and the crisp little waves were persistently lapping into my mouth, and I was beginning to swallow salt water. With my swimmer's knowledge I knew the end was near. And then the boat came—a Greek fisherman running in for Vallejo; and again I had been saved from John Barleycorn by my constitution and physical vigor.

And in passing let me note that this maniacal trick John Barleycorn played me is nothing uncommon. An absolute statistic of the percentage of suicides due to John Barleycorn would be appalling. In my case—healthy, normal, young, full of the joy of life—the suggestion to kill myself was unusual; but it must be taken into account that it came on the heels of a long carouse, when my nerves and brain were fearfully poisoned, and that the dramatic, romantic side of my imagination, drink-maddened to lunacy, was delighted with the suggestion. And yet the older, more morbid drinkers, more jaded with life and more disillusioned, who kill themselves, do so usually after a long debauch, when their nerves and brains are thoroughly poison-soaked.

The Waterfront Decided That There Was Something to Me Despite My Youth

XIII

SO I LEFT Benicia, where John Barleycorn had nearly got me, and ranged wider afield in pursuit of the whisper from the back of life to come and find. And wherever I ranged the way lay along alcohol-drenched roads. Men still congregated in saloons. They were the poor man's clubs, and they were the only clubs to which I had access. I could get acquainted in saloons. I could go into a saloon and talk with any man. In the strange towns and cities I wandered through the only place for me to go was the saloon. I was no longer a stranger in any town the moment I had entered a saloon.

And right here let me break in with experiences no later than last year. I harnessed four horses to a light trap, took Charmian along, and drove for three months and a half over the wildest mountain parts of California and Oregon. Each morning I did my regular day's work of writing fiction. That completed, I drove on through the middle of the day and the afternoon to the next stop; but the irregularity of occurrence of stopping-places, coupled with widely varying road conditions, made it necessary to plan, the day before, each day's drive and my work. I must know when I was to start driving in order to start writing in time to finish my day's output. Thus, on occasion, when the drive was to be long, I would be up and at my writing by five in the morning. On easier days I might not start writing until nine o'clock.

But how to plan? As soon as I arrived in a town and put the horses up, on the way from the stable to the hotel I dropped into the saloons. First thing, a drink—oh, I wanted the drink! But, also, it must not be forgotten that because of wanting to know things it was in this very way I had learned to want a drink. Well, the first thing, a drink. "Have something yourself"—to the barkeeper; and then, as we drink, my opening query about roads and stopping-places on ahead.

"Let me see," the barkeeper will say—"there's the road across Tarwater Divide. That used to be good. I was over it three years ago. But it was blocked this spring. . . . Say, I'll tell you what—I'll ask Jerry." And the barkeeper turns and addresses some man sitting at a table or leaning against the bar farther along, and who may be Jerry or Tom or Bill. "Say, Jerry, how about the Tarwater road? You was down to Wilkins last week."

And while Bill or Jerry or Tom is beginning to unlimber his thinking and speaking apparatus I suggest that he join us in the drink. Then discussions arise about the advisability of this road or that, what the best stopping-places may be, what running-time I may expect to make, where the best trout streams are, and so forth; in which other men join, and which are punctuated with more drinks.

Two or three more saloons, and I accumulate a warm jingle and come pretty close to knowing everybody in town, all about the town, and a fair deal about the surrounding country. I know the lawyers, editors, business men, local politicians, and the visiting ranchers, hunters and miners; so that by evening the number of my acquaintances in that totally strange town is tremendous.

And thus is demonstrated a service John Barleycorn renders, a service by which he increases his power over men. And over the world, wherever I have gone during all the years, it has been the same. It may be a cabaret in the Latin Quarter, a café in some obscure Italian village, a boozing ken in sailor-town, and it may be up at the club over Scotch and soda; but always it will be where John Barleycorn makes fellowship that I get immediately in touch, and meet and know. And in the good days coming, when John Barleycorn will have been banished out of

(Continued on Page 56)

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The Pujo Report

THE Money Trust investigation cost about sixty thousand dollars, which was not too high a price to pay for informing the country at large how vast aggregations of capital are marshaled, deployed and controlled by a few men. The subcommittee succeeded in eliciting some opinions from distinguished financiers who are not in the habit of publishing their views. That novel achievement recommended itself more or less to the newspapers, because it made good copy that every one must read.

As for the greater part of the matter the committee got into the record with so much pains and turmoil, any Wall Street reporter equipped with a Directory of Directors, a set of bank reports and the files of a good financial journal could have compiled it with substantial accuracy in a fortnight or less. He would have had to guess at the amount of J. P. Morgan & Company's deposits—though for all practical purposes his guess would have been as good as the exact figures; but no such compilation would have roused the universal interest awakened by the daily press reports of the Pujo Committee's hearings.

More than one great question today turns upon or involves the public's attitude toward large aggregations of wealth. The right attitude is very important. To get it requires steady thinking and clear eyes. An elaborate effort to create hostility in that direction—such as appears to exist in some of the Pujo Committee's recommendations—was never less desirable than now.

The Hat-Rack Test

EVERY now and then some virtuous legislator introduces a bill to prohibit tipping. We should like to see the authors of these bills subjected to the hat-rack test. If you read the newspapers you know perfectly well that the young lady who takes charge of your hat and coat at the dining-room door derives no benefit from the tip you give her. She receives only a meager wage from the speculator who has paid several hundred or several thousand dollars for the privilege of operating the little graft. Your tip goes to the speculator. Every newspaper reader knows this, but scarcely one in a thousand has the moral courage to act upon his knowledge. We can imagine the authors of anti-tipping bills approaching the hat-rack with pride in their port and defiance in their eyes—only to hand over their dimes at the last moment and stride out, very red in the face, declaiming against the tipping evil.

If they did not hand over their dimes the young woman might think they were unacquainted with the usages of polite society—an imputation that no freeborn, democratic American citizen can endure. Indeed, the manager of a popular Broadway restaurant once attempted to abolish the little hat-rack graft and nearly provoked a riot among his patrons. They were sure the people on upper Fifth Avenue always tipped the hat-rack attendant, and they would not go away with a suggestion festering in their hearts that they had failed to do the proper thing. How did they know but the young woman, returning to her West Side hall bedroom that night, might not say to the street-car conductor: "Peter J. Mulligan, of Newark, and Thomas D. Jones, of Flatbush, failed to tip me; they must be used to dining on Third Avenue!" What an intolerable thought that would be!

As for bills to abolish tipping, you might as well introduce a bill to abolish snobbery.

The Less of Two Evils

"WE DENOUNCE the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses," says the Democratic platform—and immediately a Democratic House passes, by an overwhelming majority, a pork-barrel, public-buildings bill which the chairman of the Appropriations Committee properly denounced as indefensible. The prime motive in framing the bill was to secure votes for Democratic Congressmen. With the same pious motive, the same House last year passed the most profligate pension bill ever introduced in Congress.

Disgust over such breaches of platform promises, however, should not blind our eyes to the fact that, if there were any actual consistency in either of the old parties, the balance of judicious judgment would lean toward the Democratic side, because, though both parties contain grafters, the Democratic scheme of graft, on the whole, is preferable to the Republican scheme. The pension and building bills proposed to spend many millions of public money for the purpose of securing Democratic votes; but the loot would be distributed among a very large number of people, and for that reason a considerable public good would result. The spoils of Republican high tariff, on the other hand, go to a relatively small number of persons, and nothing but public harm results.

Setting graft against graft, the Democratic scheme is preferable. We would rather have our pocket picked to erect a hundred-thousand-dollar post-office in a ten-thousand-dollar village than to erect a hundred-thousand-dollar cottage by the sea for a tariff baron.

The trouble is, there is no actual consistency in either party. Two Stumps having got its post-office building, the tariff baron may yet get his cottage.

A Home-Made Political Movie

EXPERIENCED Washington correspondents have already shown what party alignment will be at the extra session of Congress. Old-line Democrats, they say, will coöperate with old-line Republicans in obstructing all genuine tariff revision. Some moderate Democrats and some progressive Republicans will strive to secure a conservative reduction of duties. A few genuine tariff-for-revenue-only Democrats will slash at protection wherever they see it, and possibly be assisted from time to time by certain radical Republicans.

With these forecasts it is easy to see how the battle lines will be formed. To diagram it, take a sheet of paper and let the top represent north. Through the middle of the sheet draw a fat corkscrew, representing the tariff. Over that corkscrew draw another one, representing the Republican party; and over the two draw a third, representing the Democratic party. You will see at once how clear the alignment is, and if to your three intertwined corkscrews you can manage to impart a wriggling motion from north to south you would have an exact picture of the situation.

There is a red army and a blue army. By its mandate at the polls the public orders the red army to evacuate a certain position and the blue army to occupy it. Then important contingents in both armies change coats and ask the public to guess which is which.

All of which simply illustrates over again that the designations Republican and Democratic have lost most of their real meaning, except as both are synonymous with a scramble for power and office.

The Kansas Idea Takes

STAID Vermont has passed a Blue Sky act, and in nearly thirty other states a bill coming under that designation is pending or has passed. A dozen years ago the original Kansas law to suppress fake-investment robbers would have been rather extensively sneered at in the self-sufficient East. Almost any act that contemplated a positive benefit to persons who needed benefiting was freakish then.

There is still plenty of opposition—some of it aboveboard and some subterranean. Dealers in legitimate investments, on the whole, are more nervous about their own convenience and commissions than they should be. Bank Commissioner Dolley, of Kansas—the author of Blue Sky legislation—always recognized that a law suitable to that state would require modification for a community in which a large and complex investment business existed. But it is entirely practicable in any state to fashion a statutory club that will frighten faking thieves away from widows' life-insurance money without imposing more than a trifling inconvenience upon legitimate business. Any state which neglects that duty condemns itself.

Broadly speaking, drastic penalties for the fake and wildcat stock-vender, with considerable discretionary power for the officer charged with the law's enforcement, are the prime requisites; but another point, no less important, should always be insisted upon. Every Blue Sky law should apply to the offering of investments by newspapers or other advertisement, and should make every journal civilly or criminally liable—or both—for touting fake stocks. There is no practical difficulty here. Any experienced person can recognize the earmarks of the wildcat advertisement at a glance. No Blue Sky law is genuine or valuable unless it covers advertising.

An Educational Suggestion

"NO MAN is safe from losing every penny he has in the world unless he has had his facer," wrote Samuel Butler in that singular book, The Way of All Flesh. "If I had my way I would have a speculation master attached to every school. The boys would be encouraged to read all the best financial papers and establish a stock exchange among themselves in which pence stood for pounds. Then let them see how this making haste to get rich moneys out in actual practice. . . . If the universities were not the worst teachers in the world I should like to see professorships of speculation established at Oxford and Cambridge."

Why not? We are at enormous pains and expense nowadays trying to teach young people how to make money; but making money is only half the trick. He is actually a rare man who makes money without also losing it. Offhand, one might say that about seven men out of ten who possess money have been obliged to make it twice over—the first time to get it and the second time to keep it. Every day's experience shows that men—and more particularly women—who possess money without having made it hold it with greased fingers. To teach young people how not to lose money is almost as important as teaching them how to make it.

Florida's Enterprise

FLORIDA is a smallish state in some dimensions. In population it ranked thirty-third at the last census. Its manufactures are trivial when compared with Pennsylvania's. It has no mines—underground. Time was, perhaps, when its ideas corresponded to its statistical caliber. But those who have not known the South of late years do not know it at all.

Florida has assets—for example, a far larger area of swamp and overflowed lands than any other state. Formerly that was considered a deficit. But the state's project to reclaim the Everglades by joint draining and irrigation is nearing completion. And if Florida's midwinter sunshine were put into the statistical abstract it would have to be expressed by such figures as astronomers use in stating the distance to Saturn. Climate means tourists and winter residents—soil and climate together mean fruit and vegetables; and all of these hang primarily upon transportation. Some of the best public roads to be found anywhere are in Florida; but there is now a campaign for a fifty-million-dollar bond issue to build the finest system of state highways in the country. "Not an expense, but an investment!" is the slogan.

Fifty million dollars at a crack for good roads would make any Northern state sit up and rub its eyes. The idea is big enough to offset any absence of iron or copper. Such a campaign means that Florida believes in herself, which is the first step in getting other people of the same mind.

German Prosperity

THE Dresdener Bank, of Berlin, reviewing nearly forty years of successful experience, points out some evidences of German prosperity. For example, it gives a table that shows the yields of grain per hectare of eight great agricultural countries. Germany stands at the head of the list. The United States just manages to beat Russia and Argentina. Of wheat, the yield in Germany is twenty and a half bushels; in the United States, eight and a half. Germany gets over seventeen bushels of rye; the United States less than ten. The German outturn of barley is just under twenty bushels; ours is just over eleven. In oats the respective yields are seventeen and three-quarters, and eight and three-quarters.

Germany's soil is comparatively poor; but she uses as much fertilizer as all the rest of the world—and gets results, as the above comparisons show.

In so-called natural resources the Fatherland is poor compared with this country; but, thanks to those resources that lie in the trained brain and hand of man, its total national wealth is now reckoned as equal to three-fifths that of the United States.

About agriculture, certainly we have something to learn from Germany—and possibly about other things. For instance, the Dresdener Bank with evident satisfaction prints a list of the great transportation, industrial and financial concerns with which it is associated, and points with pride to the fact that it is represented on the directorates of no less than two hundred companies of various sorts. It takes pains to advertise that it is a money trust, and evidently expects Germany to be glad of it!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Fighting P. M. G.

INASMUCH as they are really no more than subliminated clerks, most Cabinet members are also human rabbits, scuttling into the grass every time the Great Chief makes a noise like opposition to one of their timid opinions. Likewise they are animated echoes and the most accomplished aggregation of agile agree-ers in the known world.

Their principal line of official conversation runs like this: "Oh, certainly, Mr. President; I endorse your plan heartily. It is a most able and patriotic solution of the matter. I congratulate you, and the country no less than you, that you have arrived at this wise and constitutional decision; but then you always do take so broad a view of these questions—you always do!" with the accent on the salve.

Roundly speaking—or rectangularly, if you wish—though a great many of them are not on the square, there are one hundred million people enjoying the beneficences of existing and subsisting under the Star-Spangled Banner at a higher price per cap. for food and raiment than almost any other people on earth; and of these ninety-nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety look on Cabinet jobs as places of great power and responsibility. The ten who do not ordinarily view these places in that exalted light are the ten men who hold the said Cabinet jobs. They know, or will know pretty soon—the nine who went out on March fourth knew—and, knowing, not a single one of them will dare proclaim for fear they might be disconnected with the meter. Hence it is up to me.

Wherefore I desire to say that when it comes to power and responsibility, except when a goat is needed, Cabinet members are a total loss two ways: The first is because presidents delegate no power, albeit they frequently shirk responsibilities; and the second is because the system in the Departments these Cabinet members are supposed to run, runs the Cabinet members instead; and from that there is no escape. All this new bunch came in filled to the ears with high resolve; and all of them are now rapidly on their way to discover that their principal duties consist of lolling comfortably in swivel chairs, signing their names at the exact point designated by the chocolate éclair thumb of the dignified official messenger who brings in the documents from the subordinates, and giving the president a dinner once a year. Of course they may think they do more than that. The system has perfected the procedure of allowing Cabinet members to think they are doing things, until it works without a flaw or a result, barring the thought.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Both His Face and Disposition are Round and Chubby

He's Good-Natured—But Be Careful

HOWEVER, that is not what I started out to proclaim. The theme of this syncopated sonata is a certain happy warrior, by name Albert Sidney Burleson, of Austin, Texas, who is as mild-mannered a Texan as ever wore a string tie. He has a round and chubby face, a round and chubby voice, and a round and chubby disposition. He wouldn't hurt a fly, Albert Sidney wouldn't; but he'd take a wallop at an elephant in a minute and a half if said elephant got gay. Of course he has been in Congress for some fourteen years; and there is nothing that tends to add rigor to the countenance so much as that experience. Nevertheless, that face of his still retains various beatific expressions.

He looks like a good-natured citizen, which he is; but do not presume on it too much. The facts concerning Albert Sidney Burleson are these: He totes more cold, hard courage to the square inch than ninety-five per cent of his political colleagues; and by this circuitous route I make the allegation that there is one person in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet who will utterly refuse to play the rabbit rôle—one, at least, without prejudging the others in that noble band. It is a matter of common report that Mr. Wilson, being liberally supplied with the materials, can project a decisive jaw into a discussion and say: "It must be done!" But he is not the only one round that Cabinet table who possesses this attribute.

You may not think Burleson has one of those square jaws, and it is true his does seem affable instead of angular; but be not deceived. Here is a person who seems to beam at the world, but who can shut off the beams at a moment's notice and go out and make a fight for what he thinks is proper—a fight backed by a courage that is cold-chilled and case-hardened. He has a good nerve. He will go to the mat. And it may not be amiss to say—merely in the spirit of conjecture, of course—there may come a time when, instead of a complaisant postmaster-general, there will be a clashing postmaster-general, for Burleson certainly will fight when fighting is necessary, and he will not be abashed if his opponent should be a president of the United States.

Not that he is a swashbuckler or looking for trouble. Even that celebrated Quaker, A. Mitchell Palmer, who couldn't be secretary of war because his sect hates disturbance, has nothing on Burleson as a man of peace. But when trouble arrives A. S. Burleson is right there to meet it, and doesn't try to honey out of it any more than he endeavors to horn in. The point is not that he is a fighter, but that he will fight. He isn't to be scared, or intimidated, or bluffed, or abashed. When he has set his mind as to the propriety and justice of a proposition he continues along those lines, regardless of opposition or travail.

I haven't been down to see, as yet; but it is quite likely that at eight o'clock—or maybe a shade before—on these mornings a rather tall and reasonably broad man, with a reddish complexion, a twinkle in his eye, and holding firmly to his chest an umbrella he has clasped about the middle, may be observed entering the Post-Office Department. Of course the clerks will not be round for an hour or so later; but I venture to state this wool-hatted and string-tied person can be seen at the portals of that great building along about the time mentioned—to wit, eight A. M. That will be the Honorable Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General. You see, the P. M. G. is the original inspiration of that lyric about the virtues of the early-to-bed and early-to-rise method of accumulating wisdom, health and legal tender—and he has them all.

No Wonder They Barked

DURING his Congressional days Burleson used to go to bed right after dinner, tying on his pajamas at seven or half after and taking along with him the books he wanted to read or the papers he wanted to study. He'd read or study for a time, and he was up and at it again by five or thereabout. During the last presidential campaign he pestered the life out of his somnolent colleagues when he was on the Wilson Committee by calling them on the telephone about six in the morning to ask how about things, he being up for the day at that time; and he never could understand why they barked at him for disturbing their rest at that unwholesome hour.

There is nothing that appeals to Burleson so little as the social side of life in Washington. He is a student and a worker, and he has a fixed idea that nights are made for study instead of gallivanting round from dinner to dinner, and thus and so. The result is that he is a widely read man; a well-informed man; a solid, substantial, firmly grounded man; a serious, hardworking man—and altogether an able and admirable citizen.

Texas has been a member of the Union since 1845, and Burleson is the first Texan to hold a Cabinet position. Moreover, he is a real Texan, for he was born at San Marcos in that state in 1863. He is a lawyer and served as assistant city attorney for Austin for several years, and as attorney for the Twenty-sixth Judicial District before he was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress. Since that time he has been continuously in the House of Representatives, and was reëlected to the Sixty-third Congress, which is the present one. He has a good-sized fortune, is an excellent speaker and a good debater. He is to be the political manager of this Administration, and his friends say he is fitted for the place.

Burleson is a kindly, companionable man, well liked by his colleagues and admired for his sturdy ability; but his predominating characteristic is his determined courage. He doesn't palter when he thinks he is right, or try to be politic; he fights! As the poet said, when flint strikes steel then comes the tug of war; and as a certain person who will have a deal to do with this Cabinet is rather set in his ways also—in other words, Mr. Wilson—we may be happy yet; for there is nothing so satisfactory as a good Cabinet scrap. This is not a prediction. It is merely a prognostication.

Comforting News

A MINISTER who preached for many years in a suburb of Cincinnati retired and went to Florida to live. After a year or so there he paid his first visit to New York in twenty years.

He wandered about for two days, and then went to see an old Cincinnati friend.

"I have been watching the people in this city," said the dominie to his friend, "and I wonder and grieve at the moneymadness I see everywhere. This rush and hurry and eagerness for money abashes me. It is astonishing! Why, down in Florida one can live in comfort for two thousand dollars a year; but here they think and talk and act in terms of millions!

"It is all so vast and so complex!" he sighed. "Why, this afternoon I walked down by your tallest building. I stood on the curb and looked up and up and up, and tried to comprehend the immensity of that structure. My mind reeled. I felt faint and dizzy. I leaned against the building for support—and a passing newsboy chirped:

"'Cheer up, old sport! It ain't agoin' to fall on you!'"

Inspected and Passed

A CHICAGO politician gave his cousin, fresh from the ould sod, a job as smoke inspector. He was not instructed as to his duties, but told to go out and inspect.

At the end of his first month he made this report: "This is to certify that I have inspected the smoke of this city for the past thirty days. I have to report that I have found plenty of smoke and that the smoke is of good quality!"

At Rest at Last

IN A RECENT long-drawn trial in New York the defense introduced a miner as a witness and went into a detailed inquiry as to his exact whereabouts for the past ten years. It was most wearisome. For a day and a half the lawyers asked this man to tell his wanderings year by year. Finally they got down to 1911 and asked him:

"What did you do on May 16, 1911?"

"I went to Cobalt."

"How long did you remain there?"

"I have been there ever since."

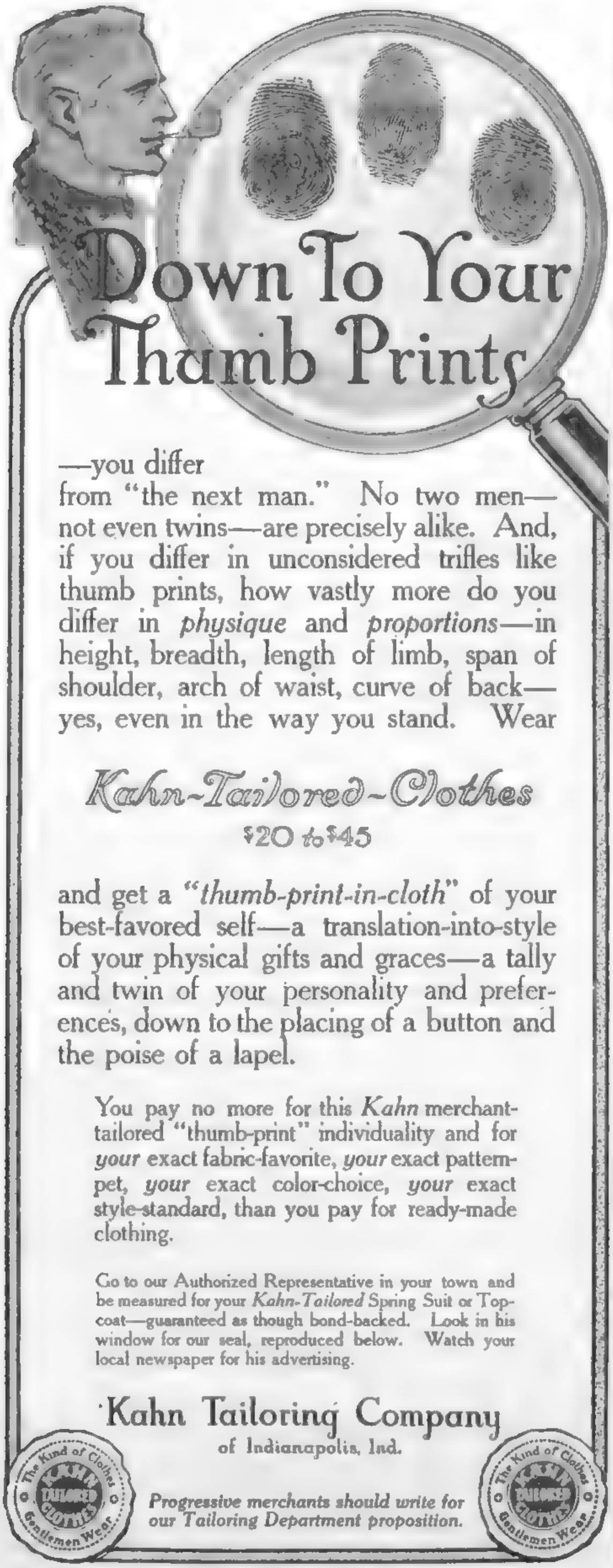
Juror Number Nine rose in his place and said fervently: "Thank God!"

Bashful Backers

A MINOR Missouri politician, who was a pestiferous and continuous officeseeker, was a candidate for nomination as lieutenant-governor. He made a canvass and everybody seemed to be for him.

On the day of the convention he came to a friend in great distress.

"Bill," he said, "I am in a terrible pickle. Seventy per cent of the convention delegates are for me for lieutenant-governor, but I can't get anybody to nominate me!"


Down To Your
Thumb Prints
—you differ
from "the next man." No two men—
not even twins—are precisely alike. And,
if you differ in unconsidered trifles like
thumb prints, how vastly more do you
differ in *physique* and *proportions*—in
height, breadth, length of limb, span of
shoulder, arch of waist, curve of back—
yes, even in the way you stand. Wear
Kahn-Tailored-Clothes
$20 to $45
and get a "*thumb-print-in-cloth*" of your
best-favored self—a translation-into-style
of your physical gifts and graces—a tally
and twin of your personality and prefer-
ences, down to the placing of a button and
the poise of a lapel.
You pay no more for this *Kahn* merchant-
tailored "thumb-print" individuality and for
your exact fabric-favorite, *your* exact pattern-
pet, *your* exact color-choice, *your* exact
style-standard, than you pay for ready-made
clothing.
Go to our Authorized Representative in your town and
be measured for your *Kahn-Tailored* Spring Suit or Top-
coat—guaranteed as though bond-backed. Look in his
window for our seal, reproduced below. Watch your
local newspaper for his advertising.
Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.
The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear
*Progressive merchants should write for
our Tailoring Department proposition.*
The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Baby Bonds at Home and Abroad—By Roger W. Babson

THIS morning, as I was sitting by the window of my hotel here in Switzerland, a man—small boys are not allowed to sell on the streets—went by selling Le Journal de Genève, which is one of the best Swiss daily papers. I bought one as usual, and upon opening the paper found a full-page advertisement of city of Lucerne four and one-fourth per cent bonds—canton of Lucerne, to be exact—which were being offered to investors at ninety-nine and one-half. Opposite this was a half-page advertisement of some new Chilean government five per cent bonds, which were being offered at ninety-six per cent; while other issues were offered elsewhere in the paper.

In all instances, however, the bonds were being offered in small denominations—that is, issued in small amounts. The Lucerne bonds are all in the denomination of two hundred dollars, while some of the other bonds are issued in several denominations, ranging from ten dollars to one thousand dollars. But in every case it was possible to buy bonds in as small a denomination as two hundred dollars, and in many cases in denominations very much smaller.

Moreover, in each case the people who buy the bonds were allowed from two to three months in which to pay for them. One of the above issues was payable as follows: Five per cent on subscribing; fifteen per cent on notification, February 1, 1913; thirty per cent on February 25, 1913; balance on March 26, 1913.

In the case of the one hundred millions of Crédit Foncier bonds—those issued in France to help the French peasants buy land, and so on, along the lines advocated by President Taft last fall—which were offered January 1, 1913, all in amounts of one hundred dollars, the people were given until May 31, 1916, to pay for them; in fact, I find that all over Europe good bonds issued are offered in small denominations or amounts, and that the people are not compelled to pay for them all at once, but are given two or three months in which to save the money.

Both of these facts greatly encourage thrift. And in the last analysis is not thrift one-half of the cost-of-living problem—the other half being production? Safe hundred-dollar bonds, with partial-payment privileges, have proved to solve in part one of the most important problems that ever concerned the public welfare of any nation. The higher cost of living creates a pertinent necessity for a corresponding increase of thrift.

Furthermore the higher cost of living should be taken literally. It does not mean that only the luxuries of life—such as laces, perfumes, spirits, and so on—are more expensive; but the very necessities, such as meats, eggs, rentals, and so forth. Therefore if one is living just within his income the increased cost of living demands that he shall augment his income, either by producing more or by saving more.

Why Savings Banks Pay So Little

Of course the banks of the United States—there are none better anywhere—should render to the people greater service along these lines. Unfortunately, however, most of the large banks do not bother much with small depositors. Even the big savings banks, which are supposed to exist solely for the working people, are now reducing their rates of interest! Why? Because they are able to get less when loaning money? No. Rates are higher and bonds are cheaper today than for some time. The reasons are threefold, namely:

1. Many a mutual savings bank is not being operated solely for the depositors, but also in part for other interests.

2. The average employee and many of the trustees of these banks are men who have little money of their own and have successfully invested very little for themselves. The very fact that a man is unable to invest his own money profitably should be a reason why he is unlikely to make much money for others.

3. As all the profits of these banks must go to the depositors, the officers and trustees often have no great incentive to make more money than is necessary to keep their jobs.

Mind you, I am not criticising the safety of American banks. There are none safer in the world; and this especially applies to the savings banks of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and other states. They, as a class, are exceptionally safe; but they do not earn what they should for their depositors, and they are too cold-blooded and indifferent concerning the working people and the small depositors—for whose benefit they really exist.

Thus hundred-dollar bonds are an economic necessity, because they fulfill one of the requirements needed to offset the higher cost of living—by providing a new field for legitimate investment for the man of moderate means.

That there is such a thing as a hundred-dollar bond has startled many people. To connect the word bond with a sum so small as one hundred dollars seems incongruous, for bonds have usually been associated with men of large means and many thousands of dollars. For this reason the average man has thought that bonds were out of his reach, and therefore has not been interested in them.

It has not been entirely his fault that he has remained ignorant of the best kind of investment, for large banking houses have never approached him with high-class bonds of small denominations. Moreover, as I will show later, they cannot afford to. The hundred-dollar man is familiar with the savings bank, where he may receive a very small return on his money; but he knows nothing about bonds. The small investor seems to me best posted regarding cheap and false stocks—mining and oil stocks and land-promotion schemes.

Good Bonds In Children's Sizes

Last year, according to Post-Office Inspector Sharp, unscrupulous promoters received hundreds of millions of dollars. This entire amount was a total loss to those who yielded to the get-rich-quick schemes. The contributors to these unscrupulous promotions were mainly men of small capital, who drew their earnings from the savings banks believing they would receive twenty-five or fifty per cent from an illusive sure thing.

Before the advent of the hundred-dollar bond the term "small investor" was to a great extent a misnomer; for where could the hundred-dollar man invest his money? Good hundred-dollar bonds have only recently been purchasable in America. Things, however, are changing slightly, and it is now possible for any one to invest his money in the best class of bonds. These hundred-dollar bonds are now issued by large corporations, bear the same relation to the corporations as a thousand-dollar, five-thousand-dollar, or ten-thousand-dollar bond does, and are issued in coupon and registered form, the same as the large denominations.

All United States Government and a large number of municipal bonds can be purchased in hundred-dollar denominations. There are well-known railroad, public-utility and industrial hundred-dollar bonds of corporations, such as the—

*Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company.
*Norfolk & Western Railway Company.
Virginian Railway Company.
*Southern Pacific Railroad Company.
*New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.
*Colorado and Southern Railway Company.
Southern Railway Company.
Erie Railroad Company.
Western Pacific Railway Company.
*Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company.
*Denver Gas and Electric Company.
*American Telephone and Telegraph Company.
Underground Electric Railways Company of London.
American Tobacco Company.
American Typefounders Company.
*General Electric Company.
International Steam-Pump Company.
*Central Leather Company.

The bonds marked with a star yield from four to five per cent or over, and are of corporations familiar to every one. Their prosperity is a matter of actual recorded statistics and not a speculative venture.

MENTOR

Fitted Like an Evening Gown

UNDERWEAR ought to fit.

Mentor Underwear *does* fit. Fit means comfort.

Even your low-neck summer-weight vests and union suits will be comfortable if you get Mentor with the Kantslip shoulder straps—cut so they just *can't* slip.

Buy Mentor and you get more than good fabric, durable underwear—you get new ideas in making—like the Mentor Band Top that makes all Mentor garments fit comfortably around the neck.

Look for the store that has the Mentor Comfort Underwear signs—you can buy safely there.

Any Size, Any Style, Any Weight, Any Price, For Any Member of the Family—in Mentor Comfort Underwear

Useless to Argue Union Suits for Men

That does not [illegible] If the [illegible] style of underwear [illegible]

A Mentor [illegible] Union Suit [illegible] Tailor made, [illegible] Patented Oct. 4th, 1910. The buttons stay on.

Mentor Summerwear, for the man who can't get it light enough, is [illegible] strong absorbent, [illegible] only 4 [illegible] and some of that is buttons.

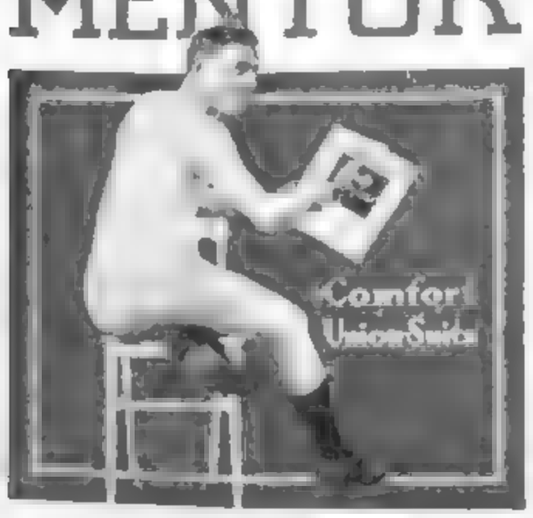
Mentor Zephyrwear is an elastic mesh a little heavier than Summerwear.

Mentor Comfort Suits are [illegible] weights, and all sizes and [illegible] lengths, priced at $1.00 up. [illegible] guaranteed by both maker and [illegible] If you could see them being inspected you would understand why you can't buy a Mentor suit that isn't just right.

If you want real comfort, buy Mentor. If you can't find Mentor, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Mentor Knitting Mills
Mentor, Ohio

MENTOR



Many of these bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange; and though this is not a guarantee of their safety it assures the investor that the bonds have undergone an examination by trained experts before listing and can be readily sold.

A friend of mine in the city of New York, who specializes therein, gives these six fundamental advantages of good hundred-dollar bonds, with which I heartily concur:

1. Not only can a man with a hundred dollars make a conservative investment but he can obtain an investment that can be sold at any time—a most important feature. It is not like a small parcel of land, on which taxes come due only too frequently and that must be held until some one happens along who desires to buy it. There is always a market for good listed hundred-dollar bonds. You simply take them to a broker or bondhouse and receive a check for their market value as soon as the order is executed—usually a matter of a few minutes.

2. There are books published by the banking departments of the leading states showing what the different institutions, such as banks, trust companies and insurance companies, own of standard bonds. Such institutions, as above suggested, are usually very cautious in obtaining the highest degree of safety and stability in their investments. If you are considering the purchase of a bond you can secure from the banking house with which you are dealing a list of the institutions that own part of that issue. You may even write these institutions for their opinion of the bond.

3. Possibly some day you may need a little money and you do not want to sell any of your investments. In such a case your banks will loan you seventy-five to eighty per cent of the market value of these standard hundred-dollar bonds. If you believe conditions might arise when you would need a little cash ask your bank about this before you purchase.

4. In savings banks, if you draw your money out before the end of the quarter or half year, you lose all your interest, while interest accrues on a bond daily—that is, if you purchase a bond today and sell it tomorrow, you receive one day's interest. This, however, should not be resorted to for short periods, as commissions paid would exceed the interest received.

Baby Bonds on Approval

All bonds sell "and interest," and the interest is usually paid semiannually; so, if the interest dates are January and July and you purchase a bond the first of April, you pay the interest from the first of January to the first of April—and on July first you receive the interest accruing for six months, from January to July. Your money is working for you every day.

5. Conservative bonds yield from four to five per cent; and some good bonds may, as a result of special conditions, return more. This is the result of many years' experience of capable financiers. The hundred-dollar man profits by their experience and receives the same income on his money that the owner of many thousands of dollars receives. There are many securities that yield six per cent; but, as a rule, you enter the speculative field when you buy them. Conservative investment and speculative investment have proved themselves to be two vastly different matters.

6. You may arrange for the delivery of the hundred-dollar bond you select through your own bank. You are at liberty to show it to the bank officials, talk it over with them, and if it meets with your mutual approval pay the bank for it; they will then forward the money to the banking house from which you ordered the bond. Thus, if for any reason you doubt whether the bond is to be satisfactory to you, you need not pay for it until it arrives. This method, which is known as sending the bond "draft attached," should allay any fears or doubts concerning the reliability of the banking house selling the bond.

There are many people who find it difficult or inconvenient to accumulate one thousand dollars at a time, but who can easily save one hundred dollars. The hundred-dollar bond is within their reach; and these bonds can be purchased as required—one every three months, one every six months, or one each year. On every payment interest is paid at the rate the bond bears—that is four, five or six per cent, depending upon the bond you select. If at any time the purchaser discovers that he is unable to hold a bond, or if the market advances and the owner wishes to take

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The illustration shown above was painted by the famous artist Boileau, to show the typical Lifebuoy complexion. In colors, it gives you some idea of the glowing, healthy color, the clear, clean skin possible to Lifebuoy users the world over.

This drawing has been beautifully reproduced, in full color, mat finish, without any advertising, for framing, and will be sent, together with two full size 5c cakes of Lifebuoy Soap, to any address on receipt of ten cents, which just covers postage.

Heretofore you have used soap solely because of its power to remove dirt. Lifebuoy does this, and in addition, *it is a constant safeguard.*

The cocoanut oils in Lifebuoy give an agreeable, soft "feel," an abundant lather. You will be delighted with Lifebuoy's wonderfully creamy heavy lather. The pure red palm oils have been famous for centuries for their healing effect.

Keeps your skin so healthy the effect soon shows

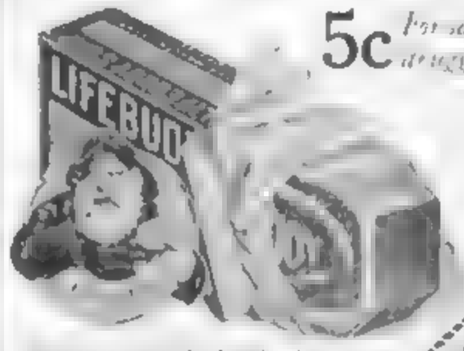
But Lifebuoy's greatest value to you lies in its antiseptic solution, which whitens and purifies. Notice the clean, pure antiseptic odor which Lifebuoy has. This odor, "the clean smell," is the odor of this valuable antiseptic property which gives you the feeling of Protected Cleanliness, the sense of security for which Lifebuoy is noted.

After washing with Lifebuoy Soap, you not only *feel* clean but you *are* clean. Lifebuoy keeps your skin in perfect condition to be natural, normal and absolutely healthy, *makes it thrive.* There is an unmistakable look of cleanliness, of perfect health, which users of Lifebuoy invariably have. There is a typical delightfully wholesome complexion which Lifebuoy is known to produce.

Before you buy any more soap, mail the coupon below. Get this exquisite painting, and let us send you, absolutely free, two big, thick, generous, full-size cakes of Lifebuoy Soap. (The 10c covers the postage only.) *Use just one cake and the Lifebuoy habit has won you.*

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

5c *For sale by grocer and druggist everywhere*



Lifebuoy rescues the health of your skin—that's why it was given the name.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

This Coupon is Valuable

LEVER BROS. CO. [illegible] Name [illegible] State

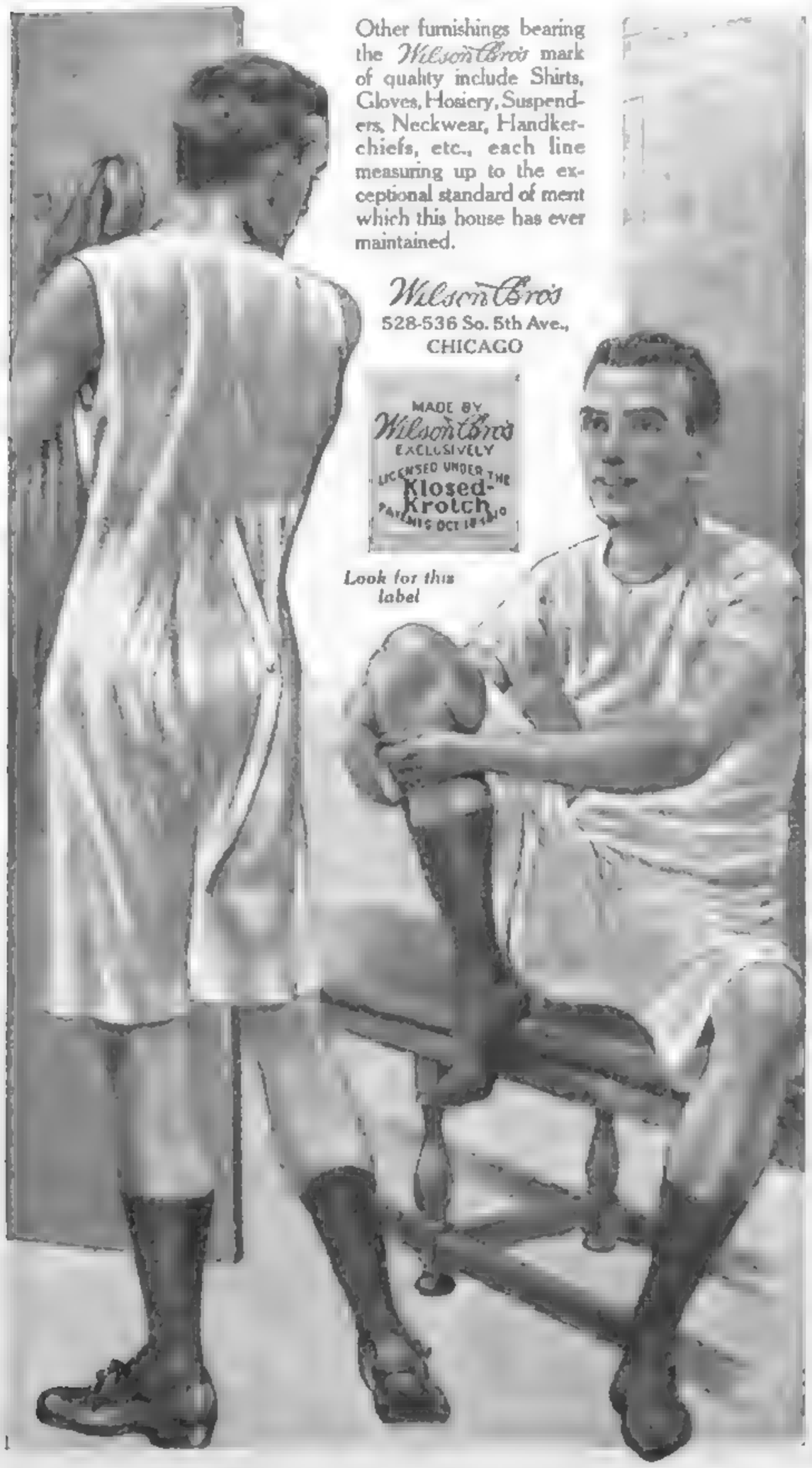
Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

Here is the summer undergarment of absolute comfort. Light, cool, easy-fitting and possessing an exclusive advantage over all other underwear of this style—the most important improvement since the introduction of athletic underwear. The crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. Front and rear openings are separate. No edges or buttons between the legs to bind or cut. Seat flap is buttoned so it can't gap or roll up in folds.

This is the only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Identify it by the label. At your dealer's, or he can secure from us. $1 and up.



Look for this label

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bro's* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard of merit which this house has ever maintained.

Wilson Bro's
528-536 So. 5th Ave.,
CHICAGO

advantage of the increase in value, the bond may be sold and he will receive this enhancement in value.

Another exceedingly valuable feature of the hundred-dollar bond is that it allows the man with five hundred or a thousand dollars to become a diversified investor.

Savings banks pay interest at the rate of three to four per cent, the average last year being 3.56 per cent. It is an interesting fact that five per cent is twenty-five per cent more than four per cent and forty-two per cent more than three and a half per cent. Why should you allow others to invest your money for you when it is now possible for you to purchase the same bond and receive from one to two per cent more?

The following interesting statements have been given to me as the views of a middle-aged man of moderate means, who was approached and requested to give his ideas of the best form of investment for the small investor. When this subject was introduced no mention was made of hundred-dollar bonds. Said he:

"I used to think it took several thousand dollars to buy bonds. It does not. You can buy the same bonds in hundred-dollar denominations—good bonds of standard railroads, first-mortgage underlying bonds of public-utility and industrial corporations; and many of them are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They net me from four and one-half to five and one-half per cent—no repairs to pay; no assessments to meet. I cut my coupons and the bank takes them the same as cash, or I receive my check regularly from my registered bonds; nothing to do, no trouble—just receive my interest twice a year from each bond.

"I have hundred-dollar bonds of several different companies. I do not think it is wise to buy all of one company. I like to spread them round—diversify my investment. Any time I am short I can always sell one. I was a little suspicious of that at first—thought it might be like my real estate; but I had no trouble at all. The bankers bought them back from me without a word. You will never regret buying good, safe, hundred-dollar bonds. Take my advice and do not try to double your money in an enterprise you know nothing about or think you know everything about. Don't be a contributor. Be an investor!"

Bad Baby Bonds

As the popularity of hundred-dollar bonds increases in America, and there is a greater demand for them, the good railroads and corporations will issue many more; and we may conclude that the American nation finally recognizes their extreme importance in delivering the American people from their financial bondage. In many ways America is ahead of Europe, but we have still very much to learn from the Old World. This is especially true in regard to borrowing, loaning and investing money.

In closing I wish to add one word of warning, namely, that since the popularity of hundred-dollar bonds has been increasing, many fake land, mining and other promoting companies have begun to issue hundred-dollar bonds instead of stocks! Therefore insist on first-mortgage or underlying liens of established and successful corporations, which have paid dividends on their stocks for many years.

Also buy from reputable brokers your bank recommends. This is very important. Some brokers advertise the hundred-dollar bonds of good corporations just to get the names of small investors who have money. As soon as you write for a circular they send a salesman to call, or else they write to you stating that "the bonds advertised are all gone," or else advising you to buy something else that "yields more." The fact of the case is that there is not profit enough in good hundred-dollar bonds to make it worth while for the largest bondhouses to bother with them; and certainly they cannot afford to send salesmen about to sell them!

Consequently the salesmen have only safe thousand-dollar bonds—the sale of which gives them ten times the profit the sale of hundred-dollar bonds gives—or else they possess risky hundred-dollar bonds.

In other words the good, and especially the good listed, New York Stock Exchange hundred-dollar bonds show the seller such a very small profit that he cannot afford to send some one to call upon you. Therefore, when some traveling salesman calls with hundred-dollar bonds, look them up very carefully before buying.

...y the Editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica with the ... many of the contributors to that work. Issued 1913.

An Entirely *New* and Altogether *Original* Publication

CONTAINING the latest and most trustworthy information, by authorities, about current progress in all new subjects of investigation ... cancer and consumption ... ship-building or aviation, the newest ... nents in industrial machinery or internal-... engines, most recent advances in ... telegraphy, in agriculture and mining ... naval expansion, the latest developments in ... engineering, power and electricity, ... national politics and current history in all lands ... for example, the Morocco crisis, the Italo-Turkish War, Panama Canal controversy, Titanic disaster, Woman's Suffrage Movement, the Peace Movement, Labor Unrest and Syndicalism, the Revolution in China, the Balkan War, the High Cost of Living, and all other significant events and issues of the day.

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Such a book is absolutely necessary because our modern life is so complex, events crowding upon one another so rapidly as to make it impossible to distinguish what is important from what is inconsequential, to sift the essential and the vital from the vast mass of non-essentials. The Britannica Year-Book sums up and interprets the whole bewildering, kaleidoscopic flow of contemporary knowledge describing, in interesting style, its substantial changes, real advances and essential progress.

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The Year-Book, like the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is world-wide in its sweep, covering not only the march of events, but the physical, economic, political ... social progress of ... Population, Agriculture, Industries, Manufactures, Finance, Commerce, Trade, Communications, Government, Administration, Army, Navy, Education, Religion, Charities, Legislation, Law, Justice, Crime, etc.

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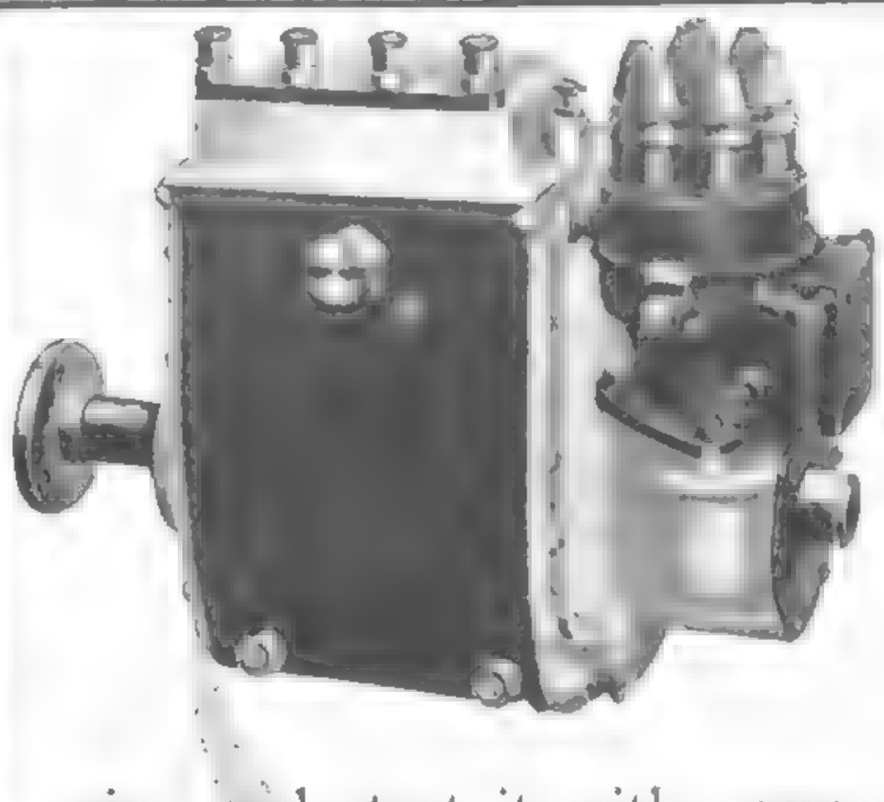


A successful electric starter is more than just a motor and a storage battery—

Get that fact firmly fixed in your mind.

The efficiency of an electric cranking and lighting device depends upon its ability to maintain an even and constant charge in the battery under all sorts of operating conditions.

It is a comparatively simple matter to hitch an electric motor to a gasoline engine and start it with power drawn from a fully charged battery—

It is equally simple to combine with the motor a generator that will force electricity back into the battery and recharge it—under certain conditions—

But—to so regulate the flow of current from the generator to the battery as to maintain approximately a full charge at all times—and never permit an overcharge is a feat that only the highest type of electrical and automobile engineering have been able to accomplish.

If it had been an easy feat the Delco System would have been given to the public two years before it was.

The Delco System

Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

was a finished product before the first Delco equipped car appeared

The experimental work of years was back of it—

Its makers knew that it would do its work not only in show room demonstration, but in day after day and month after month of hard service.

Twelve thousand Delco equipped cars were sold last year—

Over forty thousand are being produced this year—

The superior efficiency of the system has been completely and emphatically demonstrated.

Automobile manufacturers and owners have learned that Delco equipment once put on a car is there to stay—and to give constant, never-failing service—

It cannot be jolted or jarred to pieces.

There is nothing delicate or breakable about it.

It is not complicated or heavy—

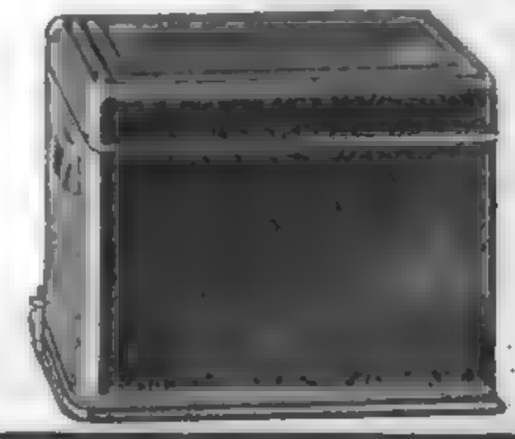
And—most important of all—no matter whether the car be driven much or little, fast or slow, there is always an ample supply of current in the battery—and *never* an overcharge—

Do you wonder that the great Delco factories at Dayton and Chicago are rushed to their fullest capacity—

And that Delco equipped cars are already at a premium?

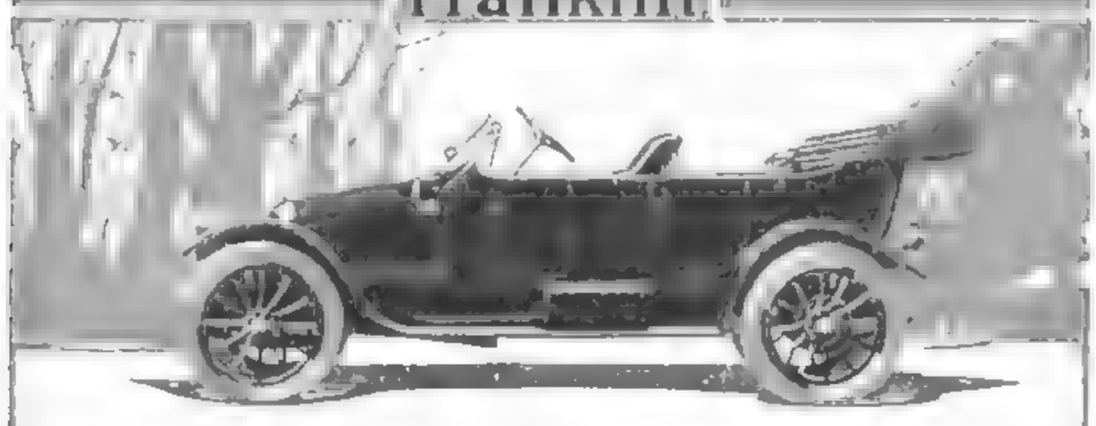
It is a significant fact that every car carrying Delco Equipment for 1913 is already oversold.

If you are interested in electrical starting, lighting and ignition systems write for the Delco book—



The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

Franklin



"Buy a light car"
is the advice of automobile owners.

Weight is the big factor in wearing out tires.

An increase of 5% in weight causes an increase in wear-and-tear on tires of 15%. Thus a car weighing one-third more than the Franklin wears out tires twice as fast.

We go farther than light weight and equip with large tires. Tire trouble is so rare with Franklins that spare tires are not needed. 98% of Franklin owners do not carry extra tires.

Franklin light weight begins with direct air-cooling. By one stroke all the weight of the water and the water circulating system is done away with. Radiator, pipes, water-jackets, pump and fan not only weigh a great deal, but require extra weight throughout to carry them.

Light weight increases ability and decreases fuel consumption.

Much of the comfort experienced in Franklin cars is due to the balanced riding obtained by full-elliptic springs which are the same in front as in the rear.

Balanced riding also saves the car itself. The engine is not pounded and jarred. The front springs give the mechanical parts the same easy riding that is given the body through the rear springs.

The Entz Electric starter on Franklin cars gives a control similar to an electric. The starting switch is left "on" while driving so that the engine, like an electric motor, is always under perfect control. The engine cannot stall.

Ralph Hamlin, of Los Angeles, driving a Franklin Six "38" against a field of high-powered cars, won the Los Angeles-Phoenix desert race. This is the hardest and the longest road race ever run; the hardest possible test for direct air-cooling.

The Chicago-New York record has been held by the Franklin for seven years. The only time this record has been broken was when the Franklin broke its own record in August, 1907, by making the run in 39 hours and 53 minutes. The best cars of Europe and America have tried for this record and failed.

The Franklin is a car that stands up under the most severe service and which gives back its first cost in economy of tires, gasoline and upkeep. It is a car you can afford to run.

Little Six "30," . .	$2900	Four "25," . . .	$2000
Six "38,"	$3600	"18," Runabout, .	$1650

Write for our new catalogue

Franklin Automobile Company
10 Franklin Square Syracuse N Y

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: A little bird—a little bird about the size of a Zeppelin airship—came twittering into this hectic and hectored city the other day with a Wilson-Bryan story; and we all turned twitterers when we heard it. The story got about, for it was told under a strict seal of secrecy, thereby obtaining immediate and general circulation.

I don't know whether the story is true or not—but what's the difference? If it is true it is interesting; and if it isn't, it is doubly so—for, as we say when spinning a yarn, the incidents are founded on fact. Rather, when you come to look at it, the facts are founded on the incidents; and if it is just a bit of gossip the man who gossiped it first after the bird brought it need have no compunctions. The facts are as stated, albeit the application of them may be erroneous.

Anyhow, this is what the bird said: It so fell out that Colonel Bryan and Colonel Harvey, one in the Spanish War and the other on the staff of the Governor of New Jersey—that kind of colonels, I mean—were talking. Naturally they were talking politics. Neither talks anything else, for both are by way of being great political regulators.

Said Mr. Bryan: "There is no doubt about it, colonel. It is quite certain that no man can get along with Mr. Wilson politically—no man of independent thought and action who may be in his Cabinet or in his Administration; for the reason that Mr. Wilson is the greatest autocrat it has ever been my fortune to encounter."

"Ah!" quoth Colonel Harvey.

And suiting the action to the word Colonel Harvey chanced to mention this Bryan verdict next time Colonel Harvey conversed with President Wilson.

"Your words interest me strangely," said President Wilson; "for until this time it had been my personal impression that Colonel Bryan is the greatest autocrat in a political way the country affords."

Now, as I have said, this story may not be true. It is quite possible Colonel Bryan never said this to Colonel Harvey, that Colonel Harvey never said it to President Wilson, and that President Wilson delivered himself of no such sentiments concerning the Peerless Leader. That, as I have remarked, makes no particular difference, for both Bryan and Wilson are right, as events will prove.

If Greek Should Meet Greek

Now that Mr. Bryan has become Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, in a month or two, or three, or six, it will be observed that even if Mr. Bryan didn't say Mr. Wilson is a political autocrat, and even if Mr. Wilson didn't convey the same impression about Mr. Bryan, both will have been proved correct in every detail and a pleasant time will be in prospect.

You may recall that Mr. Bryan put a plank in the Democratic platform at Baltimore last July stating it to be the solemn opinion of the Democrats in convention perspiring that one term is enough for any president; and if you search your memory you will remember that in his speech of acceptance and at all other times and in all other speeches Mr. Wilson treated that proposition with silent and amused contempt. He smiled at it, but he didn't mention it; nor did he give out any statements adopting the theory as his own. He passed it up.

As a passer-up Mr. Wilson is a couple of hundred points above par on a rising market. When he doesn't see fit to mention a thing he refrains from mentioning that thing so completely that his silence about it is positively clamorous. However, there is one thing he did not, has not and will not pass up—and that is the Wilson domination of this Administration. It will be as complete as circumstances will permit, and every circumstance will be complaisant to a generous fare-you-well—or be made so. If you will take the trouble, Jim, to write down the names of those who have appeared as official satellites bobbing round the Wilson sun, and inquire into and check off the list, you will observe—if you have the political prescience I think you have—that none but trusty and trusted Wilson men are on guard, with the possible exception of Mr. Bryan. And if so be that there shall be a Wilson-Bryan clash you will discover that Mr. Wilson will be perfectly able to maintain his end of the bicker.

It is well enough known that when the time came to put the acid test on the men who are now holding positions at the gift of Mr. Wilson—the big appointments already made, for example—the acid was dropped on the Bryan predilections of the men who were being examined into. The chemical reaction that was desired was whether, in the pinch of a political break between Wilson and Bryan, the men Mr. Wilson was testing would side with Mr. Wilson or stick to Mr. Bryan.

Nobody has a clearer understanding than Mr. Wilson of the fact that there are certain elements that will not mix, certain attributes that must clash, and that well-developed specimens of these elements are to be found both in himself and Mr. Bryan—that is, the President expects friction. He is not looking for it. He does not want it. He will try to evade it. But he is getting ready for it; for he knows, as do all others who sense the situation at all, that friction is liable to occur unless Mr. Bryan's entire nature changes—and Mr. Wilson's entire nature also.

However, none but the professional politicians are borrowing trouble on that score. All the rest of us are prepared to act as onlookers in any kind of a ruction that may ensue. And if so be the oncoming months of this new Administration shall witness the complete harmony of these two eminent Democrats there will be plenty of other matters of combative interest to engage our attention.

Economical Republicans

There will be that neat little tussle between the Democratic policy of economy and the Democratic access to the treasury, unimpeded by restraining Congressional opposition majorities at each end of the Capitol, and with the combinations known to all the vaults. Our friends the Democrats, Jim, were the most economical statesmen the world has ever known when the Republicans were doing the appropriating.

Every time Jim Tawney—or Jim Hemenway before him—as chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House, let loose a dollar and a half for any governmental project, Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood and the rest of the Democratic big ones used to get up and view it with as much alarm as there would be in New Jersey if a hostile German fleet appeared off Atlantic City. They wailed and deplored the extravagance—no less than criminal!—these rascally Republican partisans were indulging in, and wept bitterly over the unjust burdens that were being laid upon the people.

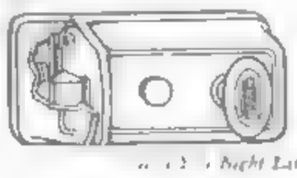
Now it is the Democratic turn to appropriate; and when the sums of the money set aside by the last Congress appeared it was seen that as appropriators, as money-spenders, our former Democratic tightwads were Coal-Oil Johnnies! It is all a question of who holds the purse-strings. The Democrats had been held down for years by the majority Republicans. The Republicans got all the pudding. Then came the shift, and the Democrats who had been so blamed economical before found that economy could be carried to such an excess that it might be termed penuriousness—and they loosened up for themselves, their districts and their political prospects. And they intend to keep on loosening up in a strictly Democratic way.

They admit they yelled Economy! for years and promised it; but that was when they had nothing to spend. Now they have the money—and it isn't their money anyhow! Besides, this is a billion-dollar country. That's the good old axiom they all spring when they want a new hundred-thousand-dollar post-office in some thriving metropolis of the South or West that has about four thousand people in it.

And we continue all up in the air—politically all up in the air—because every day

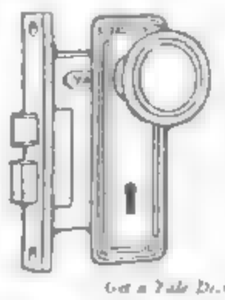
YALE IS THE WORD TO LOOK FOR

When you need for your door greater security than the old lock affords—



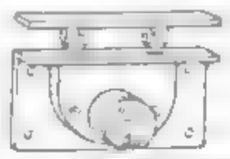
Yale Night Latch

When your door requires what is known as a mortise-lock with knob and plates—where beauty is combined with utility—



Get a Yale Door Lock

When a stout old chest is used to keep safe the keepsakes and heirlooms that cannot be replaced—and a lock is required

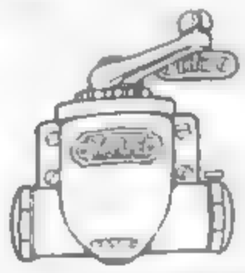


Yale Padlock

When your garage or your [illegible] requires a sturdy padlock to discourage prowlers and loiterers—

Get a Yale Padlock

When you need for a busy door a door check that will shut that door softly but surely and every time—



Get a Yale Door Check

When, in short, you need locks or hardware for any purpose where the workmanship shall be of the best and the security beyond argument, "Yale" is the name word by which you can ask for and get such locks or hardware and this—

YALE

is the way that name word appears.

Our "Book for Builders" [illegible] for it.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 Murray St., New York

President Wilson hands out a new idea; or does a new thing; or smashes a precedent, or wallops a convention—and keeps his own counsel and realizes that it was Woodrow Wilson who was elected president and not any of the advisory boys who have so much counsel on tap; and that it is Woodrow Wilson who will be responsible to the people in the long run—not the puffy patriots who know it all and want to tell all they know—which generally they can do in about four minutes by the watch.

Already I find Democrats who are mourning their loss and getting ready to put flowers on the grave of the Wilson Administration. Every time I meet one of these boys I am reminded of the story Hannis Taylor tells about the United States Supreme Court.

It appears that, back in the days of the great John Marshall, it was the custom of the court to have quiet little dinners on Saturday afternoons, at which there was an incidental bottle or two of good old Medford rum. The grave and austere justices on a few occasions went to the rum rather too avidly and became non-judiciously jingled.

Some remark having arisen—remark that came to the ears of Chief Justice Marshall—the chief justice decreed that these feasts must be rumless—except on rainy Saturday afternoons. If it rained there might be a flagon or two to keep out the damp.

On the first Saturday afternoon after the edict the court gathered for meat, with no rum in sight.

The sky was blue. There wasn't a cloud. The day was bright and fair to a disconcerting degree. After a time at table the chief justice, who had somewhat of a thirst, said to Mr. Justice Story: "Story, please take a look out of the window and observe the state of the weather."

Mr. Justice Story took his observation. He came back and reported: "I regret to say, Mr. Chief Justice, that the sky is as blue as the sky of Naples. There isn't a cloud in sight and not a sign of rain."

"Story," thundered the chief justice, "that is the most superficial and irrelevant opinion I have ever heard you deliver. You have not taken all the evidence into consideration. As the Supreme Court of the United States, we have jurisdiction over our entire country, and it must be raining somewhere. Bring on that rum!"

The Fellows on the Fence

That's what I say to these doleful Democrats: It may be arid here at present, but cheer up, it is raining somewhere! It isn't so bad as it looks.

The mere fact that a President of the United States has determined to do as he wants to do instead of as the members of the I-Can-Put-You-Straight Legion want him to is no sign the country is going to the dogs.

You can hear much criticism, however. They all want a hand at running the game and they are all miffed when they get no hand from Wilson for their suggestions. Still, there are some of them who are lying low. Here and there is a statesman who maintains a fine balance on the fence. Far be it from them to criticise or even to suggest. They are waiting to see the trend of things.

I suppose you have read about the hurly-burly in which the House and Senate adjourned—night sessions and all sorts of fuss and flurry. Jim, there is one thing I can tell you—and that is the lack of ventilation in that Capitol of ours is responsible for most of the messy, ill-digested, half-baked laws that are passed by Congress. After any legislator is in that air for a few hours he loses the power of connected thought. What we need up there is more pure air.

And there was a prophetic scene one day when a big sergeant-at-arms had to take little Murray, of Massachusetts, who was clamoring for his rights up by the speaker's desk, and carry him to his seat. It was merely a premonition, if I may use the word, of what is coming when that next Democratic House, with its topheavy majority, including a hundred absolutely new ones, will furnish in the way of entertainment. If they are wise they will instruct Bob Henry to add the Marquess of Queensberry's rules to the House Rules—for they will need them before the session is over.

Jim, there is blood on the face of the moon! Likewise there is a broad grin on the countenance of that interesting luminary.

Yours, BILL.

Did You Ever Know of Any Child Who Didn't Enjoy

Puffed Grains?

They'll eat them between meals like peanuts, because the grains taste like nuts.

They want them every morning with sugar and cream, or mixed in with their fruit.

And at supper or bedtime they fairly revel in Puffed Wheat or Rice served, like crackers, in a bowl of milk.

And the more they eat, the better.

These are whole grains, with all of the minerals lacking in bolted flour.

All the millions of granules have been blasted to pieces by Prof. Anderson's process.

Never before were whole grains made so easily and wholly digestible.

Serve them any hour—mealtime, between meals or bedtime.

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Inside each grain there have occurred a hundred million explosions—one for every granule.

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Telephone your grocer—now, before you forget it—to send you a package of each.

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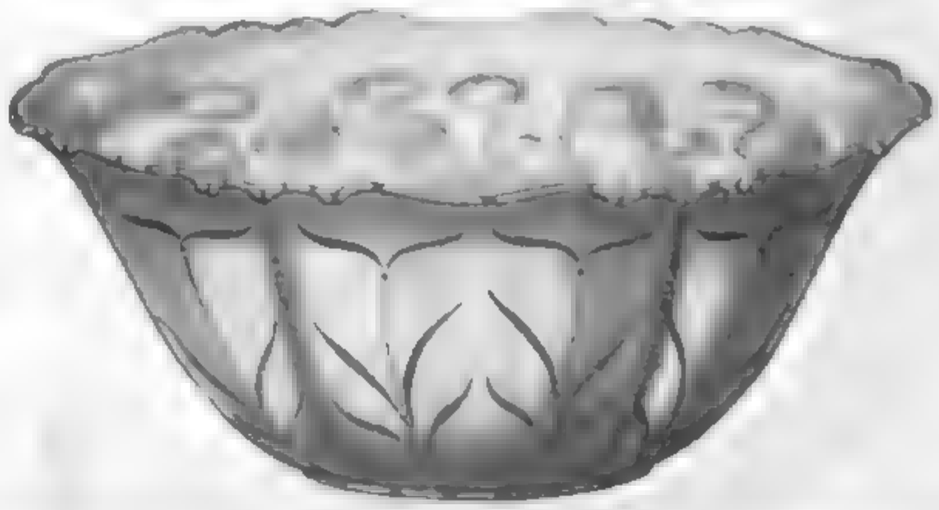

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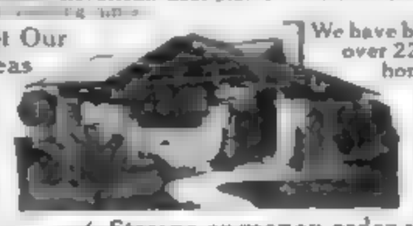

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ENGLISH ACTORS AND THE AMERICAN STAGE

Continued from Page 20

in the London music halls, will not come over here for less than three thousand; Gaby Deslys gets four hundred pounds a week in England, France or Germany, and a thousand pounds here. Right here a word about this much misrepresented young woman: It is claimed she travels on her notoriety. On the contrary Gaby Deslys is winning because she is a hard worker. She is clever, pretty; and she dresses well. Above all things she takes no privileges on the stage. She goes to the theater, puts on her working clothes and pitches in. In this respect, let me suggest, she contrasts strongly with the woman who banks on her looks, who has struck somebody for a million, who is always late for rehearsal, who cannot do this and cannot do that, and is bored to death by everything.

The lower-grade actor of the legitimate in London will hoist his prices at the first overture made him by an American manager. If he gets ten or twelve pounds a week there he wants thirty to come to New York; and he will live just as cheaply in America as he does in England. As a matter of fact he would rather work there for ten pounds than here for thirty. He is London-struck, and there is no struck in the world like it. And why? The actor has his home in London: he loves the life there and he loves the town. But that is not all—he is somebody over there! Everybody wants to meet him. Nothing pleases Londoners more than to entertain well-known stagefolk. They will send their machines and take them miles into the country. Even American actors who go over there and make a hit are loath to come back.

Furthermore the stage in England is regarded as a profession, like that of medicine, the law or civil engineering. The actor is admitted into the best clubs. Stage persons of standing, like Sir George Alexander, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir John Hare and Sir Arthur Pinero, are received in the best society. On occasions like the king's garden party, at which poets, artists and other professionals are present, the stage is always generously represented, which is seldom the case in American representative gatherings.

That is the reason why the English actor—even if he be not a gentleman by birth or made one by the king—can still play the gentleman a lot better than the American actor of the same social position. Entertained at the best houses, moving in drawing rooms among men and women who make social graces a fine art, he studies the best manners and methods, absorbs culture—only the depth of his skin perhaps—and reflects it on the stage. The best he gets from his hosts in high life he uses in his profession. He learns to be gracefully at home among the fashionable and to lounge naturally. If he has not the advantage of a good education he comes to speak correct English through contact with cultured people, and can pronounce a word of three syllables correctly.

How Americans Are Handicapped

The American actor comes from homes of good manners, to be sure. But that English fine art of drawing-room style is a matter of atmosphere. It is characteristically English. In America we are freer and easier in manner—that is characteristically American. So the American actor as a rule does not display the polish and veneer shown by the English player. Nor, with few exceptions, does he attain it for, with the attitude of the more cultured society in this country toward stage people, what show has the actor, however able and willing he may be, to find out how things are conducted by this kind of people? Once he goes on the stage, he is more remote than ever from the atmosphere in which the English player finds it possible to continue to move after his professional début is made.

Again, the vastness of the country compels the American actor constantly to be a bird of passage. He makes no permanent social affiliations. The theatrical clubs he joins are a curse to him. In the taprooms of such places he sits up half the night listening to clever phrases; he loses sight of his profession; he is ambitious to become a star wit rather than a star actor. Accidentally he gets a part that fits him to a T, and he makes a great hit in it. The adulation of club members swells his head. He does not stop to reflect that he is simply playing himself; that he could not do anything else well to save his life; that he is lost unless some writer chances to fit him with another part; and that lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. Instead he gets an exaggerated idea of his own value; some fool manager pays him his price; he is put in a part that tests his versatility—and he comes a fine cropper!

It is the social standing of the actor in England that prompts well-known players to bring up their children to follow in their parents' footsteps. Irving trained his son, and Fred Terry and Beerbohm Tree educated their daughters for the stage; and others, less prominent actors, have done the same. That is why we find generations of actors in England; and it is also the reason why many Englishmen are as much at home on the stage as a duck is in water.

The Love of London

American children, however, are discouraged by their actor parents. A player friend of mine has a boy of twelve who has followed in his father's footsteps to the extent of going to dress rehearsals and reading criticisms of plays in which his father acts. The theater has a decided lure for him; but his mother, a prominent actress, says: "No! Don't go on the stage, my son. I want you to go to college. You will find out from your associates there the esteem in which the stage is held by others. Then make your choice. The theater may lose its lure for you. You may find it less fine than you think—this business of creating amusement for others."

That is the expression of a stage mother; and it is one of the reasons why our stage people are dying out.

Also in this respect our boys are handicapped by their English cousins. One cannot expect a boy from the shop or farm, even though of equal intelligence, to have the subtle something that seems to come down to the actor in the blood. To be sure, we have had great actors; but they were men whose genius overcame lack of training, tradition and environment.

Apart from his love of London, there is another motive that sends the Englishman back home quickly—London forgets! Its public remembers established favorites a trifle longer than we do perhaps; but even their memory for great names is dying out. At any rate they have small thought over there for the fellow who is working for his chance. A man must keep in the swim.

A few years ago I brought a London actor over and paid him three hundred and fifty dollars a week. I found it necessary to extend his engagement beyond April, but he said: "No, my dear sir, I won't stay. I know I get only twenty-five pounds a week in London—but I must go back! I must play the season there!" The season is May, June and July.

The English provincial actor, however, knows nothing of all this. Hence, when he gets over here and begins to make money, and is somebody, he wants to stay. Of the twenty-one persons I brought over here to play in Hindle Wakes and The Drone, sixteen are going to remain with us.

The provincial actor—he who plays the English provinces—is not recognized by the London actor. London stagefolk, true to English class tradition, look down on him. But once he gets by and makes the metropolitan theater, he has a different standing. In some respects English provincial actors do better company or team work than the American, because they have to work from the London model.

As a rule, however, the American is superior to the Englishman in individual work—particularly character. This is because he has a better chance to hold the mirror up to Nature. He is more versatile. The experience of the Englishman is bounded by the West End and the East End—or, at most, by the shores of that "right little, tight little island." The American travels from Maine to California, comes into contact with all nationalities, hears all kinds of dialect, and is more intimately in touch with things. If he is cast

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for a Chinese play he can fall right into the part, or can quite as readily become a Blackhander. The Englishman cannot so easily disguise his nationality under the cloak of the Celestial or the Italian. Only recently we have had ludicrous examples of Englishmen attempting Yankee parts.

The English actor buys his clothes in England and brings them along. Arriving in New York he can enter whole trunkfuls of costumes in bond for a period of six months—without cost—and at the end of that time he can renew the bond for six months more; but the American actor must pay duty on everything he brings in over and above a certain amount. So he is really handicapped by the Britisher—and in his own country at that.

We have now more English actors here than ever. The following may not be a safe criterion, but it is an interesting fact: Mr. George C. Tyler, the producer of Joseph and His Brethren, it is stated in a press notice, counted up the speaking parts of that great play and found he had twenty-four played by English actors; twenty by American; six by German; five by Irish; and one by a Mexican—thirty-six foreigners and twenty Americans—a showing arrived at in the natural course of stage events and not by design.

The reason for all this is not that the American actor is not good, but that he is scarce. The development of native talent has not kept pace with the expansion of the play-producing business in America. With so many new theaters in New York and elsewhere, there are not enough parts to go round.

Other roads lead away from the regular theater. Once the actor makes a hit in the legitimate, he is in demand for vaudeville at prices few producers of regular plays can afford to pay. Also it has become quite the practice for moving-picture film companies to put on famous plays with the actors who have been identified with them. This field has taken a great deal of talent from our legitimate stage—and for a very good reason. I know of a case of one actor of very moderate ability who began to pose for moving pictures three years ago at five dollars a day and is now drawing two hundred and fifty dollars a week. It is a curious coincidence of the economic law that the moving-picture business, which has taken so many good men from the American stage, is about to supply an added impetus to the onrush of English actors into America.

The Craze for the Movies

The movies craze has struck London. That great city has gone positively mad over it. In a short time it will involve some of the large metropolitan theaters. Hammerstein's Opera House has been converted into a moving-picture palace, and a certain man is going to build a theater on Oxford Street, to seat three thousand persons, for this class of entertainment. Many amusing phases have been developed by the craze in that prim old country. No Sunday performances are given anywhere in Great Britain, but the moving-picture men have succeeded in overcoming this hidebound prejudice by devoting part of the receipts to charity. Nevertheless a great cry is going up from the church against this so-called profanation of the Sabbath, and Parliament is apt to mix in the matter at any moment.

Like a prairie fire the craze is sweeping into the provinces, putting out of business a large number of small traveling companies and forcing their members to flee—a few to London and a vast number to the States.

The new demands on the services of the American actor have sent his salary almost to the prohibitive point. An illustration of this is given in the following story: Actor number one, one of the cleverest in New York, says to actor number two: "I have sent my salary up so high that no manager can afford to pay it—and I don't blame them!"

On the other hand few of our most available young men are going on the stage. They read the papers; their minds are filled with heroic figures like Morgan, Cleveland, Hill, Roosevelt, and others, and they have small taste for paint and powder. The contrary is true of our young stage women. If I should send out a call tomorrow for actors sixty men and two hundred women may come in. From the bunch of men there will probably be no more than two possibilities to be selected, while from the two hundred

Who knows what product comes in jars of the above shape? It is a face cream used by several million men and women to gain better, cleaner and more wholesome looks.

The following offer is made to those who agree that good looks bring business and social success, but who have never taken the time to find out what fine looks this face cream will produce.

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women I can pick one hundred and sixty possibilities. Our young actresses come from everywhere and every walk in life millionaires' daughters and washerwomen's daughters! They come with letters of introduction from politicians, priests, ministers, lawyers and Cabinet officers.

The English actor and the English manager are beginning to realize the opportunities afforded by Canada, and an entirely new line of business—geographically speaking—is being established. They can leave London, go straight to Halifax and play that city; then go down to Montreal and along the line, and back to London, without touching the United States. Edward Terry played about twelve weeks to good business up there—and never entered Uncle Sam's territory. The first thing we know there will be eight or ten English companies regularly touring Canada that will never cross the border!

The Strings That Bunty Pulls

The English provincial actor and provincial manager are getting wise to the exploitation of that field. Also, lower down the scale, the "fit-up" companies of England are looking to the invasion of our northern neighbor. The fit-up man in England buys what are called the fit-up rights of plays that have been London successes for five or ten years and are famous the world over. Thus he prolongs the life of a play since, if successful, he can go back to a town year after year. The fit-up man gets his name from his methods of procedure. He carries all his scenery, or fit-up, with him in a wagon and has extraordinary facilities for playing the small towns as well as the cities along the route. He can put up a stage anywhere—in a barn, garage, dining room or church hall.

We have one consolation: England will have to come to us for plays—and that in the near future. For a time, of course, we will import the best London productions, provided they seem to us to have a quality of cosmopolitan appeal. Bunty caught on here as a sheer relief. We were in the deadly doldrums of sameness. We had been bored *ad nauseam* with financial plays, plays of crime, cheap farces and entertainments for children. Bunty was a veritable oasis in the desert! It had in it none of the tiresome types, such as American college youths in white duck trousers, skipping about some king and insulting our intelligence with other impossible stunts. The people who came with Bunty were different—their speech, their clothes.

Another play that came over just as time brought us round to the right point in the cycle was The Whip, which, by the way, is being played entirely by English actors. The old Academy of Music had drifted out; we had not had any big melodramas for a long time; we were just ripe for one—and lo! The Whip! The play is averaging twenty-five thousand dollars a week.

The English are taking to our plays. We have more running in London now than ever before. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford was a success there, and so was Ready Money. Everywoman also was produced in London.

The American dramatist, like the actor, travels everywhere, knows everything. He is marvelously at home in Buenos Aires, St. Petersburg, Singapore, Paris or London. He is broadening constantly, while the London playwright is standing still.

The stage mother now says: "If my boy insists upon the theater as a calling let him study English carefully and become a dramatist." Harvard, Yale and Princeton have recognized the trend toward the drama in the young American mind and have established classes for the study of the play.

After all, it's a fair exchange—and no harm is done to any one.

Champion Bowlegs

THE question of the degree of bowleggedness to be found in various localities was before the house. Tom McNeal won with his candidate, one Cyrus Blunk, who lived in a small Kansas town that Tom used to infest. "Blunk was so bowlegged," said Tom, "that he had to wear his pants to bed in the wintertime, because if he didn't his knees stuck out on each side of the covers and got frost-bitten. When he died they couldn't find a coffin in the state of Kansas that was wide enough for him, so they sawed off a section of a circular watertank and laid him away in that."

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Nothing will bring the smile to her face quicker than the name "Johnston's." She knows that every piece of candy in the box will be one long, perfect delight, delicious to taste, good to remember. There's every kind to choose from, because we make

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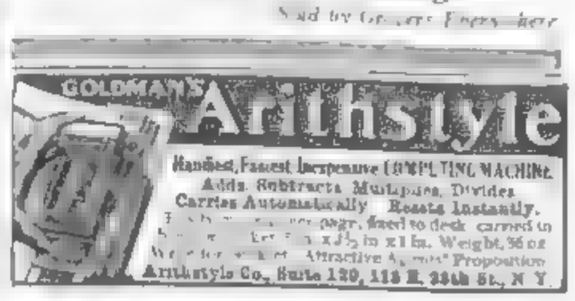

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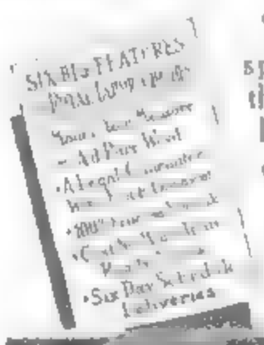

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"Is that good business wisdom?

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"And the clever man is too smart to work against needless drawbacks.

"He wears the best clothes."

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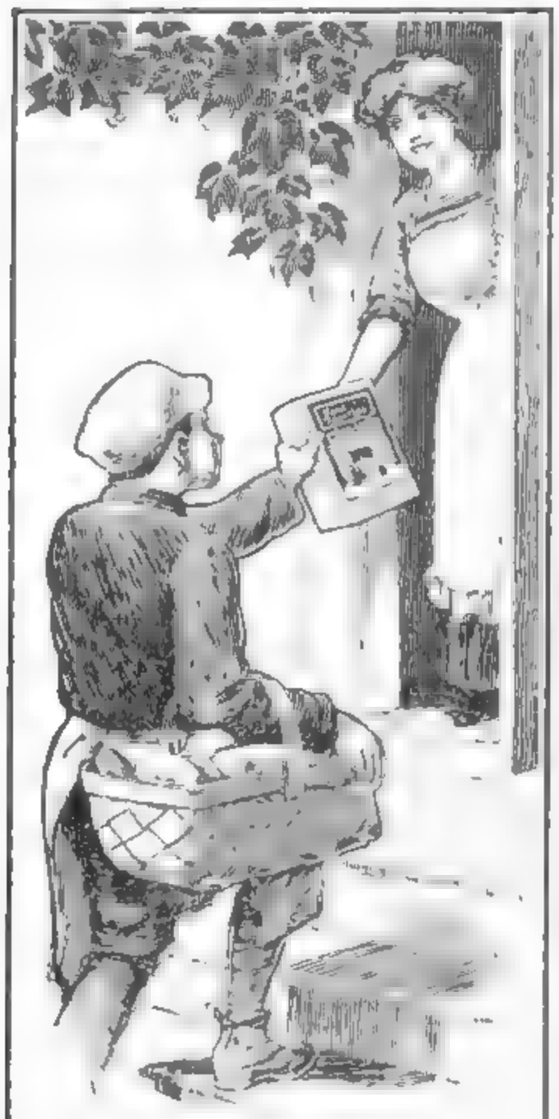

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CLYTIE COMES BACK

(Concluded from Page 17)

"George Langshaw!" "Georgie!" "I saw him only a moment ago in Bourman's yard." "No, he isn't there." "Geor-ge Lang-shaw!" "George! George!"

Finally unearthed from somebody's rear premises, he was haled to the grasp of his father's hand, grown incredibly muddy since dinner, his yellow locks hanging over an encrusted cheek.

"How in the world did you ever get yourself so filthy? Stand up, sir, and kiss your mother goodby. What do you mean by running off like this? Go in the house now and stay there till bedtime."

"Oh, Joe, please don't be cross to him now—please!"

"No, I won't—all right; but hurry up," he admonished her.

George's round face, masculinely sullen and defiant of emotional scenes, emerged from his mother's tearful embrace; his coatsleeve rubbed across the place where her lips had been while his eyes winked unwillingly. Perhaps his father had an inner sympathy with George.

Langshaw lifted his wife into the car, stepping in after her, slammed the door, and they sped with little Mary's sudden piercing shrieks following them:

"I want to go with my mother! I want to go with my mother! I want to go—to go—to go-o-o——"

The ride was a silent one. They bumped and jarred and whizzed along barren roads, stuck fast in the traffic of streets. Night had come on when, after passing through the rows of lamps, they arrived at the big station and ensconced themselves in the white marble waiting room, with its long vistas, in which it seemed that a mere handful of pigmies were scattered. One of them, however, promptly turned out to be Mr. Wilkinson, white-bearded and bright-eyed, a slouch hat over his white hair and a colored porter in tow carrying two enormous bags. Mr. Wilkinson had a kind homeliness in his manner that made everything seem natural and usual and for the best every way.

"Well, we're all here in time," he said congratulatorily. "My wife says I'm so absent-minded she's never sure of me unless she sees me! Now, Mrs. Langshaw, this little trip is going to do you a world of good. The only trouble is that your stay will be too short; you know you'll hardly get out there before you'll find yourself at home again."

"How long before the train starts?" Clytie asked.

"The gates won't be open for twenty minutes yet."

"Then I think you'd better go right home, Joe," Clytie implored her husband anxiously. "The children are all alone with Minna. As long as Mr. Wilkinson is here with the tickets perhaps he'll check my trunk, so that you can go right along. I'd rather, really! Please!"

"Very well," said Langshaw.

Their formal leavetaking, to the public eye, was brief; only he and she knew. Then he had left her.

Kind Mr. Wilkinson kept on talking for a few minutes, though Clytie didn't hear what he said, before he also hurried off—the porter with the bags still following him—to see to her luggage. It gave her an unexpectedly lost feeling to be left, even momently, alone with only the long cloak lying on the seat beside her and her suitcase to show that she actually belonged anywhere.

The station was very, very big and glittering and light; tired little Clytie was a large component part of a home, but here she was an unnoticed atom in the universe. Her thoughts flew desolately back with her husband to the house she had just quitted, filled with her dear ones, and brooded over them.

It began to seem as if Mr. Wilkinson were gone a long time. Perhaps he was having trouble in checking the trunks; but it must be all right; he would undoubtedly be there soon.

If a man were looking after you of course everything must be all right! But still he didn't come—it was getting very strange someway. She leaned forward, searching the oncoming groups with suddenly frightened eyes and beating heart; people stared at her. And still Mr. Wilkinson didn't come! Oh, this was too strange! She rose at last, and her eyes, as she turned, stared in terror at a clock. Was that the time? Why, the train must be long gone! What had happened? No, perhaps he meant to take a later one—and still he did not come!

IV

THE journey home seemed to take but a moment to Langshaw. He made connections; he slept in the train, stumbling out at the right station merely by instinct. But it took a strange effort to insert his key in the lock and enter the house that had been so alive with preparations a few hours before.

Already it wore a strange and almost nauseatingly alien look. A muddy rubber boot of George's lay at the foot of the stairs; his equally muddy overcoat lay on the floor in the library. He went upstairs to see that the sleeping children were all right, and woke the equally sleeping Minna, sitting by Baby. Clytie's dressing table was still in disorder as she had left it; his picture and those of the children were gone; a discarded red wrapper hung over the back of a chair and a worn little red Turkish slipper perched, toe up, on the bed.

Langshaw took off his coat and collar, and putting on his big woolly dressing gown went down to the chilly library. There was no oil in the lamp, but he turned up the gas, thrust a wad of newspapers under a couple of logs on the hearth and touched a match to them, and wheeling a big armchair in front of it sat down with his pipe. His free hour had come at last. He could sit here all night, if he wanted to, and think things out and find some way that in the next few days might make his plans fit in with Henkel's.

Suddenly his eye fell on the dining table, visible through the wide doorway and usually bestowed neatly with a lace centerpiece and fern dish over its mahogany. Now, instead, the white cloth had been left from dinner, pulled untidily, and a couple of dishes remained on it.

If that was the way Minna intended to let things go! The thought lashed him to fury. When was it that little Mary was to take her cough medicine? And how many spoons were there? At the prospect of Mrs. Mulger on the morrow, he began to realize, with a sort of terror, that his mind wasn't free at all; a thousand small, unwonted cares were lurking to invade it. Poor Langshaw felt, with a dull anger, that if a man had to earn a living he couldn't afford to be absorbed by such things; it was in a way an outrage that he should be expected to. The strain of the past weeks was telling on him disastrously, in spite of all his willpower. After repeated efforts the wood on the hearth only sent up sporadic wreaths of smoke. The chill emptiness of the house made its way to the soul. He had insisted on Clytie's going; it was all his doing; but why had she gone? None but the one who is left ever knows what it is to be left. There is a rawness of solitude that invades the spirit that can never be told; in the after-comfort of the beloved presence the words for it are lost.

Langshaw tried in vain to imagine that his wife had just run out for an hour at a neighbor's. She seemed to have taken away a part of him with her—in homely parlance, he felt he wasn't "all there"; his working brain, that he had counted on so much, he saw with fear was dull, sodden, inert, with no helpful promise of being anything more under these conditions. That loudly ticking clock in the hall told him how few minutes had been ticked off from an absence that already seemed endless. Six weeks of this sort of thing! Oh, well, it would be different by tomorrow! Yet as eleven o'clock struck he felt as a man may who has gone blind, or as one who is just imprisoned—a life sentence to be gone through and those first two hours so long!

There is, in the daily married companionship of two people who love each other, an overtone that comes from the harmony of that love, independent of and diviner than the conscious efforts of either. It is the thing that cannot be reckoned on, cannot be formulated, cannot be explained, cannot be compelled. It is there or it is not; whether one is cross or lively, differing or agreeing, it ineffably ennobles and revives and inspires.

All discords melt into it, and without it married life is only a sordid struggle, weighted down with stupid cares and disappointments, as truly dull as it seems to the eye of an outsider. With Clytie's bodily presence this intangible good, that alone made life worth living, had also departed.

Langshaw rose soberly after a while and went on his accustomed rounds, closing up the house. "Thank Heaven," he breathed, "tomorrow will be a working day;" and fancying that he heard some one fumbling with the knob of the front door, strode through the hall and opened it. Clytie, strangely altered, her hat rakishly atilt on her tumbled curls, her dark eyes glowing, stood on the threshold.

"You!" he cried. The sight of her, his touch on her arm, sent such a thrill of delicious surprise and unaccustomedness through both, as though they had been separated for years and intoxicatingly reunited, or as if she were his bride and he her husband of an hour, that they found themselves absurdly laughing and then laughed and laughed increasingly for the sheer foolish happiness of the thing.

But at last they were seated, her hands in his, while she explained:

"I was so scared! I went round, looking. Then I found the porter who had carried Mr. Wilkinson's bags, and he said that Mr. Wilkinson had stopped to talk to another gentleman and after a while had said:

"'Bless my soul, I'm so absent-minded I'll miss that train,' and then he hurried for it and the porter got him aboard just in time. Then I telephoned you twice and they said they couldn't get you."

"I was here all the time," protested Langshaw indignantly.

"Yes, of course, I knew that. Then I met Mr. Stanton, that nice Mr. Stanton you used to know. He'd just come back from somewhere. He wanted to know what you were doing. Well, he carried my bag, put me on the tube, and then I knew I was all right. I had to wait an hour for the last train out here."

"Stanton!" said Langshaw. And then again in a different tone: "*Stanton!*"

Happiness, the illuminator, struck a vivid flash across a suddenly clear and working brain. Well, why not? Why, of course! Not the way Henkel had intended, but —— No need to think of that now; it would keep. Clytie had found his man for him!

"But how about you, dear?" he asked.

"I'm coming to that. You needn't try to send me off again to strangers, for I'm not going," said Clytie. "I've been away miles and years! Do you know, Joe Langshaw, that I cried all night for four nights because you were sending me away? It nearly killed me. You shan't do it again. I'll be good. I won't sweep. I'll rest every day, I will, I will! I always knew I could get strong just as well at home. Well, I am willing now." Her lip trembled, but a smile shone through the dimness in her eyes. "Gracious, has Minna left that tablecloth on? I'll train her tomorrow!" Her voice changed again. "Oh, Joe, I need you so much—say you needed me too!"

"Need a little bit of a wife like you!" said Langshaw with tender scoffing. He rose and took up her wraps. "Do you know what time it is, Mrs. Langshaw? It's half-past one!"

The smoldering logs in the fireplace suddenly shot up a loudly crackling flame. The angel of a sense of humor had slipped into the house with Clytie, unfurling his amethystine wings, all iridescent, sparkling of gold and purple light, until they reached to the ceiling and spread out to the farthest corners of the room, filling all the dark places with little scintillating, dancing gleams. One of them touched Clytie's hair as Langshaw snatched her in his arms.

The Properous Way

TWO Jefferson City negroes care for the lawn round the state capitol of Missouri. Former Governor Hadley heard them discussing the pronunciation of the word "exactly."

They were about to fight, when an old negro came along and offered to act as arbitrator.

"Which am de mos' properous," asked one of the disputants, "de-zackly or dis-zackly?"

"Look heah, yo' black whelps," shouted the old negro, "wha' am yo' edgecation nohow? It hain't de-zackly nor it hain't dis-zackly. It am pu-zackly, that's what."

NOSCO Onion Salt

EVERY good cook, and everybody who likes good things to eat—which seems to include all of us—will welcome and appreciate this entirely new, wholesome, toothsome seasoning.

You know that there's nothing more appetizing than the just-right, delicate onion flavor in a soup or a salad; on a steak or a chop. Until Nosco Onion Salt came, the imparting of this just-right flavor required the cutting of an onion. One small slice might be enough, or perhaps a "rub" of the cut onion around the inside of the salad bowl; the rest of the onion was usually wasted—thrown away.

An important discovery

It's a new thing; a discovery; a means found to get all of the onion you want—the flavor, the indispensable tang which nothing else in the world gives to food—with the digestion-disturbing elements taken out. It is made by a special process of our own invention; carefully selected green onions specially treated and mixed with fine table salt; giving you all the desirable properties of both.

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The National Onion Salt Company
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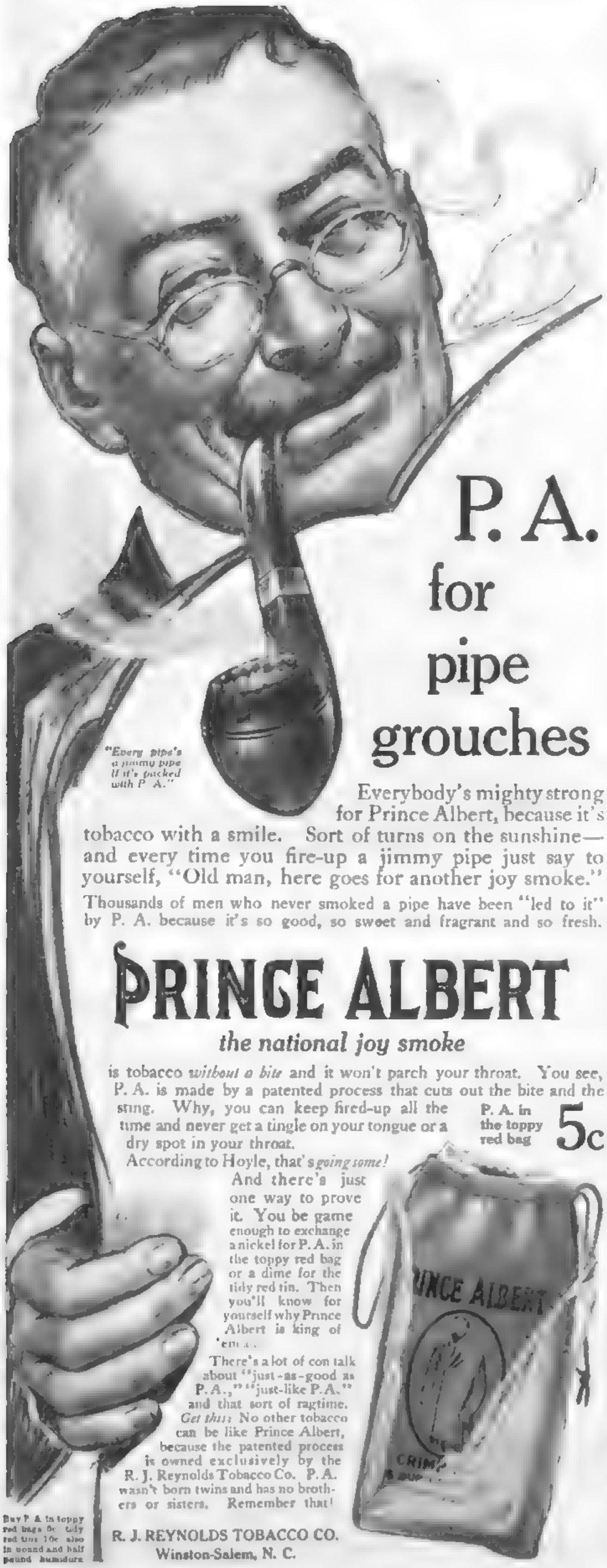
NOSCO



P. A. for pipe grouches

"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."

Everybody's mighty strong for Prince Albert, because it's tobacco with a smile. Sort of turns on the sunshine—and every time you fire-up a jimmy pipe just say to yourself, "Old man, here goes for another joy smoke."

Thousands of men who never smoked a pipe have been "led to it" by P. A. because it's so good, so sweet and fragrant and so fresh.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is tobacco *without a bite* and it won't parch your throat. You see, P. A. is made by a patented process that cuts out the bite and the sting. Why, you can keep fired-up all the time and never get a tingle on your tongue or a dry spot in your throat.

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P. A. in the toppy red bag 5c

And there's just one way to prove it. You be game enough to exchange a nickel for P. A. in the toppy red bag or a dime for the tidy red tin. Then you'll know for yourself why Prince Albert is king of 'em all.

There's a lot of con talk about "just-as-good as P. A.," "just-like P. A." and that sort of ragtime. *Get this:* No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. wasn't born twins and has no brothers or sisters. Remember that!

Buy P. A. in toppy red bags 5c tidy red tins 10c also in pound and half pound humidors

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE MAN WHO BEAT DAN DOLAN

(Continued from Page 10

entirely lost to reason might come in. The one who had booked him for Slammerstein's had not mentioned further time. Must it be four shows a day again for him? Only two persons sympathized with him—the Brothers Hercules, who closed the show in a "strong" act.

"We're playing to the boys in the orchestra, 'cause the audience is all out in the street watching for Dolan to come out!" complained Mike Hercules.

Dolan was still skipping his rope during Alice Paulson's act, and she was enduring it despite her threats. Wednesday matinée the Huh-hah! Huh-hah! sent the audience into such snickerings and cackings that she abruptly left the stage. Her eyes had tears in them! Then the stage manager did reprove Dolan, and the rope-skipping ceased. But as she went to her dressing room Johnny followed.

"That was a rotten shame!" he said huskily. "It wouldn't 'a' happened if you had a man b'longin' to you. I'm a man—an' an' I'll stop it if there's any more! You bet all you got on that!"

"You're ever so good and kind. And thank you!" she said—not like a "legit," and not loftily or proudly.

"No kiddin'—I will!" he said, breathing almost as loudly as Dolan under exertion.

"Then you shall be my knight. I won't forget!" said she. "Goodby!"

He was in a storm of joy. If a woman could speak so softly, look so kindly ——

"I gotta do sumpin to put a punch in my act!" he said fiercely; "an' I will, for her sake! Then—there's no tellin'!" He was in the way when she finished her night turn. There had been no rope-skipping, no chance for him to be chivalrous.

"What would a guy have to do, for you to be friends with him?" he asked.

"Oh, something quite wonderful! Good night!" she said; and her gesture dismissed him.

Curse the decadent times when there was nothing a man could do! He thought of her constantly until the next afternoon. Then:

"How'd you mean—wonderful?" he inquired, and he secretly touched the blue satin of her gown. She wore a fresh one at every show. She laughed. He laughed himself, worriedly.

"Well, slaying a dragon, you know! Or whipping that disgusting prizefighter! I haven't looked at him, but I think he needs it. You must excuse me now."

She shut her door. He leaned down and kissed the knob her hand had turned. She had left the fragrance of her perfume, and he lingered, steeping himself in it. He was in love with a "legit"! He went to his dressing room, and the glass there reflected a pale face under reddish hair; but he was perfectly composed. He had made the resolution of his young career.

"I'm goin' to prove to you I'm there, dear!" he said. "I'm goin' to startle 'em!"

Unwilling hands rolled the carpet down the stage-door steps to Alice Paulson's automobile. Profane lips asked why she did not walk her carpet and go, so that the carpet might be dragged inside with suitable snarls! A scout sent for tidings reported that she was ready, but talking to Dan Dolan and showing excitement; that her gloved hand was on his arm and he had taken the hand—and was still holding it! The stagehands deserted their carpet and marched inside.

The champion of the world was holding Alice Paulson's hand! And she was crying—or seemed to be. Her proud head drooped, and he was smiling wryly as he said:

"I never tried to find you, because I wasn't going to let you run me. I had to get money! And I've been getting it ever since. Eh? Don't ask me about other women, Allie. You haven't any right to; though I didn't waste much time on those I met, if that'll please you. I've seen your act in two or three towns. It's a good act."

"Yes. I was in light opera in London until last fall. I cut adrift from California. But I'm lonesome, Harv!"

"Well, so'm I!" said the champion. He kept on kneading her hand—and hurting it.

"And you made money, Harv? That's something, isn't it? And, after all you used to say about me making money out of my voice, you came to see me today. What made you?"

"I've been seeing you every show."

"How every show? I supposed you were here on a business trip."

Dan Dolan stared at her and said:

"Say, you can't mean Don't you know who I am, Alice?"

"Who you are? What've you done?" she cried, and he felt her fingers clutch his.

Then he smiled and said

"Why, I'm"—he hesitated, shuffling his foot a little and looking at her, first roguishly then fearfully—"I'm the champion heavy weight pugilist of the world, Allie!"

"You—you! You're that—Harvey?"

Yes, I'm that beastly lowbrow! And what's the difference? I'm me just the same! Now you listen to me, my lady: I stood your nonsense once and I quit for good; then in Buffalo I saw you, and I saw I shouldn't have quit; and I got to drinkin'—and drinkin's ruin in the fight game. But I was all in anyway—for championship material, that is. I'd lost my punch; and cleverness ain't enough if a young, strong fighter comes along! I could hardly hold off Flynn last July, and it was luck with Blobbs—he was a dead one himself. I'll salt this vaudeville money away you see, I won't fight and be licked; and I can't beat a good man—and then I'm going back to the ranch. You want to recollect there'll be a lot of enthusiasts making pilgrimages to see the retired champion; but you could hide on those days. We'd better go back together."

"I'd have to think. It's so much worse than being an amateur as you were—so public! I'd have to think."

"You thought too much before."

The stagehands told the doorkeeper he kissed her. And Johnny Trippit was striding through Forty-second Street, seeking a shop where boxing shoes were sold.

He paid a speculator six dollars for a front-row seat, with only the orchestra railing between it and the steps to the stage. He had wanted to wear the finest pink silk tights, but caution made him don a cheap suit of brown wool under his ordinary clothes. His stiff reddish hair was flattened to his head under a black wig that the maker had personally fitted. A little black mustache covered his upper lip. Johnny Trippit was playing a part. Despite the "bar none" announcement, no performer on Slammerstein's bill would have been allowed in the ring the general drudges were arranging. There had not been a genuine opponent for Dolan during the week; for when any appeared the plant reached the stage before a bewildered candidate for honors could.

For five shows Johnny had watched the champion's style, noting how Kid Bullet and the plants spared him, his favorite blows, his carelessness in failing to "cover up," of which they naturally would not take advantage. Bright in his mind was Old Sid's hoarse voice repeating:

"Use your brains! Use your brains! Don't waste a punch. Figger out what you mean to do wid every blow. An' watch him! Watch him! You ain't safe till the bell!"

He had listened to Alice Paulson's singing. Could she not sense her knight's presence as he sat there thrilling and adoring? Evidently not! It was long since he had been one of an audience. Near him men were discussing Dolan's mighty left, his footwork—"Fast for a big fellow."

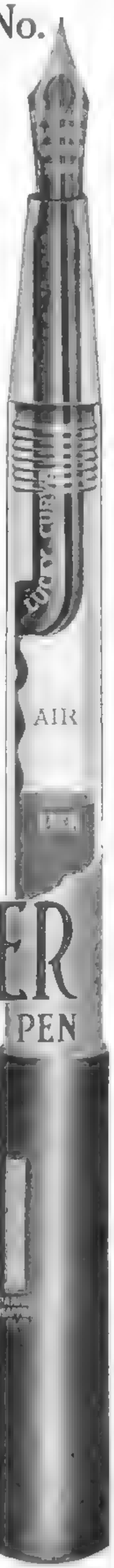
Dolan's manager made the customary announcement and Johnny hurried up the steps. A man in an opposite aisle seat vainly tried to reach them first. Those on the stage scowled their astonishment. The champion and his manager consulted, and William Slammerstein narrowly examined the young man calmly awaiting justice. The house began to rumble and Johnny exulted. Dolan would not dare to bar him when he was so much smaller—the house would not permit him to.

"Well, get busy!" shouted the gallery.

He was accepted! He said, with admirable timidity, that he had on tights and shoes. The champion looked at him curiously, and Johnny felt that Dolan would display a strength and agility he had not troubled to draw upon in the bouts with his plants. Four rounds—twelve minutes! If Johnny could not stay the limit he would be knocked out, and there was an end to it; but he was going to stay, and do more! . . . A doctor tested his heart with a stethoscope; the manager sonorously described him as—

"Sid Powers, of Butte. Weight, one hundred and eighty."

Leak? No. "Sweat"? No. Write? *Yes!*



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And why does this Lucky Curve keep the Parker from leaking? Because it keeps the feed-tube *free of ink* when the pen is turned point up after writing.

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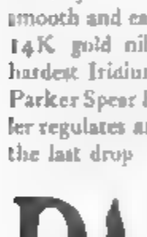

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X Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

He was in the ring talking with his two seconds. One of them was Mike Hercules, hastily impounded by William Stammerstein. Mike's white satin tights were hidden by a green sweater, trousers and slippers. As he worked in "white face" he was made up, his turn coming after the boxing. Johnny's gloves were tied on; he had rubbed his shoes in the resin box; the referee stepped through the ropes. The manager told the boxers and the house there was to be no hitting in clinches, and the men would break at the referee's order.

"Any message for the folks out West, Sid?" yelled a voice.

Johnny, with a start, realized he was Sid!

"If that guy licks Dolan I can make a watch!" taunted a humorist.

A woman in a stage box said, loud enough for Johnny to hear:

"I hope the little man wins, Jack."

The gong clanged; the referee shouted: "Time!"

Each left his corner. They formally touched right gloves and the round commenced before a silent house. Johnny determined to rush the fight. He would have to, for the other's bulk must wear him down. He thought of Old Sid—of Mike Hercules'—who did not recognize him—fierce whisper: "Go for his stomach—hit an' duck! It's all you can do."

He hit and he ducked; and the champion was so jarred that the smile left his face.

"Go after him! Follow him up!" cried Mike Hercules.

Johnny shot a right hook at Dolan, who neatly sidestepped and swung a terrible left-hand blow at the figure dancing nimbly before him.

"Ain't that lad's footwork great?" demanded Mike Hercules.

The Dolanites were fretful.

"Right cross—left hook, Dan—and you got him!" counseled a tense second.

But Johnny's jaw rested on his shoulder—the first trick Old Sid had taught him—and his eyes glared triumph at the baffled champion as he dodged that sledgehammer left hand. From somewhere—did he only fancy it?—a heavy perfume reached Johnny! Was it the goddess come to watch him? Libations to the god of love, that neither drinking, smoking, nor late hours had been his habit! All his stored strength should battle the man who had annoyed her—the man she wanted whipped. A latent fear of the other's prowess, of his great name, that had made Johnny's heart pelt when they touched gloves, fled before a knowledge that was now his. The champion lacked steam! He was breathing even now like a winded dog. Johnny savagely pecked at the vulnerable stomach; the champion sidestepped him; they clinched, the bigger man, with his gorilla reach, pounding his enemy effectually over the kidneys. Johnny, with his head tucked bird-fashion on his shoulder, was gathering his forces.

"Break 'em! No hittin' in clinches!"

"Who says no hittin'?"

"I say so! The kid's got him goin' now, b'lieve me!"

"Dan's quit laughin'!"

These cries spurted from the audience—the majority were quiet, their eyes gleaming, chests rising under their excitement. The referee, who was not a Dolan hireling, was enjoying himself as he yanked the pair out of the restful clinch. A wolf-howl of apprehension, then a portentous silence—Johnny had hurled his right into the champion's pampered midriff and the champion had gone to his knees! The referee began to count; and the heavy perfume came again to Johnny, whose eyes were glittering down at the foe.

"Six—seven eight ——"

"Aw, he's stallin'—he can git up!"

"Nine ——"

Dolan was up and upon Johnny, who blocked his vicious lunges desperately. Again they clinched, and the referee panted in and pried them apart. Johnny's black wig fell off, revealing the red splendor of his own hair. He heard a woman's scream.

"Alice!" he said, and the champion's gaze left him for the merest breath.

Both of them saw Alice Paulson in an entrance, dressed in street clothes, her face ghastly under the floodlight that illuminated their struggle. Every recollected pang of the last six days of humiliation, every hope for his goddess' future favor, sent power to the frightful blow that Johnny drove at Dolan's stomach, unguarded for an instant.

With a grunt the champion collapsed, fell and lay there. Again the referee

(Concluded on Page 44)

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Same without clock and light
Price, $75

Mr. Jones invented the first Speedometer ever used on a motor car. He invented the Taximeter, the Disc Record used on Talking Machines, the Electric Horn for automobiles, the Autolog Recording Speedometer and forty-five other patented articles. The New Jones Speedometer for Modern Cars is his latest achievement, his greatest success, the ultimate in speed indicators.

Mr. Jones is a master of simplicity in mechanical device. And his new Speedometer is his finest example. Here is absolute accuracy in all temperatures, regardless of every outside condition. Guaranteed freedom from any effect due to cars that carry dynamos.

Here's rigid Steadiness, an Unbreakable Shaft, with the Jones Ball-Bearing Improved Swivel Joint. Larger Speed Figures and Mileage Figures. The Most Legible Speed Scale. A Handsomer, easier dial to Read.

In short, here's perfection in speed indication that never has been attained before—precision, steadiness and durability, the result of the ability and the will to surpass everything else ever done in this field.

Don't you want to see the New Jones Speedometer before any other is put on your car?

The World's Final Authority

Jones Precision has gained for Jones Instruments a world-wide reputation. In a 2,000-mile test—lasting 30 days—of 15 different speedometers by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, in which were American and foreign makes, the Jones won first prize on all points by wide margins. The Jones showed no variation and no wear, and was given the club's gold medal. And this club is known in Europe as the final authority on all questions of motor car efficiency.

Temperature Proof

Tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute, and by the United States Bureau of Standards, showed the Jones in competitive tests to be accurate at all temperatures. Write for the records. See what they show.

The result is that motorists—the thousands who know—as well as the Fire and Police Departments of nearly all cities here and abroad, now use the Jones as standard.

Used by 11 Foreign Rulers

These many tests have gained notable converts. The King of England, Emperor of Germany, Czar of Russia, the Kings of Spain, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Italy and Siam use the Jones Speedometer on their private motors. So do the Presidents of Switzerland and France. These men who can buy the best, and have every facility for seeking it out, and who usually test out all leading makes, choose the Jones at last. But thousands are buying without making tests because they know the facts. They take the word of other owners who have tested out the New Jones for them.

After 120,000 Miles

Jones Durability results from simplicity—8-year-old Jones are as accurate now as the day they were sent from the factory. The New Jones will outlast any one of these instruments.

Men are using the original Jones they bought on their fifth and sixth cars today. One Jones, lately testified to by its owner, has traveled 120,000 miles without any adjustment and without any fault. He was putting this instrument on his new car. This Jones outlasted four automobiles. There are thousands of cases like it, but owners expect it and make nothing of it.

BRANCHES

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CLEVELAND, 1845 Euclid Ave
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Though Jones prices aren't low, motor car makers will equip with the New Jones if you state that you want no other. Some makers who do not equip with the Jones use the Jones on their private cars. These makers know the New Jones is a Quality-Instrument and helps gain the prestige they want for their product. We cannot make enough for all. But some of *the pick* of American cars include the New Jones as regular equipment.

The Jones Speedometer is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction

THE JONES
Broadway at 76th Street

SPEEDOMETER

of Modern Construction, the Accuracy of which is Unaffected by Dynamos, Climate, Heat or Cold

The Gyroscope Principle

Not Affected by Dynamos

The New Jones—*the Speedometer of 1913, for 1913 cars*—is entirely unaffected by dynamos, climate, cold or heat. The Gyroscope Principle brings the speed itself up into the speedometer where it is reproduced on a Gyroscope. The speed of the car is simply transferred to it.

The indicating hand connects directly with the gyroscope, and moves as the gyroscope and the car move together.

The resistance of the road to your car is the force that moves both car and gyroscope. Exactly so does the gyroscope move the hand. The speed of the gyroscope is the speed of the car. The hand points to that speed.

Insert a hose in a tank, attach a pump to it and get the pump in action. Water comes up and flows through the spout.

The speed of your car comes up through the Jones cable and through the new Speedometer in almost precisely that manner. The actual speed "flows" through the Jones indicator almost as the water flows out of the spout.

That's all there is to the Gyroscope Principle, invented by Mr. Jones as applied to speed indication. The wonder of it is in its utter simplicity.

An Invariable Force

There is no surer way to indicate speed than to reproduce it. And there's one way to do that accurately—the way it is done in the New Jones Speedometer. An invariable force is thus produced without any lapses, without any bridging, and without any outside forces affecting it. The rest merely means calibrating a dial, a question of simple mathematics.

16 Perfection Tests

Jones Speedometers aren't built in a hurry. From the time parts are cut until the work is finished, six months of work has been put upon it. We put in our time in obtaining accuracy rather than in complicated construction. We imported 12 German machines at a cost of many thousands of dollars, simply to make one part. We finish Jones parts to the accuracy of one ten-thousandth part of an inch. There are thousands of inspections—and each New Jones, in 16 running tests, must agree with a master instrument. That is why the New Jones lasts and stays accurate. That is why it's preferred. Don't you think you prefer it, too?

Don't Make a Mistake

Modern automobile equipment has made the New Jones the wise choice. Sooner or later, men must find this out. And the time to know is now.

Get This Catalog

The Jones catalog has much of interest to tell to the buyers of speedometers, reports of experiments and tests, and other detailed facts. Send for it before you have any speedometer attached to your motor car.

Get These Features

Gyroscope principle unaffected by dynamos, climate, heat or cold.

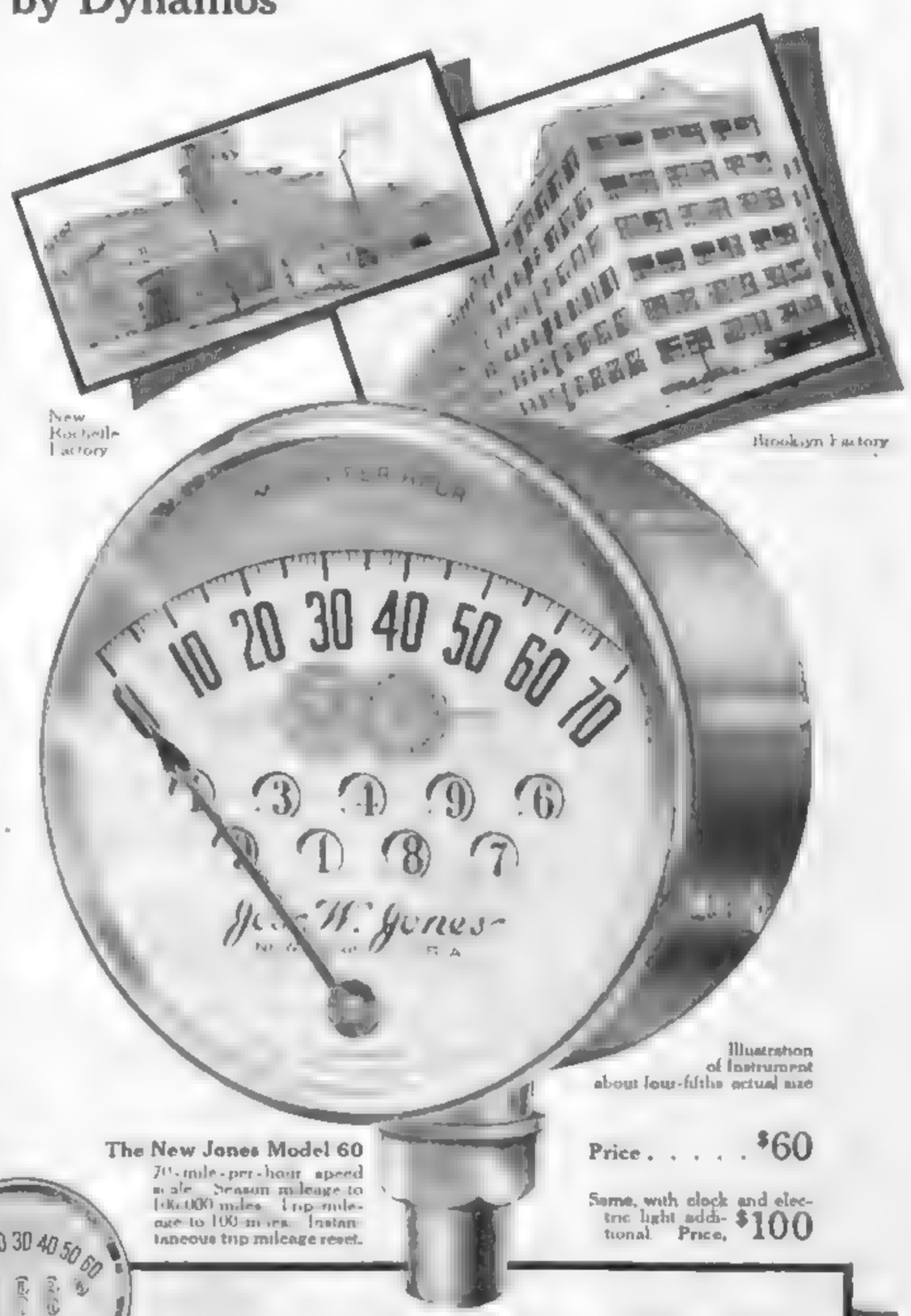
Large, steady pointer indicator, as easy to read in the dark as your watch.

Larger, easy-to-read speed and mileage figures. Most legible speed scale.

Unbreakable shaft with ball-bearing swivel joint.

Instant reset of trip odometer.

Registers forward though car backs.



The New Jones Model 60
70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price $60

Same, with clock and electric light additional. Price, $100

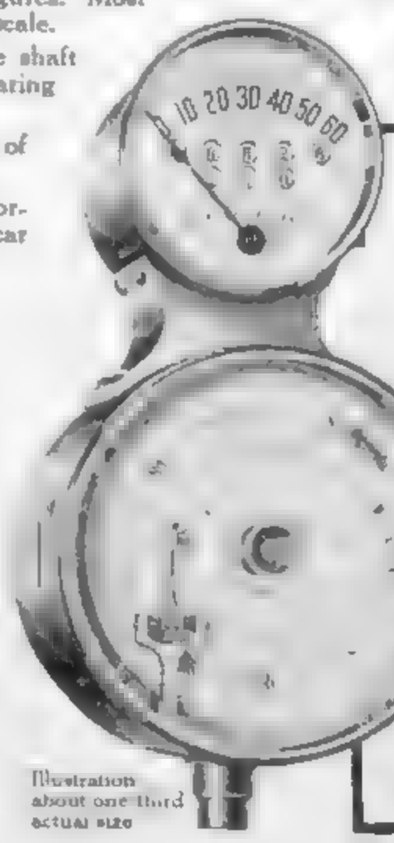


Illustration about one-third actual size

The Jones Autolog

The Recording Speedometer

The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

Your Exchange Opportunity

Write for sample chart, detailed explanation and our exchange proposition by which we make liberal allowance for any make of speedometer in exchange for the Autolog. We'll allow full list price in exchange for any Jones instrument which is new. The Autolog (Recording Speedometer) is the last word in speed indication, the latest invention of Mr. Jones. Chelsea clock movement of the highest quality in combination with 60-mile-per-hour speed scale and odometer. Price of the Autolog complete is $125.

Thousands of cars of the better class carry the New Jones Speedometer. Both in America and Europe it is classed as the highest grade instrument made. The rulers of countries, famous for motor cars, in using the Jones on their private equipages, testify to its unquestioned supremacy.

You can have the New Jones if you state plainly you want it. Any maker will gladly comply if you do.

Service Branch Houses and Agencies in all the principal cities of the world

SPEEDOMETER

NEW YORK CITY

Here's the first lesson in efficiency—

Save your energy

The new science of efficiency is a science of economy. Its first principle is to save energy; to avoid frittering away time and labor on useless effort; to avoid the waste of nervous and physical strain.

The world is growing efficient; to keep step with its progress, you must keep yourself at the tip-top mark of optimism and energy.

When you walk with hard leather heels you waste energy at every step. Every contact between hard heels and hard pavement sends a jar along your spine, the center of the body's nervous mechanism.

No wonder you feel nervous and out of sorts after a day's work; no wonder you have blue streaks and pessimistic spells; no wonder your back aches and your feet hurt.

Save your energy by equipping your shoes with

O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber

O'Sullivan's Heels make walking easy. They are cushions of live rubber (and that means rubber with the spring in it) that take the place of hard leather heels.

They put wings on your feet, and give you an erect bearing and confident step.

They mean a return to Nature, for they make every footfall like a step on soft, springy grass.

They do for the human body what tires do for an automobile; they absorb the shocks and jolts of locomotion.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost fifty cents a pair (attached); their use is an economy, for they last longer than leather heels, and they help to keep shoes in shape. Made in all sizes — for men, women and children.

At Every Shoemaker's 50c a Pair, Attached

(Concluded from Page 41)

counted, the enthralled audience following him aloud or with moving lips.

"Ten!"

The referee held up Johnny's right arm and the noise commenced. Johnny looked at his gloved hand that had stricken Dan Dolan, at the stage, at a furious, sobbing, baby-blue-tighted and green-bathrobed Kid Bullet, and at Mike Hercules in his white face, repeating:

"One round! I didn't know you till the wig fell off, John! I didn't know you! And you knocked him out!"

Johnny saw Alice Paulson coming—to greet her knight, of course—and he rushed through the ropes to her side.

"I done it 'cause you told me to!" he stammered. "So I am your knight, like you said! He's knocked out. I startled 'em, all right!"

"You little—little wretch!" sobbed the goddess. "You—you dared to —— Out of my way, sir!"

The goddess was spurning him—her knight!

"Let her be, Mr. Trippit!" urged the knowing stagehand—not with his aforetime kindly patronage of an act that opened the show, but with obvious respect. "You know they're s'posed to be engaged. I saw him kiss her personally."

He had to lead Johnny away. Mike Hercules, the Great Jones, Mademoiselle Marino, and those Four Singing Widows helped him. The stagehand and Mike Hercules went into his dressing room.

"I wish I'd never been born!" he faltered. "She told me to do it—an' I did!"

Five minutes later a knock roused him. The stagehand opened the door, disclosing Slammerstein the elder—who only treated with the most expensive of headline acts—and William Slammerstein. Behind them the corridor was packed with men. Johnny recognized the agent who had booked him for that week, and who frantically shouted:

"Remember who booked you here!"

"What do they want? I'll get out of the theater soon's I get my stuff," said Johnny anxiously.

"Want? It looks like every booking agent in vaudeville's out there!" said Mike Hercules, awed.

The elder Slammerstein spoke.

"If you'll come to the office I'll make out a contract you can't afford to refuse, Mr. Trippit," said he. "Never mind these fellows. I'll give you twelve weeks right here in New York and Brooklyn, with Newark the only out-of-town date—two weeks at each house—at twenty-five hundred dollars a week."

Johnny Trippit fainted.

The box-office man at Slammerstein's was raking in money.

"They're buying seats ten days ahead!" he said with animation. "It makes a man feel fine!"

Outside a great sign flared steadily. It sa'd:

JOHN TRIPPIT
THE MAN WHO BEAT DAN DOLAN!

Fines and Fines

YEARS ago in Franklin, Kentucky, the farmers, coming in from the country, used to insist on tying their teams to the picket fence round the public square. The horses nibbled the fencing and put the town to much expense; so to break up the habit the town trustees affixed a large placard to the fence with the following warning inscribed thereon:

FINE TO HITCH HERE!

Some weeks later a German tobacco buyer, making contracts for his government, drove into Franklin from a near-by town. He read the sign, but nevertheless tied his horse to the fence. A constable arrested him and took him before a magistrate, and he was assessed ten dollars and costs for violating a town ordinance.

"Vot a rotten language!" said the German as he paid over the amount. "Der sign says: 'Fine to hitch here!' Und I think myself it was fine und I hitch here! Und den it gosts me den dollars! I leave dis goundry!"

And he did.

Hose without holes for the next six months!

$1

GETMOR HOSE

For men

Everybody knows the value of getting for $1 enough fine hose to last six months, especially when they are guaranteed not to tear or wear into holes within that time. Getmor Hose are unique, for they offer you

6 pairs guaranteed 6 months $1

And they offer you fashion [illegible] entire foot-comfort besides. Call at your [illegible] and examine these hose. Their *appearance* will please you and the *feel* of their soft, thin, iron-strong fabric will convince you at once that

You pay less and Getmor

Our knitting and dyeing processes enable us to produce fabric which combines in a wonderful degree *style with strength*. Getmor Hose *look* well, *wear* well, *feel* well, and *cost* the *least*. Six colors; two weights; all sizes

The Getmor $1 Idea

In three grades of guaranteed hose:

$1 for six pairs of fine Getmor Hose in black, tan, navy, slate, wine and helio; *guaranteed six months.*

$1 for four pairs Special Getmor Hose of specially fine lisle in black, tan, navy, slate, wine and helio; *guaranteed four months.*

$1 for three pairs Extra Getmor Hose of mercerized lisle in black, tan, navy, slate, wine and helio; *guaranteed three months.*

All grades of Getmor Hose are made in two weights, Medium and Light. If your dealer does not furnish Getmor, mail us $1, telling the size, the weight, the grade, and the color (solid or assorted) you desire.

Getmor Hosiery Mills
Reading, Pa.

Triangle 5-PLY Collars Preferred

I prefer

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

They express latest style.

THAMES-Madras with *Vertical* self stripes is newest.

15c. Each—2 for 25c. at Dealers or
Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., Troy, New York

The Collars of Quality

Lockstitch Awl sews shoes, harness, rugs, canvas, etc., with lockstitch like sewing machine. 60c each, 2 for $1.00; *Waxed Thread free.* Stamps taken. *Snap for agents.* W. A. MacKenzie 245 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Buy only a shirt that shows this label— *Emery*

It carries an unconditional Guarantee of *correct fit, fast colors* and *good wear*—

A New Shirt for One that Fails.

Over 30 years' progressive shirt-making experience is back of every *Emery* Shirt.

Fast Colors, Pre-shrunk Neckbands, Your own Sleeve Length—in fact, perfect custom fit and comfort in a ready-made shirt at $1.50 up.

Write for The Emery Style Book and Emery Souvenir

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Phila.
Sales offices also: New York Chicago St. Louis

DO YOU KNOW

LOWNEY'S

"Crest"

CHOCOLATES

ONE DOLLAR A POUND

Crest Chocolates are the result of evolution in the art of combining good things to eat and are well worth the price.

They have a new Coating of delicious flavor and just the right chocolate strength with varied new centers especially tempting.

Crest Chocolates are the chocolates to know!

Lowney's "Crest" Assorted Chocolates
Lowney's "Crest" All Fruit, Nut and Hard Centers
Lowney's "Crest" Assorted, All Soft Centers
Lowney's "Crest" Nougatines
Lowney's "Crest" Caramels

Lowney Crest on Every Piece

The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston, Mass.

VERDICT: SUICIDE

(Concluded from Page 7

Ascribe any cause you will for its decay and death, and if you have knowledge of conditions you can trace that cause in its beginning back to some tariff excitant. The tariff made the Republican party and the tariff unmade it. It is of no consequence how minutely you go into reasons; the real reason for what has happened is, first, the tariff; and, second—and so on for scores of succeeding reasons—the outcome of tariff manipulations and the works of the men who were the manipulators.

And now they purpose to revive it—or to try to revive it. And observe their plan! They carried their last convention by a few votes because they adhered to the old method of selecting delegates and of obtaining them; and now they say they intend to allow the states to choose their delegates in any way that suits the fancy of the states; to which the people in the states will say: Thank you for nothing! They say they will do away with the rotten borough system of Southern representation, with the Federal-officeholder-delegate curse; and they are of the opinion that the tariff should be revised by an adequate, scientific, real, non-political tariff commission. Those are the only principles they have.

Mark Hanna used to say there was nothing so dead as a dead man; and if he were alive today he might change the apothegm to run: There is nothing so dead as a dead political party! The official undertakers are rather late with their pulmotor. They were privy to the suicide and they cannot revive themselves. They wrecked their party because they would not heed the very protests they have finally come to regard as mandates. If the Republican party ever does come to life it will not do so because of the efforts at resuscitation made by the men who turned on the gas, but because it will be vitalized by the people who for so many years stood by at the command of the bosses and watched its gradual asphyxiation.

The old crowd cannot do it and they are foolish to try. Moreover it is doubtful whether there is any necessity for it beyond the political necessity of the Bourbons, who have nowhere else to go; and that is not impressive to the bulk of the people. Every political development of the present time shows that the future politics of this country will divide on the lines of radicalism and conservatism. Indeed, the division has come! Before the end of Mr. Wilson's term as president the Democratic party will be so divided openly, as it is, in fact, divided now; and the bulk of the Republican party—or, rather, the old Republican party—is already radical. Then the Bourbons of the Republicans and the Bourbons of the Democrats can flock together; for the plan of getting the breath of life into the Republican party, as it was formerly, is bound to fail.

ON THE UPGRADE

(Continued from Page 12)

saw, loading, and so on; but, what was more important, I learned trees, logs and considerable about lumber.

I froze my fingers and toes more than once; and on one occasion I ran the wrong way when the warning cry, Timber! wailed through the woods. I was caught under the branches of a falling tree and escaped death only because of a hollow in the ground.

I was able that night to respond with the rest of the men to the cheerful sound of the cook's horn; but such occurrences as this gave me an intimate and graphic knowledge of the lumber industry. A mere desk knowledge of any occupation must be narrow. After that accident nobody could fool me about the precise species to which that tree belonged. It was fixed in my mind for all time. Yet I know plenty of lumber clerks today who cannot tell one kind of wood from another, or distinguish grades any better than a lumberjack can tell real whisky from red poison.

I let the poison alone as well as the genuine whisky; and while the whole crew was off on Sunday jags I stayed in camp and studied the products of the woods. One day in February the logging superintendent came along and called to me.

"Get your duds out of the men's shanty," he said, "and come over to the office. That's where you'll bunk hereafter. I want you for clerk."

LONDON-SHRUNK

No Further Shrinking Possible

The mill shrink isn't thorough enough for Kirschbaum clothes; the mill finish isn't fine enough.

We *reshrink* the cloth; and we *refinish* it!—In addition to wool-testing every piece of fabric.

Ours is COLD WATER shrinking; and is scientifically thorough. Every inch of the fabric is evenly wetted and uniformly, naturally and fully shrunk by a process of our own.

The Kirschbaum process is the equal of the best used by custom tailors making suits and overcoats as high as $75.

No cockled edges; no crawling up; no warping, twisting or binding in Kirschbaum clothes. Shape and style stay!

And our refinish produces a richness of fabric—a quality look—greatly adding to a man's satisfaction in his clothes.

Extra expense? Yes! But not to you. We stand the cost—to uphold Kirschbaum Value-Giving leadership, and we look to the volume of our sales for profit.

Ask for Kirschbaum clothes. Look for the Kirschbaum label—your guarantee of all-shrunk, all-wool, hand-tailored clothes.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.

The House With the All-Wool Policy

Philadelphia New York
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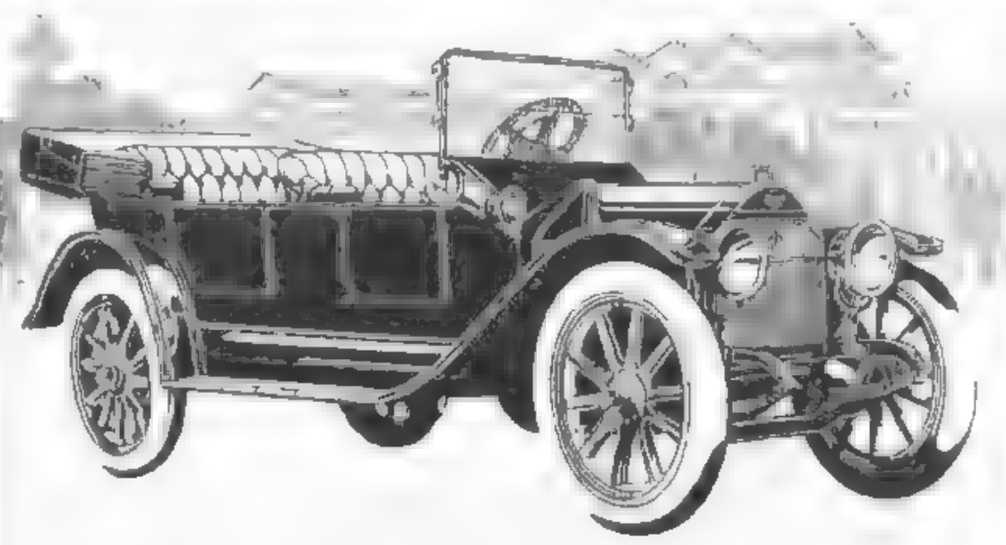
Kirschbaum Clothes

$15 $20 $25

MOON



IF money could buy more artistic designing, better materials or finer workmanship, Moon cars would have them. ¶ The "39" Touring Car illustrated has 116-inch wheel-base, 4x5¾-inch T-head motor of 39 actual brake horsepower, Moon Electric Cranker, electric lights, and every convenience and luxury that ingenuity can devise. ¶ The price, with top, windshield and speedometer, is $1,650.

The Moon "48", a larger, more powerful car, sells for $1,985. Both models are built in all standard open or closed bodies.

Moon Motor Car Co.
Saint Louis
U. S. A.

I do not know that I ever felt more real happiness than I did at that moment—I knew I had earned my promotion and was making good. When the early spring thaws came I returned to Chicago and had another conference with my old comrade.

"You are doing pretty well," he said; "but if you really mean to stick in the lumber game I'd advise you to work during the summer out in the yards. Of course if you really wish an office job I suppose I can fix you up ——"

"I'll go into the yards," I interrupted. The whole scheme of things had come to take on an aspect quite different from that of my first lumber days, years before.

In those days you could not have tied me up to a lumber-yard with a wire cable or binding chain. Whatever calling I tackled I wanted to be the peak on the load like the final log swung by a steam loader to the top of the heap on a car.

Out into the yards I went, and here I had a chance to study lumber even more intimately. I learned something about piling boards, air-drying on sticks, loading out teams, warm rooms, and such things.

One day, while I was up on the second deck of a shed, one of the men shoved a board against me and slid me off neatly. I landed on the head of a horse standing below, and for a minute or two there were lively stunts all round. I was laid up for two weeks—but these happenings were mere incidentals. I was really learning the great lumber industry from the inside.

My family returned to the city and we took a twelve-dollar cottage out in that vast lumber district bordering the South Branch of the Chicago River. The few friends who found their way out there to see us were amazed to find me in the coarse garments of a yardman, with calloused hands and weatherbeaten face. They did not understand it; they lacked my point of vision and they counted me down and out.

As a matter of fact I was just coming into my own!

Starting All Over Again

In the fall I was made foreman of one of the yards at twenty dollars a week. Most of the following summer I spent at the company's sawmills and planing mills. This was a voluntary change on my part, made at the sacrifice of several dollars a week in wages. The company was not engaged in philanthropy and my pay was never more than that of the men who worked with me.

One day in March of the second winter my executive friend sent for me. I found him at his desk in an office building.

"I want to compliment you on your grit," he said. "How would you like to come into this office to work?"

I had gained his viewpoint pretty well and had learned to take such propositions with caution. I did not know whether he was testing me again or whether he really meant to help me. However I followed out my own judgment.

"If it's a step upward," I answered, "I'd like it; but if it's a job that will merely sidetrack me I'd rather stay out where they need practical men—in the yards. I'd prefer waiting for a good job rather than taking a mere empty clerkship."

"I need a good man in the sales department," he told me, "or I shouldn't have sent for you. It's because you have made yourself a practical man that I need you here. We have had too many clerks in this office who didn't know lumber. Now I want you to get into training for the road."

A year later I went out as a traveling salesman; but now I was in a skilled specialty that every young fellow out of a job could not jump into.

On my fortieth birthday—that day of gloom for the man who has failed to concentrate—my wife produced our bank book.

"It's a thousand dollars!" she said.

"Better than that," said I, "is the fact that I've found my niche in life and mean to stay in it."

That was two years ago. Today, as sales manager, I draw five thousand dollars a year—not so bad for six years of concentration on a purpose!

It is an odd fact, too, that I find the lumber business a most absorbing vocation. When a man once puts his very life into his calling he unconsciously trains himself to like it, no matter how much he may have detested it before.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. A new series of business papers, entitled The Fighting Six, will begin in an early number.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Bull

A Style for Every Taste

The satisfaction you get will prove the worth of your investment. For $5.00 you get the best materials—and "Natural Shape" lasts for comfort—in a style to suit your taste.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

Price $5.00
"Imperial" Quality $6.00
Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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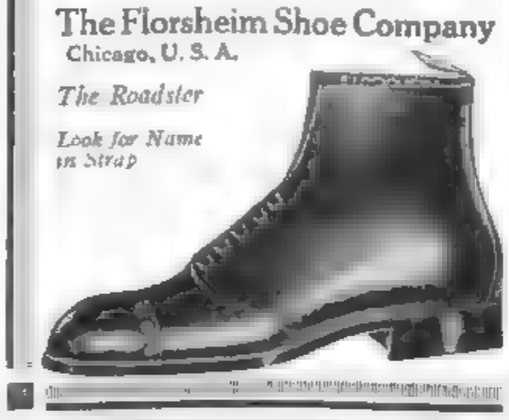

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WRITE SMOOTHEST
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Nothing half so enjoyable as a holiday in the Land of Lakes and Alps. Send for illustrated "Booklet No. 5" with two maps, full [illegible] Railroads, Hotels, Points of Interest.

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TRADE MARK U TI CA

Use UNITED STATES The most remarkable popular-priced non-skid tire yet produced

CHAIN TREADS

LET HIM GIVE YOU A

Real Command of English

It will take only some of your spare moments at home; no repellent grammar-study; each lesson as clear as daylight, and inspiring to the highest degree. Commence now—let Grenville Kleiser (former Yale instructor) teach you through his Mail Course in Practical English, how to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words—
Use the Right Word in the Right Place—
Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, etc.
Become an Engaging Conversationalist—
Enter Good Society—
Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community.

Good English is absolutely necessary to the highest success in life. What material benefit is it to have good ideas if you can not express them adequately—if you can not make others see them as you do?

We will send by mail full particulars of this famous Course. No cost, no obligation to you—but ask for them today, on a post-card.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 714, NEW YORK

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

14 years' successful teaching in Commercial [illegible] Illustrating [illegible] Art [illegible] every corner of the world, filling high salaried positions.
Study at Home or at Our Residence School
Send for Year Book. Artists' Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students.
School of Applied Art, 758 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

Common Carburetor Sense

There is scarcely an automobile owner, or owner to be, (with the possible exception of scientific and technical men) who take the carburetor question seriously enough—that is, from an economical or efficiency standpoint. Few really understand the purpose, necessity or *economy* of proper carburetion. The very men who are continually quoting and quarreling over the present high price of gasoline would probably not be able to name the carburetor on their car. Some do not even know whether it is under the hood or part of the rear system—and they own cars too.

If more attention, careful consideration and serious thought were given the carburetor, itself, and less to the gasoline, *fuel bills would shrink* at an astonishing rate.

You cannot change or alter the supply or gasoline market, but you *can* see that your car is equipped with the carburetor that gets you the most out of gasoline, and makes it go furthest.

The carburetor has become one of the most vital and important things for the buyer to consider in connection with the purchase of a motor car.

The quality of present day gasoline, and its advancing price, makes it imperative that the carburetor be absolutely right to give the maximum of motor efficiency at all speeds, under all climatic conditions, with the utmost economy.

A few years ago, gasoline—of high quality—was twelve cents a gallon. Today it is about twenty-two cents a gallon, and of very low quality. This varies, of course, in different localities, *but the fact remains that the price is up and the quality is down.*

STROMBERG

Carburetors

POWER ECONOMY FLEXIBILITY

The Stromberg Carburetor is probably the most scientifically developed and most highly perfected economy apparatus of the modern automobile.

The Stromberg gets more out of a gallon of gasoline (of any grade).

The Stromberg is designed to meet, with the utmost economy, present day conditions—in any part of the world. It can be adjusted to any climate.

Since the Stromberg has been on the market it has won first honors on practically every score—efficiency, economy, flexibility and staying in adjustment.

The Stromberg is the highest priced carburetor—but its use has always resulted in effecting great economy for the automobile owner.

There are more Strombergs on high-grade cars than any other carburetor.

We are the originators of the easy starting device, which eliminates tickling and flushing and really does make starting easy.

The Stromberg produces the correct mixture for any speed, under all climatic conditions or sudden changes.

The Stromberg is made for any size motor and for any number of cylinders.

The Stromberg will never flood or get out of adjustment.

TYPE "A" STROMBERG is the original Stromberg Carburetor. It is water-jacketed in order to give the highest degree of volatilization. It is so constructed that it gives the most economical mixture on ordinary running speeds and may be opened up immediately for high power work on hills or high speed work on straightaways.

Notice the practical glass float chamber so that you can tell at a glance whether or not there is gasoline in the carburetor.

We are carburetor experts. We have a trained corps of scientific men and engineers who keep pace with the changing conditions in both fuel and design. It is well known in the automobile industry that the Stromberg Company is pre-eminent in this line.

The Stromberg is made in our own thoroughly modern plant in which we make and specialize on carburetors exclusively.

You, who are about to buy a motor car, or you who own a car equipped with a carburetor, which may have been right for conditions when that car was new, can have no possible conception of the added efficiency, sweet running qualities, easy control and economic consumption of gasoline made possible by the installation of a Stromberg carburetor.

Study the specifications of the car you are considering. Look under "Carburetor." See if Stromberg is listed. In most cases it is, but if it isn't, insist on a Stromberg, and see that your request is complied with. It will save you money and time.

It will pay and interest you to read our book "Motor Troubles." It is also instructive and—gratis. Drop us a line and we will mail you a copy.

Stromberg Motor Devices Company

62 East 25th Street, Chicago, Illinois

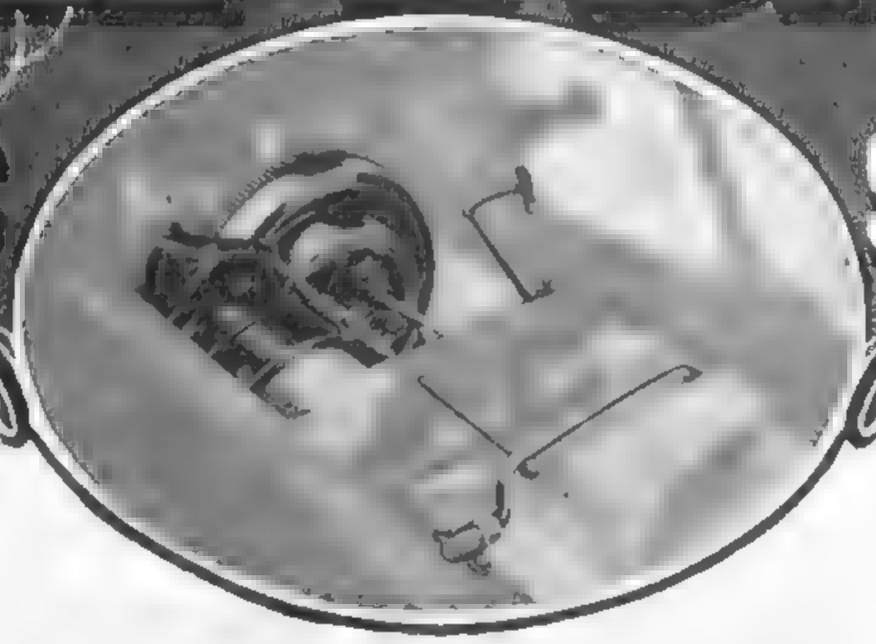
Branches

New York · Boston · Detroit · Indianapolis · Minneapolis

Pacific Coast Distributors: Chandler and Lyon Co., Los Angeles, Portland, Fresno, Spokane, San Francisco, Seattle

Canadian Distributors: Russell Motor Car Company, Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

WHAT CAR MANUFACTURERS SAY ABOUT THE GRAY & DAVIS ELECTRIC STARTER



"Absolutely the best that can be had—a starter that has proven itself 100% efficient in thousands of tests."

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

"Admitted by authoritative engineers to be without a superior."

Lozier Motor Company

"The Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Electric Lighting Dynamo are the best to be had regardless of price."

Pope-Hartford Co.

"The National's policy to use nothing but the BEST, resulted in the adoption of Gray & Davis electric starter and lighting systems."

National Motor Vehicle Co.

"The most noticeable advancement for 1913 season is the adoption of the Gray & Davis Electric Starter."

Velie Motor Vehicle Company

"The Stearns equipment is absolutely complete. It includes Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting system."

The F. B. Stearns Company

"We have installed your electric starter on our Maritime 'Six' with extremely satisfactory results, and are satisfied that we made the wisest choice possible."

The Maritime Motor Car Company, Ltd.

"It appeals to the man who is car wise because it is easily operated and does not complicate ignition."

The Motor Car Mfg. Co.

Read the Opinions of Automobile Experts

Automobile builders and their engineers are experts. They naturally know *more* about automobiles than anyone else and make an exhaustive study of equipment—especially starting devices. It is to your interest to investigate which starter has passed the gruelling tests of the automobile engineers. The statements printed on this page answer the question; they offer the highest possible testimony regarding the efficiency of the Gray & Davis Starter.

Over 40 manufacturers have adopted Gray & Davis products for 1913—concrete evidence of Gray & Davis *quality*. Five great factories are engaged in producing Gray & Davis Electric Starters, Dynamos and Lamps. 17 years of experience and a corps of electrical experts insure the QUALITY and SERVICE of every accessory bearing the name "Gray & Davis."

The 6-Volt Battery

Some starters require an 18-volt battery. Others are extremely complicated. The Gray & Davis 6-volt Electric Starter is simpler than a magneto, has no complicated controls and requires but a 6-volt battery. That's the one big thing to remember—only a 6-volt battery. Consequently, you get utmost economy in operation, and real electrical simplicity.

What This Starter Does

Starts any engine thousands of times in succession. Overcomes "back firing" and poor ignition. Turns the engine fast enough to start instantly on magneto. Will run a car on second speed up a 7% grade. Turns the heaviest type of engine quietly and with ease. Absolutely positive in operation—even in zero weather.

This Starter is not an experiment. It has been tried, proven, tested by actual touring service, by every road laboratory and fatigue test known to the automobile engineer. It is positive, sure, certain. It does *all* that a good Starter should do. Insist yes, *demand*, the Gray & Davis Starter on the car you buy and remember that the Starter is the keystone upon which rests convenience, pleasure, safety and efficiency.

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO FORWARD CATALOG AND FURTHER INFORMATION

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos, Electric Starters

FOOT FIT *for* EVERY FOOT

Fashionable appearance and durability are well enough in a boot, but the *first* thing you should look for is *Perfect Fit.*

You get *all three* in the easy foot-fit Beacon Shoe. And Comfort, Long Wear, Style make a pretty good combination.

BEACON SHOES
—a step— In advance

because they are backed by scientific manufacture and long experience in pleasing people's feet.

Thirty-five hundred dealers! That means your *Beacon* dealer is nearby.

So Beaconize your feet and learn *real* comfort without delay. If a dealer near you has not yet secured the agency, write for catalog.

We send shoes by parcel post, with privilege of returning if not satisfactory.

F. M. HOYT SHOE CO.
Makers
Manchester, New Hampshire

UNION MADE $3 $3.50 $4 FOR MEN

Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Make Money As a Merchant!

WITHOUT capital and through *salesmanship*, not peddling or canvassing, you can go in business for yourself. We are establishing Representatives in every town and village for the JEWEL Vacuum Sweeper.

It is, we believe, the *best and cheapest* hand power vacuum sweeper in the world. Everything about it is explained in our two booklets, "*An Enemy Unseen*" and "*How We Set You Up In Business*."

At once, write for these income-producing booklets and make money in a profitable and permanent business as a responsible and reputable merchant. Sell by address

General Appliance Factory Inc.
1389 Main Street
Marinette, Wis., U. S. A.

12 Handy Tools in 1

Automatic Combination Tool

Lifts or pulls 3 tools, is a wire stretcher and splicer, post and stump puller, vise, claw wrench, cider press, etc. Patented automatic features make it work easier and quicker than a set of eleven tools. Sells at sight. Sold and guaranteed with Agents Wanted. Write today for booklet and exclusive territory.

Automatic Jack Co., Box 58, Bloomfield, Ind.

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

(Continued from Page 19)

Mr. Cawthorne shifted his quid to the larboard cheek and his list to the starboard shoulder.

"Based on amendment seven, article thirteen, section twelve, of the constitution and by-laws of the incorporated city of Bricktown!" recited the introducing alderman, consulting a typewritten copy of the bill on paper remarkably like that used in the mayor's office. "'It shall be unlawful for any corporation or person to transfer a charter granted it by the city of Bricktown, unless permission for such transfer is first obtained from the board of aldermen of the city of Bricktown; and it is hereby further enacted that, in case such charter shall be thus transferred without such sanction of the said board of aldermen of the city of Bricktown, then such illegally transferred charter shall, by virtue of this amendment to the constitution and by-laws of the incorporated city of Bricktown, become automatically, and hereby is, null and void, provided that this nullity and voidance be promulgated by special ordinance, brought in accordance herewith and passed under authority of this amendment, by the then existing board of aldermen of the incorporated city of Bricktown, within sixty days after such illegal transfer!'"

The thin-nosed anti-Birchlandite was the first to recover his breath! He had no conception of what the amendment meant, but he was against it!

"That amendment's a dead letter!" he whanged through his nose, and popped down.

Alderman Lawler popped up.

"No article or amendment of the constitution of Bricktown is a dead letter!" he shouted, and popped down.

Then the broad-nosed anti-Birchlandite popped up.

"It's violated every day!" he boomed, and popped down.

Alderman Krauss popped up.

"Another violation don't make this one legal!" he yelled, and popped down.

"It's a frame-up!" the pug-nosed anti-Birchlandite howled.

"That's a lie!" bellowed Alderman Tinkle.

"Order!" commanded the chair.

"There's an amendment repealing that amendment!" cried the hook-nosed anti-Birchlandite.

"There is not!" declared Cawthorne. "I searched every word of the constitution!"

"It's a frame-up!" howled the pug-nosed one

On the platform the chairman beat his gavel until his arm was tired, and shouted "Order!" until he was hoarse.

"Are you ready for the question?" panted the chair.

Seven tired voices braced themselves and roared "Question!" Four equally tired voices yelled "No!" Alderman Waldubbel sat still.

The majority ruling, the chairman put the question and ordered a vote by roll-call. Seven weary voices answered "Yes" to their names. The thin-nosed man, the broad-nosed man, the pug-nosed man and the hook-nosed man violently voted "No" in their turns. Alderman Waldubbel, who was conveniently last because his name began with a W, kept careful count.

"No," he said when his name was called, and once more enrolled himself solidly with the anti-Birchlandites until he should be needed on the other side.

"The ayes have it—seven to five," announced the gratified chairman. And the will of the sovereign people having thus been expressed through the grave and careful deliberations of its chosen representatives, the Bricktown Consolidated Public Service Company was deprived of all its charters and "forbidden to operate street cars, electric lights or gas in the city of Bricktown after the thirty days' notice served herewith"!

VI

"NO USE, I told you, Toddy," said Jameson coldly. "We're not ready to see you." And he hung up his phone.

Fifteen minutes later little Tom Boles came jauntily into the room and threw a package of documents on the deacon's table.

"The last installment, dear!" he said.

(Continued on Page 52)

Bell Special
SUIT to your order $13.50

What does this saving mean to you?

Would you turn your back on this opportunity to save money on your clothing without having to wear poorer quality? Are you a booster of the high cost of living? If you are not, you are our man. We want to talk to you. We want to send you our new style book that tells about the smartest suits made in the latest New York style, tailored to your individual order, guaranteed to fit and to please you, for $13.50.

Special! Suit Made to Order $13.50

It doesn't matter whether you are wearing higher-priced clothes or not. We believe we can interest you.

We deal direct with you. We have no agents—you get the agent's profits. You cannot buy our clothes in any store. Our catalog and style book is our only salesman. Through this method we have built up the largest direct, mail-order tailoring business in the World. Our values speak for themselves. They are so visibly superior, that nearly 50,000 men send us their clothes orders every season.

We can give you a suit made to measure for $13.50, representing a saving of many dollars, because our method of selling enables us to eliminate all sorts of extras and expenses that we'd have to add to the price of the clothes if we sold by any other system.

You are protected by our sweeping guarantee of satisfaction which says that the garment *must* please you—it *must* fit you—it *must* live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligation to keep it.

When a man sits down with our catalog in front of him, and in spite of the many clothing stores, tailoring shops, and tasloring agents on the spot to make a personal bid for his business, and then sends us his order, you can rest assured that our promise of saving and guaranteed better tailoring is a real, live, proven fact.

Style Book and 72 Samples Free

It explains the Bell System thoroughly, shows you our fashions of the latest New York styles. Displays 72 samples of the newest and finest woolens.

We will also send a simple outfit, with which any member of your family can take your measure as expertly and perfectly as any tailor can. Moreover, we guarantee to fit perfectly from the measurements you send us.

Yes, the Style Book and the whole outfit are absolutely *free*, and sent to you *prepaid*. It will introduce you to the firm that is helping to reduce the high cost of living in many thousands of homes, also furnishing the smartest made-to-measure clothes that can be had.

No matter where you live, no matter what price clothes you are used to wearing, send for our Style Book and samples.

You will thank us for insisting.

The Bell Tailors of New York 113-117 Walker Street NEW YORK

Style Book and 72 Samples FREE

The Bell Tailors, 113-117 Walker St., New York City
Please send me your Spring catalog and samples Free.
M

Used by Every Nation

The above original clippings come from England, Russia, Italy, Austria, Germany, France, Roumania, Holland, Denmark, South America, South Africa, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. They come from wherever automobiles are in use

The Warner Auto-Meter is as popular and prominent in foreign countries as it is in America.

And in America over 90% of all this season's high priced cars will be equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter.

Read the above clippings. These were cut from all of the important and leading foreign automobile publications. They were all taken from current issues.

Here you see Warner conspicuously mentioned and specified in practically every civilized tongue under the sun.

The majority of the world's leading automobile manufacturers have adopted and endorsed the Warner Auto-Meter. All of these big producers are proud of Warner equipment. That is why they mention it in all of their advertising and catalogues.

Warner superiority is conceded all over the world. Warner standing is recognized and understood wherever you find automobiles.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the industry's standard speed and mileage indicator.

The Warner is built on the famous magnetic principle. According to all indications over 85% of all the speedometers made for 1913 will be made on this principle.

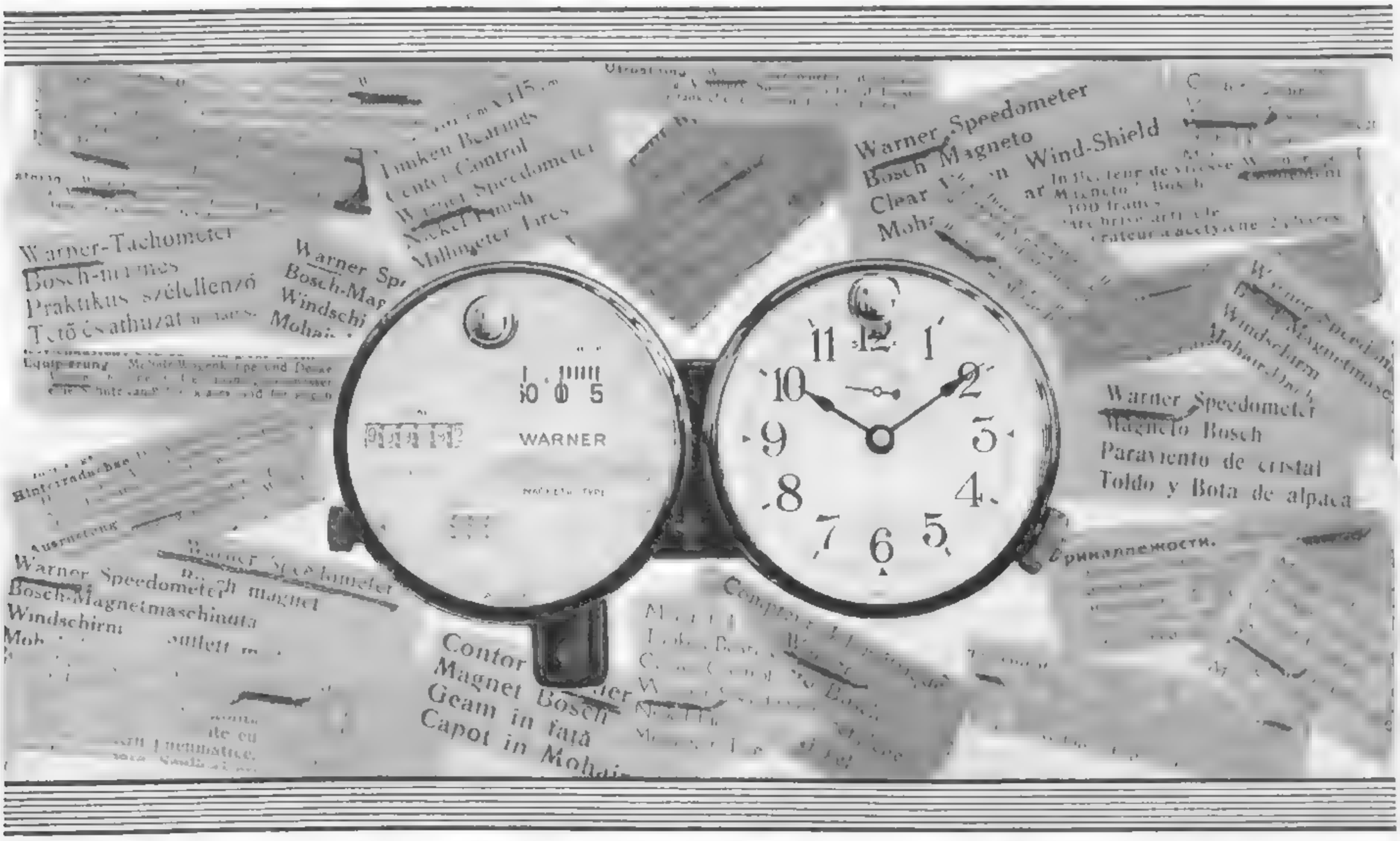
Over 400,000 of this season's cars will be equipped with a magnetic speedometer.

Undoubtedly, there is a Warner on your automobile. You find it on most of the high grade cars made. If there is not, insist on one.

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Beloit, Wisconsin

International Service

Service stations in all the principal cities all over the world



A Royal Triumph

The Warner Auto-Meter's position abroad is matchless, just as its record, recognition and reputation is beyond reproach in this country. Wherever you find automobiles you find Warners giving accurate speed and mileage service

Just as America is leading the world in the production and quality of automobiles, so does the American made Warner Auto-Meter lead the world in speedometer preference, performance, service and reliability.

We have never conducted an active campaign or made any special attempt to invade the European market. This is due to the fact that the larger portion of our entire output has always been consumed by America.

Thus the Warner success on the continent is due, purely, simply and solely to the unapproachable position it has justly gained in America.

Europeans who purchase American made cars (which they do by the ship load) insist on the Warner Auto-Meter just as they insist on a certain magneto, bearings, axles or certain standard steels.

The distinguished European families make it a rule to have their cars Warner equipped. Scores of foreign cars are equipped with Warners by "Royal Command." The list of royal, titled and famous families from all over the world, whose cars are equipped with Warner Auto-Meters, reads like a Blue Book.

Primarily the success of the Warner Auto-Meter is the result of being built on the scientifically correct principle—the magnetic principle. Over 85% of all the speedometers that are to be made this year, will be built on this principle.

Over 90% of all the high priced cars that have standard equipment for 1913 are equipped with Warners.

208 out of 214 automobile manufacturers have selected the magnetic speedometer for their 1913 equipment.

Literature on request.

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Beloit, Wisconsin

International Service

Service stations in all the principal cities all over the world

"It's Varnished with Valspar"

That means it can be washed. It can be kept *clean*. The hot water that would ruin other varnishes only adds brightness to Valspar. New furniture varnished with Valspar will bear in some inconspicuous place a small celluloid label like this:

FINISHED WITH VALENTINE'S VALSPAR The Varnish That Won't Turn White

This label on your new furniture represents sterling quality.

Valspar costs more than other varnishes. A furniture manufacturer who uses it gives you the best varnish,—an indication of excellence throughout.

Tables, chairs, iceboxes, bedsteads, all have a new standard to live up to now. They must be clean, hot-water-and-soap-clean.

Valspar has made this possible.

Your old furniture properly refinished with Valspar will practically never again need refinishing. With different treatments, you may have a bright finish, a rich dull finish, or a beautiful polished finish.

Any good dealer will supply you from stock or get Valspar for you.

Prices—Gallon $4.50, half-gallon $2.25, quart $1.20, pint 60c.

Send for a sample for test and complete catalog.

VALENTINE'S VARNISHES Trade Mark

VALENTINE & COMPANY 458 Fourth Ave., New York City

Chicago, Boston, Toronto, London, Paris, Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Agents for the Pacific Slope

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes FREE

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PATENTS That Protect and Pay Advice, Books and Search of Patent Office Records FREE. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

Use UNITED STATES CHAIN TREADS The most remarkable popular-priced non-skid tire yet produced

SNIDER'S CATSUP Is Delicious.

(Continued from Page 49)

"Get all of them?" inquired the deacon, opening the package.

"Somebody buried six thousand dollars' worth of them in an old coffee-pot, and died," fretted Tom; "for we can't locate those bonds any place."

"I guess we'll be satisfied with what we have," smiled Jameson, reaching for the phone; and he called for the mayor's number. "What did you pay, Tom?"

"Twenty-one," boasted Tom. "I could have had them for nineteen if you'd let me wait another day. Why, deac, these things came from as far east as Hopachock, Maine, and from as far west as San Banana, California! As soon as these bonds heard there were suckers like us in the market, willing to pay real money on a busted security, they wormed their way right through keyholes and out of the ground!"

"Hello, Harry," called Jameson into the phone. "Got 'em! Come right over!" And, hanging up, he called for Milton Toddy.

"You never saw such a scared town in your life!" rattled on Tom, throwing a leg over the back of a chair and leaning on it. "They're trying to trade gas, traction and electric stock for peanuts and chewing gum'"

"Hello, Toddy! This is Jameson," said the deacon. "You may come over now."

"They're wrapping their lunch up in gas stock!" Tom rattled on; but Jameson, being busy with large calculations, calmly opened the door and pushed Tom out into the faro room.

The mayor arrived first and he was beaming with quiet pleasure.

"How much did it cost us, deacon?" he inquired.

"Six hundred and twenty thousand dollars," smiled Jameson.

"For three millions, face value," mused the mayor; "payable as soon as we supply the enthusiasm. That's a pretty fair profit in itself."

"It's only the beginning," promised Jameson, almost purring.

George Jackson opened the door.

"Three gentlemen to see you, boss," announced George.

"Well, name your terms," invited President Toddy, glancing at the collection of bonds on the table. His cherub face was beginning to show signs of maturity.

"As I said in the beginning"—thus Jameson, with decent repression—"we'll arrange your stock-and-bond sale at a commission of twenty per cent."

President Pinch, of the Union Gas Company, took off his glasses and put them on again.

"At least you haven't raised your price," he granted.

"This is a business administration," the mayor told him.

Grabbett sat down at the table and took pencil and paper.

His letter H looked fuzzy.

"We have thirty millions of stock and fifteen millions of bonds in the old companies to be replaced by Consolidated Public Service stock," he stated. "That leaves twenty millions of stock and ten millions of bonds to be sold; and we're not trying to hog any of it."

"You're lucky you don't go to jail," Jameson reminded him.

"What do you think you can get for these securities?" hastily asked Pinch.

"Par for the stock and fifty for the twenty-year bonds."

President Toddy paled and sat down. He was trembling.

"Why, twenty-two was the best we were ever offered for the stock!" he confessed. "Deducting your commission, we'll net twenty millions!"

"That's enough to carry us through!" gasped Pinch. He was an old man and his eyes were watery.

Grabbett looked from Jameson to the mayor with growing incredulity.

"I don't see how you can do it," he puzzled.

Jameson, preparing a private document for them to sign, looked up with a grin.

"Sell 'em to the public."

VII

BRICKTOWN truly loved its business administration and its progressive young mayor! Like a mailed champion of old, that sterling young protector of the poor had rushed into the very maw of monopoly and had dragged forth a priceless gift for his people!

The gigantic consolidated public service corporation, originally formed for private

They do right who do write with SPENCERIAN Steel Pens

For they do write well!

For trial, 12 pens, different patterns, in a metal box on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway, New York

Fire Proof Garage

Absolute protection against Fire, Weather, Thieves

Pruden System Fireproof Portable Buildings

METAL SHELTER CO.

Without an equal for Summer Cottages, Boat Houses, Picture Shows, Warehouses, Stores, Camps, Etc.

No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL. In your own home, then 10 CENTS A DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made until after we send you an EMERSON to try. YOU CAN EARN ONE for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your own town or state who have recently earned an EMERSON without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference—

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The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 118, Woodstock, Ill.

Do Your Printing!

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PATENTS Sixty-five years' experience. Send sketch and short description of your invention. All patents secured by us receive free notice in the *Scientific American*. Handbook free.

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PATENTS to pay must fully protect. FREE booklet Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 52 years, 602 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York. Send for NEW HELPFUL PLAN for Inventors

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PATENTS EXPERIENCED INVENTORS employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Free book and application blank. W. T. James, 501 G Street, Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD

60 page Spring Coin Selling Catalog just out. Free to COLLECTORS only. Buying Coin Catalog, quoting prices I pay, 10 cents.

WM. HESSLEIN, Malley Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

EXTENDED FOLDED Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Faultless
Pajamas and Night Shirts

To us has been given the skill to lift the ordinary night robe out of its "uncultivated" state into a garment of style, comfort and luxury.

This unusual skill has come as a reward for our more than 30 years' endeavor to make sleeping more comfortable and more pleasurable.

The actual goods from our hundreds of styles and fabrics will verify this statement.

Faultless Pajamas give you the widest possible range for selection. Perhaps this is one reason women are also wearing Faultless Pajamas. As a mere suggestion—Silk-like [illegible] or low neck, with or without [illegible] handkerchief pocket. Solid [illegible] White [illegible], tunk, and heliotrope $1.50, $2, $2.50 and [illegible]. Other [illegible] patterns $1.50 up.

Faultless Night Shirts in [illegible], cambric, nainsook, and silk. $1 a garment and up.

There's a "Faultless" dealer near you. If you don't know who he is, write us, and we'll tell you his name and send you the Faultless "Bed-time Book."

E Rosenfeld & Co
Dept. A, Baltimore New York

Makers of "Faultless" Day Shirts with patent No Gap Neck and front button pocket

Tested fabrics

WHITE TAR BAGS

Moth Proof & Dust Proof

No Need To Worry

this summer about protecting your winter [illegible] from moths. Simply put them in White Tar Bags. Then they are absolutely safe from moths and germs, and are ready for instant use. No cleaning or pressing required.

Size	2 for	4 for	Each
24 x 37	$.50	$.65	$.60
30 x 50	.60	.75	.65
30 x 60	.75	1.00	.85
30 x 70	.90	1.25	1.00

At your dealer's or we will send any style and size, all charges prepaid on receipt of price.

THE WHITE TAR CO., 103 John St., New York

SALESMEN WANTED A house of 15 years' successful experience selling exclusively high grade advertising specialties to [illegible] celluloid, metal and paper, including art calendars, [illegible] dates broadly extending its business and invites strictly confidential correspondence with competent men.

AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible [illegible] makes sold or rented anywhere at [illegible] of [illegible] Write [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 34-38 W Lake St., Chicago Ill.

greed and cleverly stopped from gobbling up the city by having its charters taken away, now had its charters restored, but was to belong to the public itself! Why should the rich reap all the tremendous profits of the public utilities that were supported by the people themselves! Why indeed?

That was a beautiful advertising campaign! On all the billboards of Bricktown, in all the street cars and in all the newspapers, were flaming big letters commanding the beholder to:

RIDE IN YOUR OWN STREET CARS!

Into every door were put beautiful picture cards containing staggering statistics about the gross earnings of the gas, electric and street-car companies of the world, though saying nothing of their expenditures! Some of the totals were so large that the dollar mark had to be left off in order to get them on the card. On the opposite side was the command:

COOK WITH YOUR OWN GAS!

At nights the ten most prominent corners in town were illuminated by tremendous blazing signs picked out in red bulbs and green bulbs and blue bulbs and white bulbs—some of them stationary, some blinking and some enlivened with life-like moving figures; and these signs all commanded:

READ BY YOUR OWN ELECTRICITY!

What a whoop and hurrah there was about the golden opportunity! Bricktown went fairly wild over it and many people who did not yet own a player piano, or even an automobile, brought blocks of Bricktown Consolidated Public Service stock home after a visit to the savings bank. No family was considered fashionable, patriotic or provident unless it could exhibit one or more shares; the more shares, the higher one stood in the scale of fashion, patriotism or providence, according to one's ambitions.

To each and every purchaser the Consolidated gave a cute little badge composed of a gas-stove, an electric-light bulb and a street car. This artistic emblem was supposed to be worn as an indication that one had entered the realms of the fashionable, the patriotic and the provident by the purchase of the pretty green-and-red stock certificates. The Consolidated distributed a hundred and twenty pounds of these badges in three weeks, after the craze got going good!

VIII

"WELL, boys, they're putting moth-balls in the savings-bank-vaults," observed Dan Fox, dropping in at Jameson's pretty salon in the Casino.

"Have a drink, Dan," greeted Birchland, touching the button for George Jackson.

"The town should be fairly clean by now, mayor," chuckled Dan, bound to entertain himself. "I see the Consolidated redeemed the bonds you bought up."

"At par," purred Jameson. "Six thousand of that three millions got away from us though. We couldn't locate it."

"Oh, that was my six thousand," stated Dan, puffing languidly at his cigar, but his eyes twinkling and his ruddy skin showing through his silver Vandyke. "That's why I set this business administration on the job."

"Why, you piker!" laughed Jameson. "It took a seventy-five-million-dollar proposition to save your six thousand!"

"Tell me about it," begged Dan, settling himself for an agreeable chat. "What was your bit?"

"Well," figured Jameson, "we kept the ten million dollars of twenty-year, first-mortgage, seven per cent bonds for four millions of our profits; and I guess the company can make enough to pay our interest, though the stock can never declare a nickel of dividends.

"Besides that we cleaned up three millions and a quarter cash. In all, counting the redemption of the old securities and our commission on the sale of the new ones, we dragged down about seven millions and a quarter for the administration."

Old Dan held up an impressive forefinger on which glowed a ruby the size of a cherry.

"Beat it while the beating's good," he seriously advised. "Go South with your split of that seven millions before the public finds it's stung!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.

Protect your furnishings

REMOVE the dirt instead of rubbing it in Collect it—don't distribute it over everything in the room.

It's not the wear so much as the awful accumulation of dirt and dust that so soon makes your rugs, hangings and upholsteries look grimy and positively old.

The Duntley is the cleaner that draws all the dirt up and out through the fabric. No mere suction sweeper, with fan or blower—but a positive vacuum pump.

No matter what other method you've used, you will be astonished to see how the Duntley brightens and freshens furnishings you think are clean.

The Duntley cleans and protects 35,000 of the finest homes in America; such homes as these—**August Belmont, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mme. Nordica, C. K. G. Billings and Mrs. Harold McCormick.**

Test the Duntley yourself in your own home. Settle the vacuum cleaner question now and settle it right. Write today for booklet and address of nearest dealer.

Duntley PNEUMATIC CLEANER

Universal motor—alternating or direct current without change

DUNTLEY PRODUCTS CO., 1210 Cranberry Street, Erie, Pa.

NEW YORK—220 Fifth Ave., Vacuum Cleaner Maintenance Company
CHICAGO—400 North American Building, Duntley Products Company
PHILADELPHIA—[illegible] Arcade, Duntley Products Company
[illegible]—[illegible] Sectional Building, Duntley Products Company
ST. LOUIS—1653 Locust St., Conley Supply Company
PITTSBURGH—418 Wood Street, Union [illegible]
[illegible]—[illegible] Court Street, Robertson [illegible]
[illegible]—[illegible] Sutter St., [illegible] Company
INDIANAPOLIS—L. S. Ayres & Company
[illegible]—[illegible] Bank Bldg., [illegible] Company
[illegible]—414 Mont St., Bradley Vacuum Cleaner Agency
[illegible]—[illegible] Wheeler Building, [illegible]
[illegible]—[illegible] Bank Bldg., [illegible]
[illegible]—[illegible] Main St., [illegible]
[illegible]—[illegible] Duntley Stores

Responsible agents wanted in unassigned territory

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

Cold Sweat vs. *Cold Steel*

SOME night, in the middle of the night, you will know to a certainty that a burglar is around. You will hear him moving. You will be wide awake—chill in your scalp—cold trickling sweat.

In a flash you will know that if the burglar finds no loot he will find *you*. He means business. You have to think quickly and *act*.

The man or woman whose fingers close upon a Savage Automatic knows he can rely on *instinct* to shoot straight in the dark. As surely as he can point his index finger, just so surely he knows he can put ten paralyzing bullets where he wants them.

Even the timid woman who fears firearms forgets to fear the Savage, for she knows every chance is in her favor. Faith in cold steel and Savage quickness makes the "pointer" of a Savage master of the situation.

If she has to face a burglar tonight give her the gun that makes an untrained novice shoot like an expert, the Savage Automatic, that shoots 10 shots, one to a trigger pull, as fast or as slowly as you please—the gun that shoots straight in the dark.

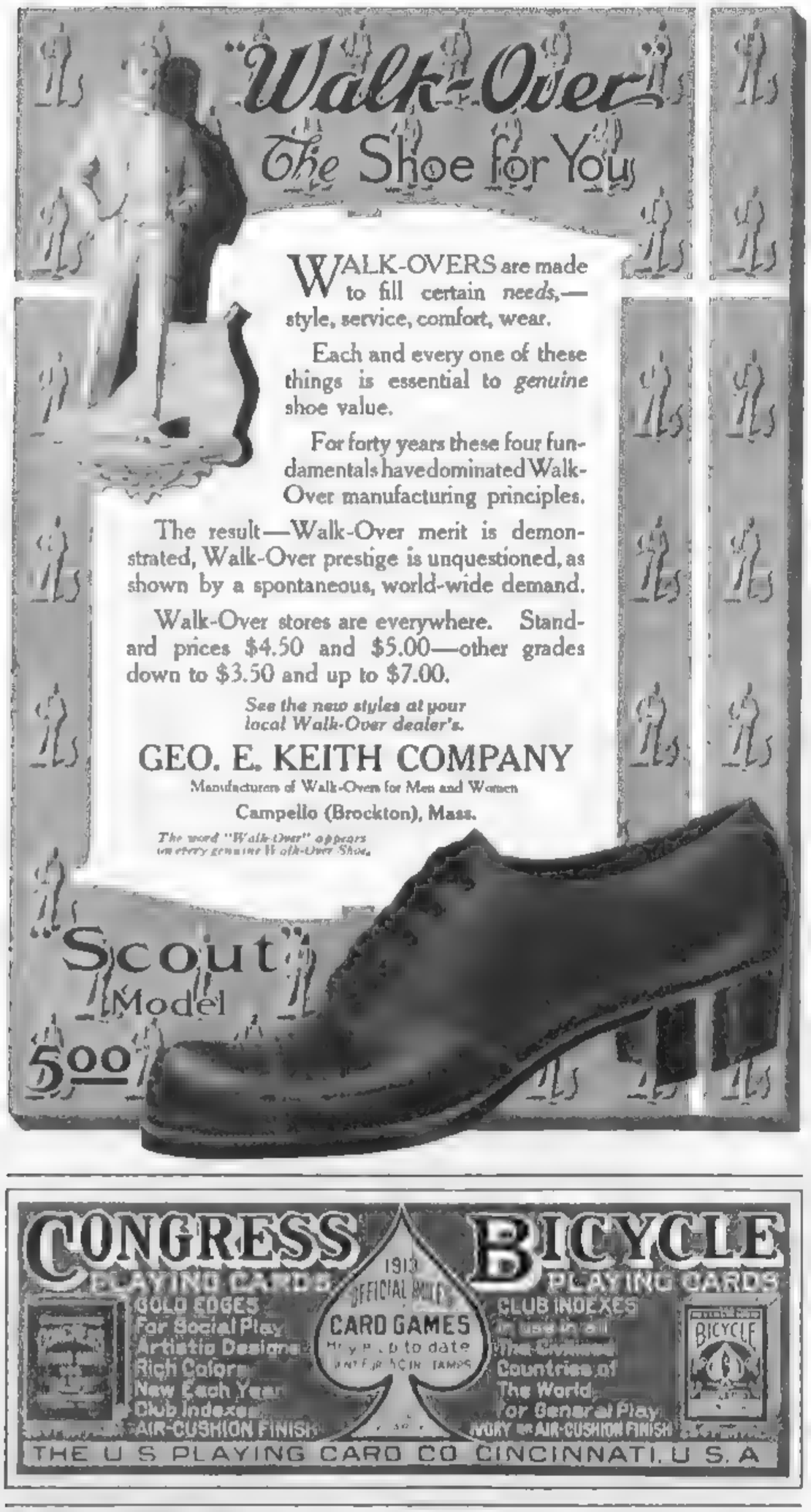
Send us 6 cents in stamps for the advice of famous detectives and police authorities on how to handle the burglar in your home with the Savage Automatic.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 73 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

Makers of the "IMP," the Most Talked of Gun in America

The remarkable 22 Savage high power rifle that shoots cartridges of high concentration with Savage efficiency. Write us today for information about the "IMP." Post yourself.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC


"Walk-Over"
The Shoe for You
WALK-OVERS are made to fill certain needs,—style, service, comfort, wear.
Each and every one of these things is essential to genuine shoe value.
For forty years these four fundamentals have dominated Walk-Over manufacturing principles.
The result—Walk-Over merit is demonstrated, Walk-Over prestige is unquestioned, as shown by a spontaneous, world-wide demand.
Walk-Over stores are everywhere. Standard prices $4.50 and $5.00—other grades down to $3.50 and up to $7.00.
See the new styles at your local Walk-Over dealer's.
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women
Campello (Brockton), Mass.
The word "Walk-Over" appears on every genuine Walk-Over Shoe.
"Scout" Model
5.00

Beauty of color is maintained and economy secured by paint made of Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil.
Write for "Painting Helps 13" and Catalog of 100 beautiful stencils for walls.
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York Boston Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland
San Francisco St. Louis (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)

AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

(Continued from Page 5)

to us—as Richardson told you—we couldn't go as your guests. You believe in always keeping business matters separate from—from social things, don't you?"

Sinnott looked abashed, murmured "See Richardson," and escaped.

Ruth gazed after him thoughtfully.

"All in all, he carries himself pretty well," she cordially remarked.

Mrs. Evans took a fresh piece of toast, saying: "I'm sure I'm glad to see that his money hasn't quite spoiled him."

"Money!" said her daughter indignantly. "It's that awful fat that spoils him."

"I wish you wouldn't speak that way," her mother protested.

"It's true," Ruth insisted. "A lean man with millions is all right; but a fat millionaire—ugh!"

Richardson assumed an awful air of secretarial dignity when the ladies approached him on the matter of tickets. He really could not say. Mr. Sinnott had given orders for guests.

"But Richardson," expostulated Miss Evans, "he told us particularly to ask you about our passage!"

He was adamantine.

"I couldn't say, Miss Evans, about booking your passage. I would suggest that you leave all that until we arrive in San Francisco." He brightened. "You know we have a large office there. I feel sure they will be glad to have you settle with them."

As a matter of fact, the whole affair was so foreign to his experience with Archibald Sinnott that he felt at a loss. The combination of an old whaling ship, a multimillionaire as master of it, and two American ladies as guests did not admit of ordinary explanations in the light of the magnate's history, and the valet-butler-secretary was going to take no more risks on his own initiative.

Even Sinnott was constantly having to assure himself of the precise reason why he was doing this. Once engaged in this investigation of a young woman's secret heart, he found many complications, such as the five five-dollar goldpieces, which he had to look at frequently, as if they held part of the secret, and the image of Fred Haskins, which her short history of that young captain had left by no means distinct in his mind. He found that Ruth's face and figure recurred oftener before his mind's eye than was needful. Then her quiet, firm insistence on their relations as partaking nothing at all of the social was really mortifying. All together, these things increased his curiosity painfully.

On Saturday morning he viewed Richardson's arrangements with grim approval. The unkempt cabin quarters had taken on an appearance of comfort and cleanliness he had not expected. He questioned Richardson about his store of supplies, found it satisfactory and concluded his examination by asking about servants. Richardson had engaged two trustworthy Japanese boys.

"All right," said his employer. "You're chief steward this voyage. I've engaged a mate who will be here in half an hour with the crew. Do you go ashore now and see that Mrs. Evans and her daughter get aboard with as little trouble as possible."

"Yes, sir; quite so. Thank you, sir," Richardson replied. "A question, sir."

"What is it?"

"Accounts, sir. So far I have credited the expense merely to the Eliza Brown in the books, sir. To what shall I charge the whole account, sir?"

Sinnott stared up at the blue peter he had hoisted with his own hand that morning, and then slowly withdrew his eyes down the starboard shrouds until they rested on the sheerpole.

"Open a new account," he said gruffly—"with Cupid."

"With Cupid, sir?"

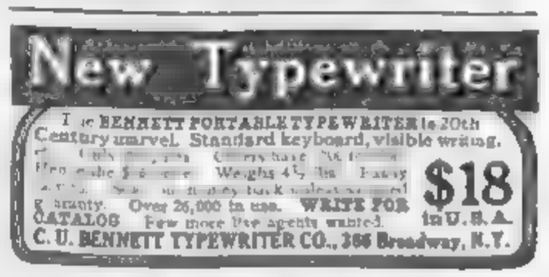
"With Cupid, Richardson," he replied firmly. "Charge this all to Cupid. Later we'll see whether that gentleman has anything on the credit side."

"Thank you, sir. Cupid, sir; quite so!" said the mystified man, now convinced that Archibald Sinnott required the utmost tact in handling, for he was evidently sorely stricken and the once powerful mind was shaken to its foundation.

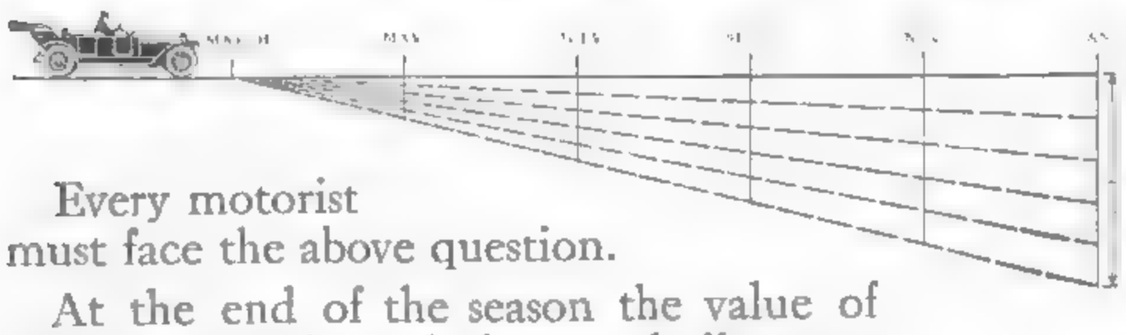
(TO BE CONTINUED)

"YANKEE TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics
THE little brother of the large hand drill of the big "YANKEE" Tool family. Small, compact, light—yet strong and durable, and made with exactly the same care, precision and expert finishing as the largest of its brothers. Gives big speed on light drilling—just the tool for small, accurate jobs.
"Yankee"
Plain Hand Drill
No. 1430
Length 10½ in. Weight 1¼ lbs.
Malleable iron frame, steel spindle, cut teeth, 3-jaw chuck. Holds round shank drills to 3-16 in. diameter. Detachable handle contains magazine for drills. Adjustable hardened steel bearing in lower end of frame.
"Yankee" Plain Hand Drill No. 1430
Price $1.75
Your dealer can supply you
Write for "Yankee Tool Book"—free—showing styles of Yankee Ratchet, Breast, Hand Drills and other "Yankee" Tools.
North Brothers Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

Boston Garter
Velvet Grip
CORD STYLE
The third generation of men are now wearing "The Boston"
The only make with Velvet Grip Rubber Button Clasp
Will not injure the sheerest hose
All styles of Boston Garter
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Lisle 25c. Silk 50c.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON


New Typewriter
The BENNETT PORTABLE TYPEWRITER is 20th Century marvel. Standard keyboard, visible writing.
Weighs 4½ lbs.
$18
in U. S. A.
Guaranty. Over 26,000 in use. WRITE FOR CATALOG. Few more live agents wanted.
C. U. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

What will the year 1913 do to your car?



Every motorist must face the above question.

At the end of the season the value of your car will depend almost wholly upon the condition of your motor.

That will depend mainly on the lubricating oil you have used.

Motor-wear is not accidental. It results from friction.

Excessive friction is bound to follow the use of an oil whose "body" is unsuited to your feed system, or whose lubricating qualities cannot properly withstand the demands of service.

Common results are:

(1) Undue loss of power.

(2) Unnecessary repair troubles.

(3) An excess consumption of fuel.

(4) An excess consumption of lubricating oil.

To avoid these losses, your motor must be supplied with:

(1) An oil that will retain efficient lubricating qualities *under the heat of service.*

(2) An oil that will *wear well* in use.

(3) Oil of a "body" that *will properly feed to the various friction points.*

Motors differ.

No short-cut method can determine the oil that best meets your feed requirements.

The construction of your motor *must* be analyzed and carefully considered.

The piston clearance must be known; the fit of the piston-rings into their recesses; the length of the crank shaft and connecting-rod bearings; the feed system; the length of the vacuum period while intake and exhaust valves are both closed.

We have undertaken this serious problem with the thoroughness that has established our standing in the general lubricating field.

To arrive at correct automobile lubrication we have done what *must* be done. Every year we carefully analyze the motor of each make of automobile.

Based on this motor-analysis, and on practical experience, we specify in a lubricating chart (printed in part on this page) the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil best suited to your motor.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests. In sheer lubricating quality, we can safely say that they stand alone.

So far as correct lubrication can assure it, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car assures:

(1) The greatest horse-power efficiency.

(2) The smoothest operation.

(3) The fewest repair troubles.

(4) The lowest operating cost per mile.

(5) The longest life to your motor.

(6) The greatest second-hand value.

Throughout the world you will find that the authoritative leadership of the Vacuum Oil Company in matters of lubrication is unquestioned.

The lubricating chart on this page represents our professional advice.

If you use an oil of less-correct "body" or of lower lubricating efficiency than that specified, your motor faces unnecessary friction and ultimate serious damage.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel, or a sealed five-gallon or one-gallon can.

See that the proper name and the red Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture, appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, refined and filtered to remove free carbon are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from all reliable garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO.
Rochester, U. S. A.

BRANCHES

NEW YORK 29 Broadway	DETROIT Ford Bldg.	BOSTON 49 Federal St.
CHICAGO Fisher Bldg.	PHILADELPHIA 4th & Chestnut Sts.	INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Abbott Detroit			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Aloe	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Avery			A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	B	A								
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	A	A	D	A	D	A	D	A	D
" Com'l	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case					A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A		
"Knight"							A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	D	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroit	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
E M F	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Franklin			F	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.		
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	A
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
G M C							Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grabam					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grabam-Dagon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.				
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	F	E	E
Hudson			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"									A	Arc.
I H C (Gas)									B	A
" (Water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A		

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Italia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Kelly					Arc.	E	E	E		
Kelly Springfield									A	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l					Arc.	E	E	E		
Kline Kar			Arc.	E					Arc.	Arc.
Knox	E	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	E	A
Kent			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lewis	B	A	B	A	B	E	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile		Arc.	Arc.	E	E		Arc.	E	Arc.	E
Lozier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.						
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	E
Marmon			A	E	E		E		E	
Matheson			Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (6 cyl.)										
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
Moon			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Morgan					A	A	A	A	A	A
Morgan & Knight					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mc Intyre	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Mitchell	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
National	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Overland	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Packard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Paige	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Peerless	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Pope Hartford	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Rauch & Lang	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Reliance	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Royal	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Russell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Saxon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex					E	E	E	E	E	E
Speedwell	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Stanley							A	A	A	A
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens-Duryea							A	A	A	A
Studebaker-Garford	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Studebaker "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E		
Velie	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit			A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

"At a directors' meeting last night we decided to cover our new club house with

Certain-teed Shingles

Quality Cert-ified Durability Guaran-teed

"You know these new shingles make a very handsome roof—they have a heavy surface of crushed slate—will not ignite from flying sparks and embers—are an insulator against lightning—will not chip off and crack—the colors, red, green and slate gray are permanent. They *cost less*, are inexpensive to lay, make a water tight roof—and are guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear 15 years—and will last longer."

General Roofing
The World's largest manufacturer of Roofings and Building Papers

Certain-teed Roofing also comes in Rolls for general use—look for the Certain-teed Quality label on every crate of Shingles and Roll.

Get our new book—"Modern Building Ideas and Plans"—it would ordinarily sell for $1, but as it illustrates the various uses of Certain-teed Roofing we will send it to you for 25c—or you can get it *free* from your lumber, hardware or building material dealer.

Valuable Book FREE at your dealer's

General Roofing Mfg. Co.

E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill.
Minneapolis San Francisco Winnipeg, Can.

WHERE STEADY NERVES *COUNT*

The chemist, the surgeon, the artist—all those who need fine control should try the Girard.

Its full, rich flavor pleases the senses, and its mildness makes it easy on your nerves—and conscience.

GIRARD Cigar

The "Broker" pictured here actual size sells for 10c. Other sizes and shapes up to 15c.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 Philadelphia

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 23)

existence, along with the other barbarisms, some other institution than the saloon will have to obtain, some other congregating place of men, where strange men and stranger men may get in touch, and meet and know.

To return to my narrative. When I turned my back on Benicia my way led through saloons. I had developed no moral theories against drinking and I disliked as much as ever the taste of the stuff; but I had grown respectfully suspicious of John Barleycorn. I could not forget that trick he had played on me—on me who did not want to die. So I continued to drink and to keep a sharp eye on John Barleycorn, resolved to resist all future suggestions of self-destruction.

In strange towns I made immediate acquaintances in the saloons. When I hoboed, and had not the price of a bed, a saloon was the only place that would receive me and give me a chair by the fire. I could go into a saloon and wash up, brush my clothes, and comb my hair. And saloons were always so damnably convenient! They were everywhere in my Western country.

I could not go into the dwellings of strangers that way. Their doors were not open to me; no seats were there for me by their fires. Also, churches and preachers I had never known; and from what I did not know I was not attracted toward them. Besides, there was no glamour about them, no haze of romance, no promise of adventure. They were the sort with whom things never happened. They lived and remained always in the one place, creatures of order and system, narrow, limited, restrained. They were without greatness, without imagination, without *camaraderie*. It was the good fellows, easy and genial, daring and, on occasion, mad, that I wanted to know—the fellows generous-hearted and generous-handed, and not rabbit-hearted.

And here is another complaint I bring against John Barleycorn: It is these good fellows that he gets—the fellows with the fire and the go in them, who have bigness and warmness and the best of the human weaknesses. And John Barleycorn puts out the fire and soddens the agility; and, when he does not more immediately kill them or make maniacs of them, he coarsens and grossens them, twists and malforms them out of the original goodness and fineness of their natures.

And so I draw the indictment home to John Barleycorn. It is just those, the good fellows, the worth-while, the fellows with the weakness of too much strength, too much spirit, too much fire and flame of fine devilishness, that he solicits and ruins. Of course he ruins weaklings; but with them, the worst we breed, I am not here concerned. My concern is that it is so many of the best we breed whom John Barleycorn destroys. And the reason why these best are destroyed is because John Barleycorn stands on every highway and byway, accessible, law-protected, saluted by the policeman on the beat, speaking to them, leading them by the hand to the places where the good fellows and daring ones foregather and drink deep. With John Barleycorn out of the way, these daring ones would still be born; and they would do things instead of perishing.

XIV

BACK in Oakland from my wanderings, I returned to the waterfront and renewed my comradeship with Nelson, who was now on shore all the time and living more madly than before. I, too, spent my time on shore with him, only occasionally going for cruises of several days on the bay, to help out on short-handed scow schooners.

The result was that I was no longer reinvigorated by periods of open-air abstinence and healthy toil. I drank every day, and whenever opportunity offered I drank to excess; for I still labored under the misconception that the secret of John Barleycorn lay in drinking to bestiality and unconsciousness. I became pretty thoroughly alcohol-soaked during this period. I practically lived in saloons—became a barroom loafer, and worse.

And right here was John Barleycorn getting me in a more insidious though no less deadly way than when he nearly sent me out with the tide. I had a few months still to run before I was seventeen; I scorned the thought of a steady job at anything; I felt myself a pretty tough individual in a group of pretty tough men; and I drank because these men drank and because I had to make good with them. I had never had a real boyhood; and in this, my precocious manhood, I was very hard and woefully wise. Though I had never known girl's love even, I had crawled through such depths that I was convinced absolutely that I knew the last word about love and life. And it was not a pretty knowledge. Without being pessimistic, I was quite satisfied that life was a rather cheap and ordinary affair.

You see, John Barleycorn was blunting me. The old stings and prods of the spirit were no longer sharp. Curiosity was leaving me. What did it matter what lay on the other side of the world? Men and women, without doubt, were very much like the men and women I knew: marrying and giving in marriage, and all the petty run of petty human concerns—and drinks too. But the other side of the world was a long way to go for a drink. I had but to step to the corner and get all I wanted at Joe Vigy's. Johnny Heinhold still ran the Last Chance, and there were saloons on all the corners and between the corners.

The whispers from the back of life were growing dim as my mind and body soddened. The old unrest was drowsy. I might as well rot and die here in Oakland as anywhere else. And I should have so rotted and died, and not in very long order either, at the pace John Barleycorn was leading me, had the matter depended wholly on him. I was learning what it was to have no appetite. I was learning what it was to get up shaky in the morning, with a stomach that quivered, with fingers touched with palsy; and to know the drinker's need for a stiff glass of whisky neat in order to brace up.

Oh! John Barleycorn is a wizard dopester! Brain and body, scorched and jangled and poisoned, return to be tuned up by the very poison that caused the damage.

There is no end to John Barleycorn's tricks. He had tried to inveigle me into killing myself. At this period he was doing his best to kill me at a fairly rapid pace; but, not satisfied with that, he tried another dodge. He very nearly got me too; and right there I learned a lesson about him—became a wiser, a more skillful drinker. I learned there were limits to my gorgeous constitution and that there were no limits to John Barleycorn. I learned that in a short hour or two he could master my strong head, my broad shoulders and deep chest, put me on my back, and with a devil's grip on my throat proceed to choke the life out of me.

Nelson and I were sitting in the Overland House. It was early in the evening, and the only reason we were there was because we were broke and it was election time. You see, in election time local politicians, aspirants for office, have a way of making the rounds of the saloons to get votes. One is sitting at a table in a dry condition, wondering who is going to turn up and buy him a drink, or whether his credit is good at some other saloon and whether it is worth while to walk that far to find out, when suddenly the saloon doors swing wide and enters a bevy of well-dressed men, themselves usually wide and exhaling an atmosphere of prosperity and fellowship.

They have smiles and greetings for everybody—for you, without the price of a glass of beer in your pocket; for the timid hobo who lurks in the corner and who certainly has not a vote, but who may establish a lodging-house registration. And—do you know?—when these politicians swing wide the doors and come in, with their broad shoulders, their deep chests and their generous stomachs, which cannot help making them optimists and masters of life—why, you perk right up! It is going to be a warm evening after all, and who knows?—the gods may be kind; other drinks may come and the night culminate in glorious greatness. And the next thing you know you are lined up at the bar, pouring drinks down your throat and learning the gentlemen's names and the offices which they hope to fill.

It was during this period, when the politicians went their saloon rounds, that I was getting bitter bits of education and having illusions punctured—I, who had pored and thrilled over The Railsplitter, and From

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Canal Boy to President. Yes, I was learning how noble politics and politicians are.

Well, on this night, broke, thirsty, but with the drinker's faith in the unexpected drink, Nelson and I sat in the Overland House waiting for something to turn up—especially politicians. And there entered Joe Goose—he of the unquenchable thirst, the wicked eyes, the crooked nose, the flowered vest.

"Come on, fellows—free booze—all you want of it! I didn't want you to miss it."

"Where?" we wanted to know.

"Come on! I'll tell you as we go along. We haven't a minute to lose." And as we hurried up town Joe Goose explained: "It's the Hancock Fire Brigade. All you have to do is wear a red shirt and a helmet, and carry a torch. They're going down on a special train to Haywards to parade.

"The town'll be wide open," Joe Goose went on. "Booze? It'll run like water! The politicians have bought the stocks of the saloons. There'll be no charge. All you've got to do is walk right up and call for it. We'll raise hell!"

At the hall, on Eighth Street near Broadway, we got into the firemen's shirts and helmets, were equipped with torches, and, growling because we were not given at least one drink before we started, were herded aboard the train. Oh, those politicians had handled our kind before. At Haywards there were no drinks either. Parade first and earn your booze! was the order of the night.

We paraded. Then the saloons were opened. Extra barkeepers had been engaged and the drinkers jammed six deep before every drink-drenched and unwiped bar. There was no time to wipe the bar or wash glasses, or do anything save fill glasses. The Oakland waterfront can be real thirsty on occasion.

This method of jamming and struggling in front of the bar was too slow for us. The drink was ours. The politicians had bought it for us. We had paraded and earned it, hadn't we? So we made a flank attack round the end of the bar, shoved the protesting barkeepers aside and helped ourselves to bottles.

Outside we knocked the necks of the bottles off against the concrete curbs and drank. Now Joe Goose and Nelson had learned discretion with straight whisky drunk in quantity. I had not. I still labored under the misconception that one was to drink all he could get—especially when it did not cost anything. We shared our bottles with others and drank a good portion ourselves, though I drank most of all. And I did not like the stuff. I drank it as I had drunk beer at five and wine at seven. I mastered my qualms and downed it like so much medicine. And when we wanted more bottles we went into other saloons where the free drink was flowing and helped ourselves.

I have not the slightest idea of how much I drank—whether it was two quarts or five. I do know that I began the orgy with half-pint draughts and with no water afterward to wash the taste away or to dilute the whisky.

Now the politicians were too wise to leave the town filled with drunks from the waterfront of Oakland. When traintime came there was a roundup of the saloons. Already I was feeling the impact of the whisky. Nelson and I were hustled out of a saloon and found ourselves in the very last rank of a disorderly parade. I struggled along heroically, my correlations breaking down, my legs tottering under me, my head swimming, my heart pounding, my lungs panting for air.

My helplessness was coming on so rapidly that my reeling brain told me I would go down and out and never reach the train if I remained at the rear of the procession. I left the ranks and ran down a pathway beside the road under broad-spreading trees. Nelson pursued me, laughing. Certain things stand out as in memories of nightmare. I remember those trees especially and my desperate running along under them; and how, every time I fell, roars of laughter went up from the other drunks. They thought I was merely antic drunk. They did not dream that John Barleycorn had me by the throat in a death-clutch. But I knew it. And I remember the fleeting bitterness that was mine as I realized that I was in a struggle with death and that these others did not know. It was as if I were drowning before a crowd of spectators who thought I was cutting up tricks for their entertainment.

And, running there under the trees, I fell and lost consciousness. What happened

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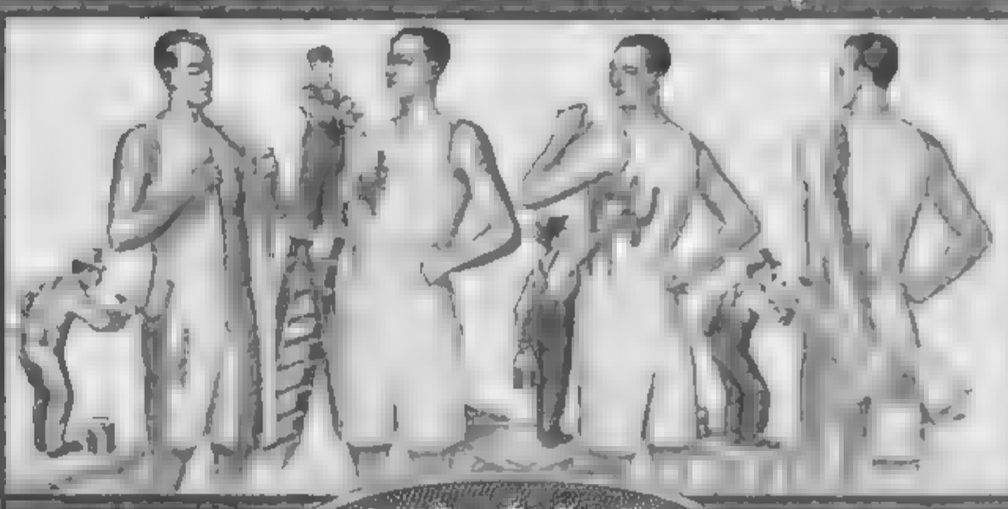

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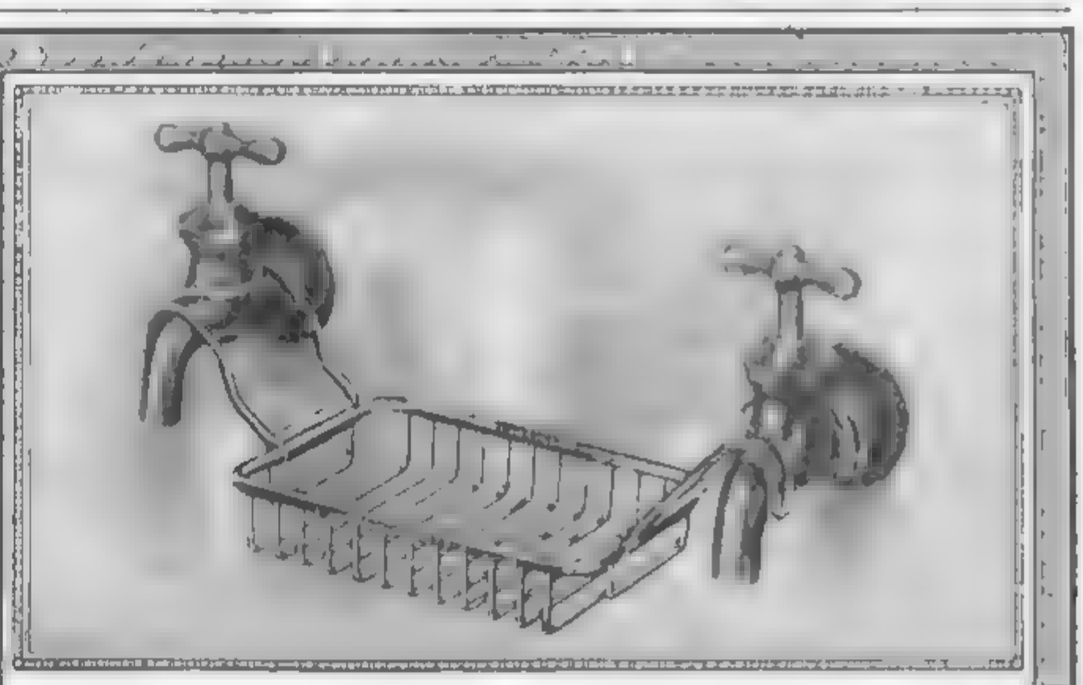

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afterward, with one glimmering exception, I had to be told. Nelson, with his enormous strength, picked me up and dragged me on and aboard the train. When he had got me into a seat I fought and panted so terribly for air that, even with his obtuseness, he knew I was in a bad way. And right there at any moment, I know now, I might have died. I often think it is the nearest to death I have ever been. I have only Nelson's description of my behavior to go by.

I was scorching up, burning alive internally, in an agony of fire and suffocation; and I wanted air. I madly wanted air. My efforts to raise a window were vain, for all the windows in the car were screwed down. Nelson had seen drink-crazed men and thought I wanted to throw myself out. He tried to restrain me, but I fought on. I seized some man's torch and smashed the glass.

Now there were pro-Nelson and anti-Nelson factions on the Oakland waterfront; and men of both factions, with more drink in them than was good, filled the car. My smashing of the window was the signal for the antis. One of them reached for me and dropped me, and started the fight—of all of which I have no knowledge save what was told me afterward, and a sore jaw next day from the blow that put me out. The man who struck me went down across my body; Nelson followed him; and they say there were few unbroken windows in the wreckage of the car that followed as the free-for-all fight had its course.

This being knocked cold and motionless was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to me. My violent struggles had only accelerated my already dangerously accelerated heart, and increased the need for oxygen in my suffocating lungs.

After the fight was over and I came to, I did not come to myself. I was no more myself than a drowning man is who continues to struggle after he has lost consciousness. I have no memory of my actions, but I cried "Air! Air!" so insistently that it dawned on Nelson that I did not contemplate self-destruction. So he cleared the jagged glass from the window-ledge and let me stick my head and shoulders out. He realized partially the seriousness of my condition and held me by the waist to prevent me from crawling farther out. And for the rest of the run in to Oakland I kept my head and shoulders out, fighting like a maniac whenever he tried to draw me inside.

And here my one glimmering streak of true consciousness came. My sole recollection, from the time I fell under the trees until I awoke the following evening, is of my head out the window, facing the wind caused by the moving train, cinders striking and burning and blinding me, while I breathed with will. All my will was concentrated on breathing—on breathing the air in the hugest lungful gulps I could, pumping the greatest amount of air into my lungs in the shortest possible time. It was that or death—and I was a swimmer and diver, and I knew it; and in the most intolerable agony of prolonged suffocation, during those moments I was conscious, I faced the wind and the cinders and breathed for life.

All the rest is blank. I came to the following evening in a waterfront lodging house. I was alone. No doctor had been called in. And I might well have died there, for Nelson and the others, deeming me merely "sleeping off my drunk," had let me lie there in a comatose condition for seventeen hours. Many a man, as every doctor knows, has died of the sudden impact of a quart or more of whisky. Usually one reads of them so dying—strong drinkers—on account of a wager. But I did not know . . . then. And so I learned—and by no virtue or prowess but simply through good fortune and constitution. Again my constitution had triumphed over John Barleycorn. I had escaped from another death-pit, dragged myself through another morass, and perilously acquired the discretion that would enable me to drink wisely for many another year to come.

Heavens! That was twenty years ago, and I am still very much and wisely alive. I have seen much, done much, lived much in that intervening score of years; and I shudder when I think how close a shave I ran, how near I was to missing that splendid fifth of a century that has been mine. And—oh, it was not John Barleycorn's fault that he did not get me that night of the Hancock Fire Brigade!

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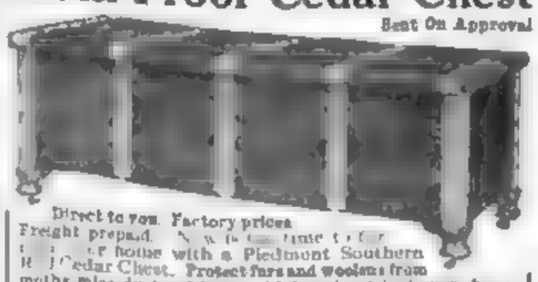

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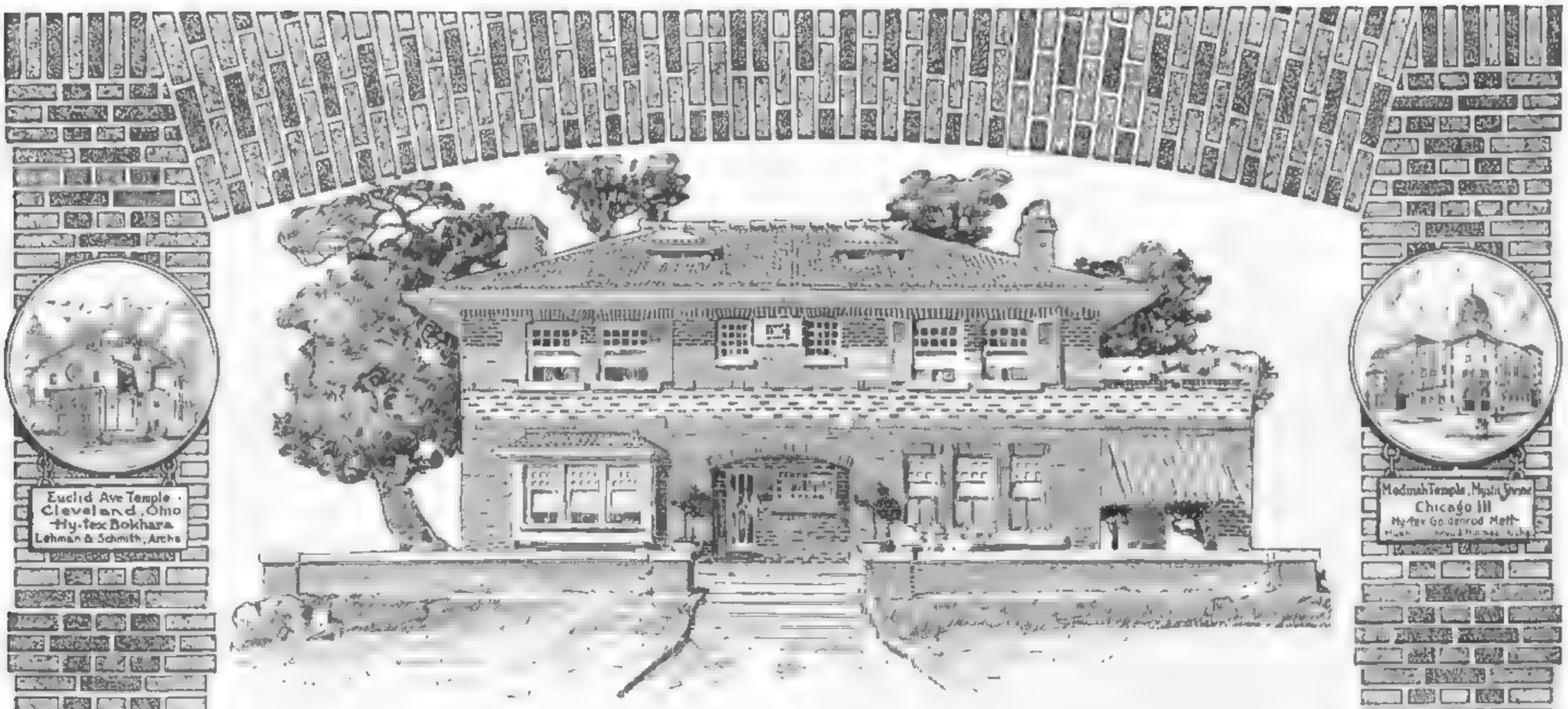
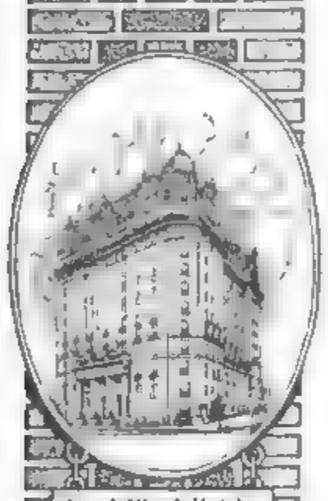


Euclid Ave Temple
Cleveland, Ohio
Hy-tex Bokhara
Lehman & Schmith, Archs

Medinah Temple, Mystic Shrine
Chicago Ill
Hy-tex Go. Antrod Matt



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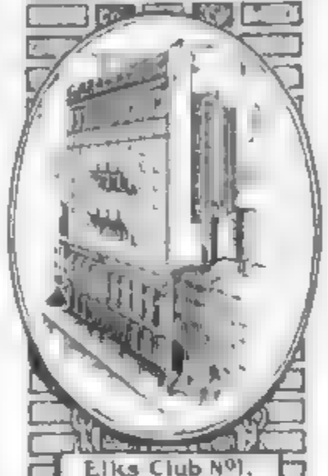
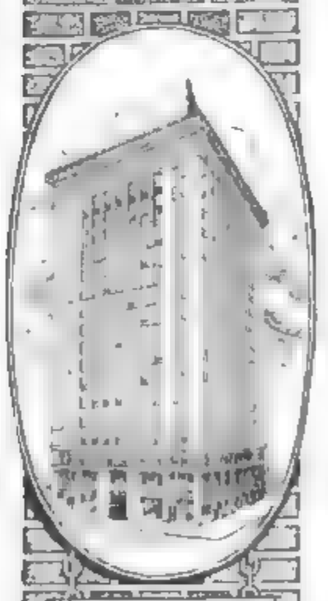
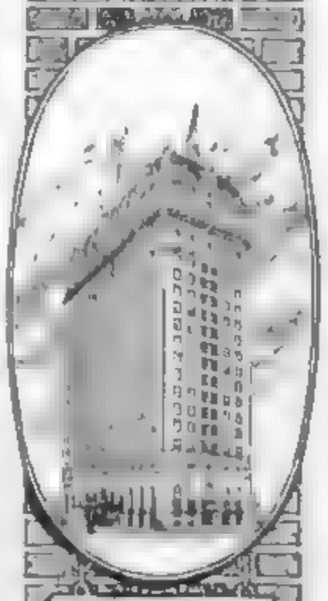
Washington, D C
Hy tex Washington Gray
Hunt Harden Berdh, Archs



Elks Club No 1.
New York City.
Hy tex Washington Gray



Woodmen of World Bldg
Omaha, Neb
Hy tex Blackstone Red
Holabird & Roche, Archs



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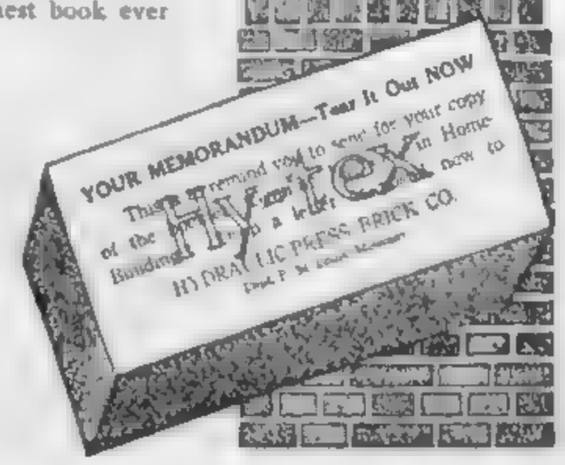

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THE MAN IN HOBBLES

(Continued from Page 15)

on his breast. He held her close while a great peace stole over him, for his hobbles were broken. In that moment Jim Stockbridge felt himself imbued with the strength to go forth and slay whatever dragons awaited him in the outer world.

"Ah, sweetheart! Sweetheart!" he murmured, and fled into the night. An hour later he had said goodby to his stepmother and left the farm.

When Stockbridge discovered the vacant seat at the breakfast table he glanced inquiringly at his wife.

"He's gone," she said. "He left last night—and I don't blame him."

Stockbridge was silent for several minutes. "So," he remarked presently, and helped himself absent-mindedly to the prunes. It had at length dawned on the man who had fathered ten children that in the bitterness of his old age he was childless.

But if the shock of Jim's departure—and it had been a shock—preyed on Stockbridge's mind, he gave no sign of it. He endeavored to carry the affair off jauntily, as if Jim's departure was the very least disaster that could possibly happen to him. In this he was mistaken. A week after Jim had left Stockbridge received a formal request from the local banker to take up the five-thousand-dollar mortgage on his farm.

Now that mortgage had been running for twenty-odd years, and each time that it fell due Stockbridge had received the same formal notice to call and settle. So this request now bothered him not at all. It had been his experience that the majority of bankers prefer to let an eight per cent mortgage ride, when the security is ample, rather than call in the loan, provided the interest is met promptly. Stockbridge anticipated no difficulty in securing a renewal. He sold a team of four-year-olds at something of a sacrifice, disposed of all his hogs, and managed to gather sufficient money to make up the year's interest. With the coin in his pocket he called at the bank and made the usual request for a renewal.

The rural bank president shook his head. "The bank needs the money, Stockbridge," he said coldly. "We do not care to renew the loan."

"But—but why ——" sputtered Stockbridge.

"That is none of your business, my friend," replied the banker, "but since you ask me I'll tell you. Jarvis Belden, who, by the way, is one of our directors and a heavy stockholder in the bank, tells me that your boy Jim has got discouraged bucking a failure and has left the farm. We've always banked on Jim producing the interest, but since he has concluded that it doesn't pay to buck a failure the bank agrees with him. It is the opinion of our directors that you will not be able to run your farm and keep up the interest without Jim's help. I happen to know that you had to sell your four-year-olds to make up this interest, and you sold them too cheap by a hundred dollars."

"I know it," replied Stockbridge; "but last year was a poor season ——"

"It was an average season. If your farm can't be managed at a profit sufficient to keep your boy on it, you'd better quit. However, that's neither here nor there. We cannot renew the mortgage. You must pay up, or we shall have to take steps to protect our stockholders."

Right there Stockbridge did the only bright thing he had ever done in his life—he scooped the year's interest off the table back into his pocket. His situation was desperate, and he knew that with the bank foreclosing there would be no competitive bidding for his farm at the foreclosure sale. The bank would gain title to it for the face of the mortgage; his fellow-farmers would not care to incur the enmity of the bank by bidding up the price, and it occurred to Stockbridge that inasmuch as the bank was bound to get the farm anyhow he might as well save himself the interest.

The banker smiled as Stockbridge left the office mumbling something about seeing what he could do.

For the first time in his life Stockbridge was sensible of his deficiencies as a farmer. He had neighbors, with less land than he possessed, who could borrow five thousand dollars on their unindorsed notes, yet at the very moment it had become known that Jim had left the farm because it had nothing to offer him the meager credit which Stockbridge possessed had vanished. He was frightened and considerably humbled by the time he got home. He talked it over with his wife and by degrees wore round to the project that had cropped into his brain as he drove home.

"You could take that mortgage up if you wanted to," he whined in tones aggrieved. "It was all on account o' you an' your high-toned ways o' livin' that I got into this hole, an' it's only right that you should pull me out. I ain't so young as I was twenty years ago, an' now that Jim's left it's goin' to be pretty hard if they foreclose on me."

"Very well," replied his clever wife, "I'll take up the mortgage on one condition."

"What's that?" he demanded eagerly.

"A deed of gift of this farm to me. I want it for Jim!"

"I won't do nothin' o' the sort," roared Stockbridge.

"Suit yourself," she retorted. "If the bank won't lend you money you shouldn't expect me to do so. Your credit with me has shrunk considerably since Jim left!"

Stockbridge pondered for a moment whether this remark might not merit a blow, but finally decided that he was whipped. He seized his hat and fled to the barn to scheme a way out of his dilemma.

But all his scheming availed him naught. He could not raise the money, and in due course a notice of the suit for foreclosure appeared in the county paper. At the foreclosure sale Mrs. Stockbridge appeared with a certified check for $5400 and bought in the Stockbridge farm. She rented a safe-deposit box in the local bank, placed the sheriff's deed to the Stockbridge farm therein and departed for parts unknown. She wrote Stockbridge a brief note, wishing him luck with the farm and granting him permission to live on it and make all the money he could out of it until such time as she should see fit to make other disposition of it.

And the neighbors all laughed at Stockbridge. He, however, was glad to avail himself of his wife's generosity. He marveled that she should treat him so, and wrote her a long letter asking her—commanding her even—to return to him. Replying, she reminded him that once he had struck her. So Stockbridge gave up the unequal contest and attempted the dolorous existence of what in rural communities is known as "old bach." He lived in filth and neglect and acquired dyspepsia from eating soda biscuits. At the end of a year he capitulated and wrote his wife, asking for Jim's address. Mrs. Stockbridge wrote him back, very courteously, explaining that she was not yet ready to have Jim take possession. She said in part:

"Jim should stay out in the world for a few years. He should rub up against the rough edge of the big world where things are accomplished. It will broaden and humanize him. I want to see him a successful man. To be a success Jim does not need to make money; but if he should come whimpering back to the farm before he is whipped by the world, before he has demonstrated his manhood by battling for the things he deserves, I should consider him a failure and unworthy of what I have in store for him."

Another year passed and Jarvis Belden wired her:

"Come at once. Stockbridge is dying."

Whereupon Mrs. Stockbridge returned to her property. She discovered that Jarvis Belden was right. Stockbridge was dying. He had lived in filth and he had contracted typhoid fever. Mrs. Stockbridge purchased him six feet of earth all his own and returned to the city where she made her home with her bachelor brother.

During all this time it had never once occurred to Jim Stockbridge to haul down his colors and return to the farm. He had a better job. He was a "wop" in a railroad construction camp. He was selling his brawn for a dollar and seventy-five cents a day, with fifty cents a day out for board—he, the son of an American farmer, toiling side by side with the day laborer of Southern Europe.

For three months he toiled thus, and then he was made a straw boss, at two dollars and a quarter a day. And because he was a worker and a driver the construction boss saw merit in him and made him a section gang foreman at ninety dollars a month with a tent of his own to sleep in.

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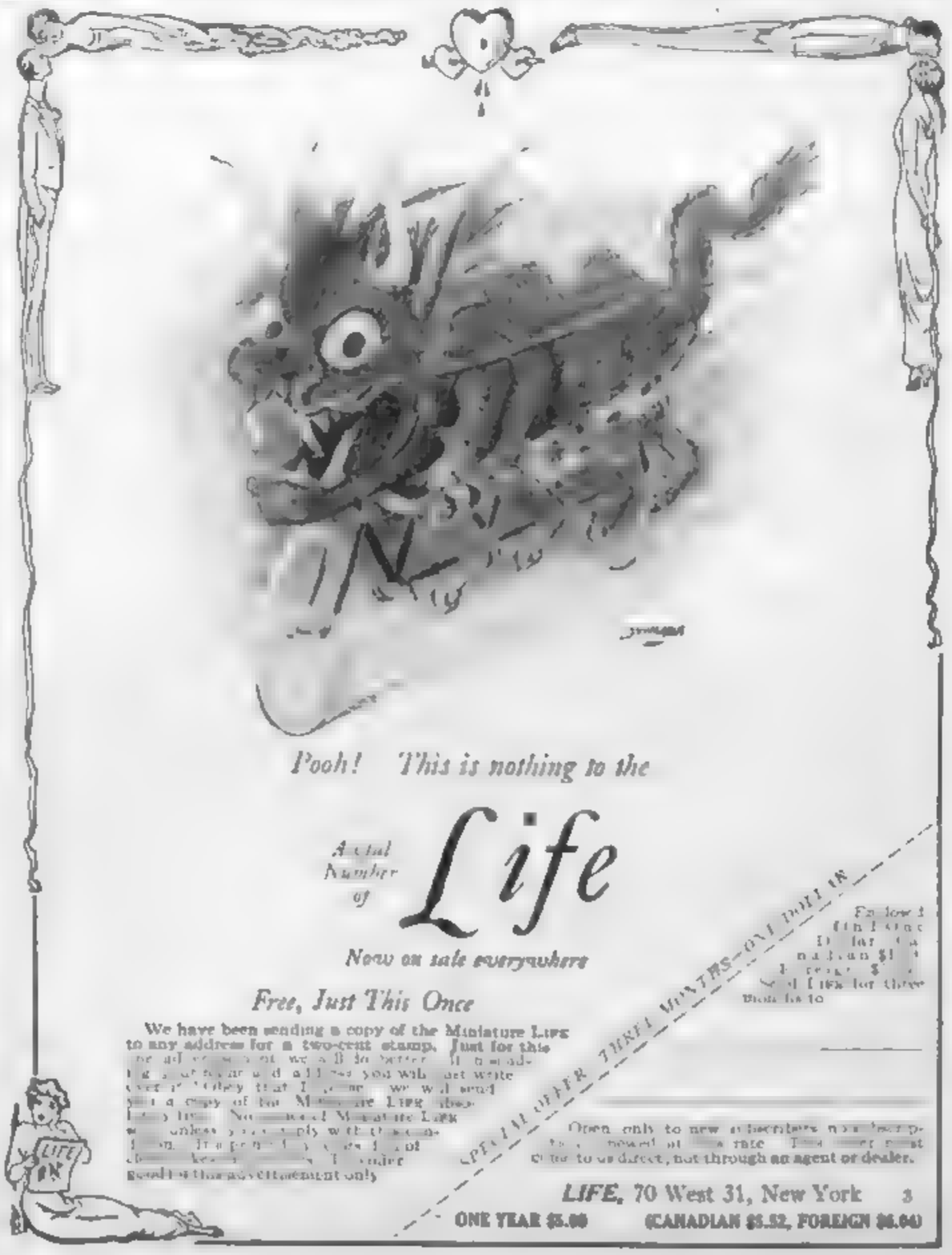

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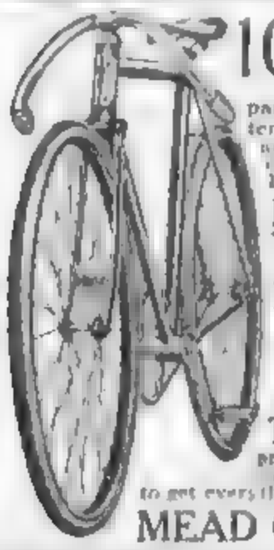

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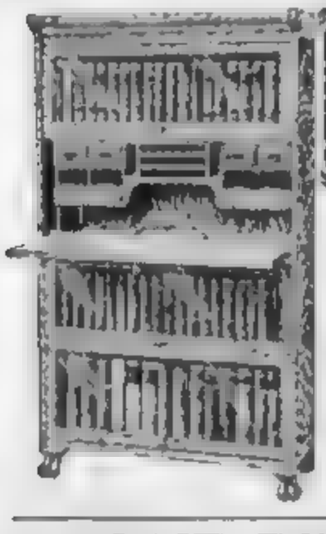

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Long before that railroad was finished Jim had developed into a miser. The extent of his expenditures was an occasional haircut, cheap rough clothes to cover his nakedness, and a few postage stamps. In his parsimony he out-Greeked the Greeks he bossed. And when the last piece of embankment was thrown up and the job was finished Jim drew his savings, amounting to about a thousand dollars, arrayed himself in decent attire and went to an agricultural college, where he graduated, a full-fledged, scientific farmer and an expert on soils, the day he was thirty years old. For Jim was a farmer and could never by any possibility be anything else. And he looked like a boy again. He had broken his shackles and there was a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month job awaiting him as manager of a six-thousand-acre ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

He was destined not to accept it. The day he graduated he received a letter from his stepmother. That letter is worthy of record here.

"*My Darling Boy:* How I wish you were really my boy! I am so proud of you. I'm afraid you will never quite realize why it is that one who is not your own mother can take such motherly pride in your success. I cried when I received your letter, I was so happy. Blossom was in the city and called for tea, and I showed her your letter. She sends her love and bids me tell you that she rejoices in your good prospects.

"Now about that position as manager of the Rancho San Ramon. It is but a poor man at best who wears another man's collar, and I would prefer to see you doing scientific farming on your own farm. I inclose you a deed to your father's farm, together with a promissory note for what it has cost me since I acquired it. You may fill in the time on the note to suit yourself. I would give you the farm, my dear, but it is well that a young man should work for the fruits of his labor, and I love you too dearly to spoil you. You must have something to work for. I am leaving today for the old place, to put it in order against your arrival. Write me there when we—there, I've given the secret away, haven't I—may expect you. Your affectionate

"MOTHER."

It was night when Jim Stockbridge, having walked out from town, came to the gate that led into his boyhood's home. The moon had just risen over a distant hill; a slight mist hung over the land. Nothing seemed to have changed, and with a heart filled to overflowing the man who had left the farm in hobbles leaned over the gate and surveyed his barren heritage.

Jim forgot that this wornout farm had been for him the arena of woe and hardship and heartbreaking toil, and on a sudden he was filled with a fierce longing to possess it, to make these sterile acres fecund once again, for to him it seemed a great, a holy undertaking. Somewhere he had read that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one has grown before is a public benefactor; he recalled the little framed quotation which Blossom had sent him when he first entered agricultural college: "Blessed is the man who has found his work—and then gets busy."

Ah, how anxious was Jim to get busy! How eager was he to redeem that single broken promise in a land of plenty—his father's fields! Under his coaxing he knew they would yield him health and wealth and independence, coupled with the joy of knowing that he was doing his share toward the salvation of his people. He felt keenly the obligation that rested upon him and his kind, the obligation to make two crops grow where but one had grown before, to do his share toward feeding the rapidly increasing population of the earth; and in that moment Jim's heart swelled with pride in the thought that he was to take his place as one of the minute vertebræ in what has been justly called "the backbone of the nation."

He unlatched the gate, passed through and closed it again; yet, slight as was the sound of the creaking gate, a dog bayed warningly in the yard of his old home. As he walked down the road toward the house he saw the front door open, and in the flood of light that streamed out into the road a girl was standing. Jim shouted, and she came swiftly to meet him with arms outstretched. He dropped his bag and gathered Blossom to his breast.

"Ah, sweetheart," he said softly, "I've come back." He kissed her and held her close to his exultant heart, and it seemed sweet to him to have labored and suffered long for this.

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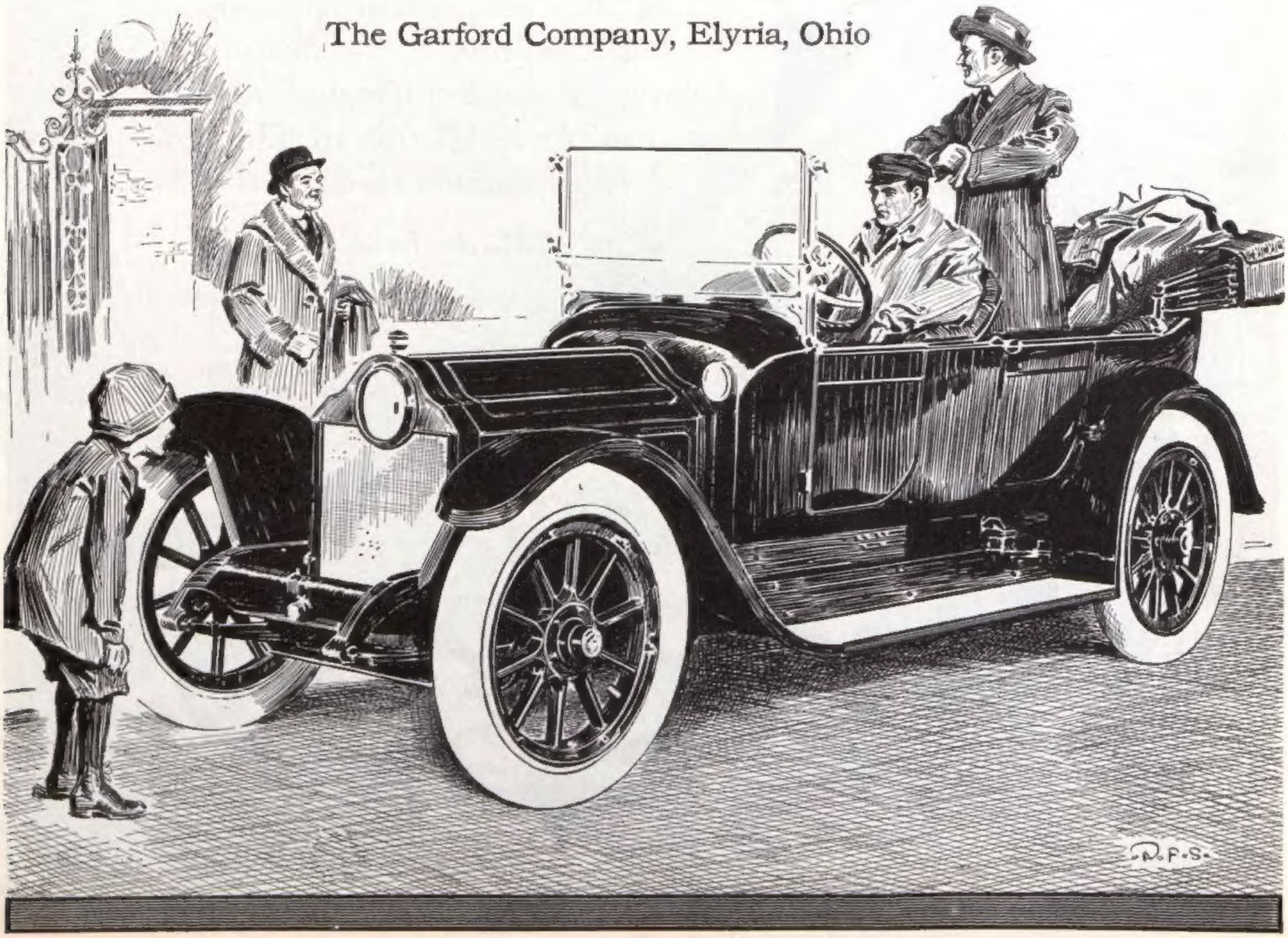

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GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Recipe for Salad Rolls

2 cups milk, lukewarm
1 compressed yeast cake
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter
5 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour.

(Level measures)

Pour milk in mixing bowl, dissolve yeast cake in same. Then add salt, sugar, butter and flour.

Mix smooth, cover, put in warm place and allow to rise to double its volume.

Recipe for Salad Rolls

(continued)

Then knead and allow to rise thirty minutes.

Then pull off bits of dough, fold and knead into rolls about ½ inch in thickness and 3½ inches in length, pointed.

Place on buttered pan one inch apart, brush with melted butter and let it rise for one hour.

Bake twelve to fifteen minutes. When baked, brush with melted butter.

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